

VISVA-BHARATI
LIBRARY



PRESENTED BY

CONDUCT STORIES

*A Volume of Stories for the Moral Instruction of
Children*

BY

F. J. GOULD

AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND MANNERS," ETC., ETC.

ISSUED BY THE MORAL EDUCATION LEAGUE
4 YORK BUILDINGS, ADDELPHI, LONDON, W.C.



LONDON

SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO. LTD.

25 High Street, Bloomsbury

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE - - - - -	7
INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER ON THE ART OF TELLING	
STORIES - - - - -	9
THE WOLF (Courage) - - - - -	25
TWO DOLLS (Prudence) - - - - -	29
TOO LATE (Punctuality) . - - - -	33
PERSEVERANCE - - - - -	37
THE CAMEL-DRIVER (Perseverance) - - - -	43
HOW THE WORLD CAME TO AN END (Hasty conclusion) .	50
THE SHE-WOLF (Being and Seeming) - - - -	54
THE REAL AND THE SHAM - - - - -	57
THE GAZER (Science) - - - - -	60
FINDING TREASURE (Science) - - - - -	64
LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN (Sincerity) - - - -	68
IT WOULD NOT MELT (Sincerity) - - - - -	74
THAT DREADFUL MUSIC (Imparting Knowledge) - -	78
NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL (Judging) - - - - -	84
LOSING AND GAINING (Family, Country, Humanity) -	87
BOTH (Men's and women's work) - - - - -	94
HE IS HELPED; HE HELPS - - - - -	97
THE PATIENT (Kindness) - - - - -	101
THE CHILDREN (Kindness to) - - - - -	104
THE CONQUEST (Love) - - - - -	107
LOVE'S VICTORY - - - - -	112
THE BLIND SINGER - - - - -	119
THE ONE-EYED PHEASANT (Detestation of Cruelty) .	123
THE FIVE HUNDRED CARPENTERS (Mutual .	127

	PAGE
THE PRINCE'S MOTTO (Service) - - -	- 132
THE JUMPING SERVANT (Service) - - -	- 138
THE STUPID (Goodness v. Cleverness) . - -	- 142
ON THE NEGRO'S SHOULDERS (Humble Service) - -	- 146
THE FIANNA AND EDWIN WOODS (Duty) - -	- 149
HOPING FOR NOTHING AGAIN - - -	- 152
RALEIGH'S CLOAK (REWARD) - - -	- 156
IN THE PEPPER COUNTRY (Justice) - - -	- 160
THE SHOWER OF PEARLS (Wealth) - - -	- 173
WHY THE TOWN-HALL FELL (Wealth) - - -	- 177
TURN ASIDE (The State) - - -	- 181
HOW THE NAUGHTY BOY ESCAPED (Conscience) - -	- 184
AND THE GARDEN WENT TOO (Influence) - -	- 188
FLOWING IN (Influence) - - -	- 195
THE POWER OF CHARACTER (Influence) - -	- 201
MUSIC - - -	- 206
THE CARP (Commonwealth) - - -	- 209
A PERSIAN PLAY (Self-sacrifice) - - -	- 213
THE TWO CAIRNS (Public disapproval) - - -	- 220
THE MAMMOTH (Humanity) - - -	- 223
THE MAN IN THE GROTTTO (The Weak are Needed) -	- 227
ON THE FLYING LION (Solidarity) - - -	- 243
THE KITE (The Company of the Good) - -	- 249
THE YOUTH (The Ages of Man) - - -	- 254
THE FIRST COOK (Primitive Inventions) - -	- 261
FIGHTING THE WIND (Struggle with Nature) -	- 264
WHY THE KING STOPPED THE CRAWLING (Progress) -	- 271
ALEXANDER'S MAGIC TRAVELS (City of Friends) -	- 275
ARE WE ALL HERE? (Peace) - - -	- 282
ROUND THE CAPE (Heroism of Explorers) - -	- 289

PREFACE

TEN years have elapsed since I published (in 1899) the first volume of the *Children's Book of Moral Lessons*, and, though I have issued four other volumes in the same series, besides *The Children's Plutarch* and *Life and Manners* (published by Messrs. Sonnenschein in 1906), there is an evident demand on the part of parents and teachers for yet more material of this character. In the present collection only a few of the chapters—those entitled “Losing and Gaining”, “The Prince's Motto”, etc.—furnish completely worked-out lessons. The remainder of the volume consists of stories which can be repeated to children in the given form, or may be woven into lessons of the teacher's own construction. In any case, each story has a definite moral aim, indicated by its heading, or in the parenthetical titles noted in the Table of Contents. I am not aware of any previous version of Camoens' *Lusiads* having appeared for juvenile readers, and I have added “Round the Cape” to this collection, as illustrating the courage and self-sacrifice of the pioneers of geographical exploration. The Portuguese epic invests the traveller's tale with an air of magic and poetry, as Homer did in the *Odyssey*, and the Arabian reciter in “Sindbad the Sailor.”

In the introduction to *Life and Manners* I observed that "no man or woman has any claim or right to act as a teacher who cannot tell a story with animation and enthusiasm." But even where the enthusiasm is genuine and spontaneous, want of judgment may sometimes lessen the value of the rendering; and, on the strength of a somewhat extensive practice, I have ventured to prepare a body of hints in the annexed chapter on the Art of Telling Stories. They are not intended for experienced teachers, but rather for persons who undertake class-teaching in Sunday Schools, etc., and yet are unfamiliar with methods of rousing the child's interest.

F. J. GOULD.

December, 1909.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER ON THE ART OF TELLING STORIES.

THAT prince of story tellers, Lafcadio Hearn, quotes a Japanese poem which, in eight words, expresses the wretchedest degree of poverty:—

Nusundaru
Kagashi no kasa ni
Amé yū knari

The interpretation is: "Heavily pours the rain on the hat that I stole from the scarecrow."* It would be difficult indeed, to pack more concreteness and emotion into one brief sentence. To me, its terseness and power are alike wonderful. I can see the ragged Japanese; for though the poet names no more than the hat, one takes that article as symbolical of much else. I can see the dismal environment, and also the necessity that drives the poor soul out into the terrible weather while his neighbours are snug. I can see the dire straits to which he was reduced; for he had to steal. But what a theft! what a sordid last resource—to rob a helpless and ridiculous scarecrow in a lonely

* *In Ghostly Japan*, p. 164.

field! And eight words create this succession of pictures.

But, after all, do they create these pictures in all brains? Are there not people, not dull people either, to whom the eight words lack this full revelation? To the experienced story-teller (I wish I could say storiast) they are highly communicative. To the less-practised person they err on the side of conciseness. A friendly critic has accused me of relating things too curtly, as, for example, in the narrative of "The Man in the Grotto" (Philoctetes).^{*} I admit that the recital is in places very abrupt, though the original text of Sophocles is also very abrupt. Nevertheless, there may be justice in the criticism. The fact is that, as I pen the tales, I am in the habit of adding, in imagination, a variety of gestures and asides which do not find their way on to the paper at all. I propose, therefore, in this Introduction, to go through a series of short stories, in order to show what accessories the story needs when told aloud, and also, if possible, to stimulate the amateur into alertness in seizing on dramatic possibilities. But before doing so, I would remind the reader that the aim of the stories in the present volume is not simply to interest and amuse: it is to develop specific moral conceptions. The art of the storiast, therefore, is just so much scaffolding in the preparation of ethical ideas and the education of motives. In each case I will begin with a concise outline of the story, and then follow with a commentary.

^{*} See p. 227.

(1). HANS EULER.

Scene, a cottage in the Tyrol at night. "Ha, listen, Martha," says the cottager to his wife; "there is a knock at the door; call in the pilgrim." It is a travelling soldier. He is made welcome to homely fare: bread, wine. *Soldier*: "I want neither food nor wine. I came to do my duty to the dead. You slew my beloved brother; I swore to avenge him." *Hans Euler*: "He fell in fair fight; I fought for my country. But if you must needs fight, not here—farewell awhile, wife." Euler takes his sword, leads stranger along hill-path to summit. Morn breaks; green hills touched with rays of sun; mists disappear from the Alps. Euler points to landscape: "For *that* I fought. If you wish to avenge, let it be here." A pause. Stranger drops sword. "I forgive you; you did it for Fatherland; brave Euler, forgive me also; here's my hand." *Ballad by the Austrian Poet, J. G. SEIDL.*

Half a dozen lines on the blackboard will sketch a map of Europe sufficiently well. "Here," you say, pointing, "is France, Germany, Italy; and what have we here?" (indicating the Tyrol). A child perhaps replies correctly, and you rejoin, "I am glad to see you learn your geography so well." If no reply is given, you smile and perhaps remark, "Neither you nor I can be expected to know everything." You rapidly write in the name of the Tyrol; and, having given your narrative a local habitation, you proceed. You rap on the blackboard, and say—"That was the knock which Hans Euler heard one night as he sat with his wife in this cottage on the mountain side"—and here a few lines, of the roughest description, will sketch a peasant's

cottage, one broken line at the back standing for the Alps. If perchance, you are a poor draughtsman, and fear your sketch will give rise to ridicule, clean it off the board at once : it has already done service by fixing the children's attention. But it is extraordinary to observe how few chalk lines and points are necessary to form suggestions of places and even persons. I have frequently dashed in a zig-zag line, and honoured it with the title of man or woman. If the tale is going on vigorously, nobody notices the incongruity ; and (I repeat) you can always rub out anything that seems to distract attention rather than assist.

Go to an imaginary door (a step or two suffice) and lift an imaginary latch. Then change yourself quickly to the hearty peasant, holding out the welcoming hand to the imaginary stranger. Turn about, fold your arms, or take any other attitude that betokens decision of purpose ; and speak the soldier's words sternly, slowly, clearly. Pause, and stand quite still. You are waiting for Hans Euler and his wife to grasp the situation. If you are playing your part well, the children are perfectly silent, expecting developments. For it is just here that the first climax is reached ; the first *moral* climax. You wish to convey the idea of a man inspired by passionate revenge. . . . Once you have actively opened the dialogue, the rest follows in the same spirit ; and it should follow quickly, for the children are eager to witness the duel ! If you are inventive enough, you can imitate the soldier, as he strides behind Hans up the path, muttering to himself—"He killed my brother—he shall suffer for it—I have wanted ever so long to meet him"—and you can clap your hand on the hilt of

your sword. But the so-called stride is largely make-believe. Neither at this point nor any other is much muscular activity needed. Just as a sketchy line on the board represented a house or a man, so a mere wave of the hand may represent a whole series of movements, and one step may symbolise an eager progress. You halt at the mountain-top, and exclaim, "Ah, a light breaks in the sky—which part of the sky?" "The East," reply the children. Now, this digression is quite unnecessary, but it is useful. It helps the children to feel they are on the spot; they are constructing the plot, as it were. And many such breaks should be practised in order to secure your listeners' co-operation.

Now comes the critical moment. Your object is to produce an impression of a beautiful landscape. Look away from the children, as if, over their heads, you saw wonderful things; and murmur, as you indicate with slight motions of the hand, and frequent pauses—"The tops of the mountains are white—the light of the sun is rosy on the snow—the cattle feed on the green grass—there are the cottages—the men go out to work, carrying axe or spade—the women come to the doors—the children run and laugh—the river runs in the valley past the dear old church—yonder is a lake that shines—how beautiful is this land of the Tyrol; there is not a finer country on earth; and if an enemy should dare to come, to shoot, to burn, to ruin." . . .

Be as abrupt as you like. Glance at the children from time to time to make sure they take it seriously. It would be easy to destroy the effect by over-elaboration, or by sentimentality. But if you speak with due

restraint, you will have no difficulty; for they are wondering why the fight is so long delayed, and yet they can already perceive the bearing of your soliloquy.

You turn suddenly to look at your soldier, and you pause again. If you judge opportune, you may then ask the children, in a very quiet voice. "Do you think he will fight?"

Probably most of them will reply, in a voice as quiet as your own, "No." A few will look doubtful. Some impulsive but not over-intelligent lad would cry, "Yes." You cannot help these divergences. They are conditioned by the very nature of class-teaching; and they are always instructive. But you will not argue with the boy who said, "Yes." He had better be taught by the event.

Of course, you may not have interrupted your tale at all. In any case, you give the soldier's reply, deliberately and with pathos and in a subdued tone; and you hold out your hand. . . .

There is no real need for comment. The moral has either gone home to the child-soul already, or (I beg specially to remark) it will occur to the child later on when he reflects upon your vividly-told narrative. But if you find the children in the mood, you can pursue a little analysis, if only by asking the very simple question "Why did the soldier not fight?" Your story may form part of a lesson which contains other incidents; in which case, you may defer such questions until you come to the comparison of one occurrence with another. I might also observe that the ballad can be used for two purposes, as an illustration of patriotism, or (on quite a different level of thought) an illustration of

the justice of understanding your supposed enemy's motives.

(2). ST. COLUMBA.

Old St. Columba was near his end. He walked about the island of Iona with his servant Diarmid, and was returning to the monastery when an old white horse, which daily carried milk to the monks, came to Columba and put his head on the Saint's shoulder, as if to take leave. Diarmid was about to drive the horse away. "No," said Columba, "the horse loves me; let him stay and weep for my departure." He blessed the faithful animal. Then he climbed a hill, looked down upon the monastery and blessed it, saying: "This little spot, so small and low, shall be greatly honoured, not only by Scottish Kings and people, but by foreign chiefs and nations."

This anecdote is not so easy to deal with as it, at first sight, appears. You have to produce the requisite atmosphere—the aged saint in his monastic environment, and the local colour of Iona.

You might begin by assuming the attitude of an old and feeble man. Nothing more is wanted than bending the shoulders, taking a step or two slowly, and leaning on the supposed Diarmid, and saying gently, "Lead me round the old place, Diarmid; I would like to see my dear island, where I have taught the people for so many years; and the monastery which I built, and where my good monks live; and the land across the water, where my messengers have carried the Gospel." . . . In this simple way, you have explained the situation already. If you think well (I should certainly do

it myself) you can make a map of Scotland, and mark the Hebrides and Iona—all in the crudest symbolical manner; and you can dwell upon this or that point, according to the knowledge and interest displayed by the children. If any of them should exhibit any acquaintance with the name of Iona, ask him or her for a short account of all they know of its history, etc. But you are not giving a geography lesson; and you will return to the human element as soon as possible. You will describe the white horse,* and its daily plodding, year after year, to the monastery gate. Then, in a few quick sentences, bring the horse's head over Columba's shoulder; and pause, turning your head slowly as if to gaze into the eyes of the loyal four-foot, whose head nestles close to your own. Wave the fussy Diarmid away with your hand, and say very slowly and distinctly, but in a low tone, "The horse loves me," etc.; and pause again; for here, in this silent moment, the whole significance of the story is concentrated. The "moral" completes itself without a word. As Maeterlinck will teach us, silence will reveal deep things which speech may fail to convey.

You might be disposed to omit the rest of the narrative; but it has a supporting value. The very pride with which St. Columba views his beloved island, and prophesies its fame, lends a touching attraction to the fact that, amid all the glories of such a prospect,

* Alfred Nutt, in the notes to his edition of the *Mabinogion*, has pointed out how the artistic instinct of the mediæval Welsh storytellers particularises the colours of horses, costumes, etc. So far as concerns energy and beauty of description of external features, the *Mabinogion* legends are admirable models.

the old white horse had not been forgotten or despised. You can stress that point, by adding, at the close of the account of Columba on the hill-top, the terse reminder —“ Yes, and he did not forget his dumb friend.”

(3). LINNÆUS.

Linnæus, the Swedish botanist (died 1778), had a small body, piercing eyes, large head. His enthusiasm for plants and flowers was intense. He was appointed Professor of Botany at Upsala University, and Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens. From all parts of Europe people came to hear his lectures, and even from America; and the students at the University increased from 500 to 1,500. During summer, Linnæus made botanical excursions twice a week, often at the head of 200 students. News of the discovery of a new plant was announced by the blowing of a horn or trumpet. The pupils of Linnæus were scattered in many lands as investigators; some dying in Arabian deserts or African swamps. From foreign students he would take no fee, he loved to teach for the sake of the work. Once he said to a German student, “Tell me candidly, are you rich? Can you afford to pay? If so, give the money to Madame Linnæus. If not, I will not take a single farthing.”

The natural function of this piece of biography would seem to be that of illustrating enthusiasm for science, combined with benevolence. The enthusiasm for science is in itself an estimable motive, but not definitely moral. In the character of the Swedish botanist it is wholesomely blended with genial human feeling for his fellow-learners.

Begin, then, by calling up, so to speak, the ghost of Linnæus—"A small man, with a large head, is walking in the country. Those wonderful piercing eyes of his see things that other men—with larger bodies!—do not see. He gazes at plants, large or small; he stoops, he kneels," etc., and you suit the action to the word, in the same restrained suggestiveness already described. The children will soon imagine the scene, is sylvan, and the class-room prolific with foliage and blossoms and fungi. Let them name supposed flowers, way-side weeds, shrubs, etc., as their fancy leads. Break off to sketch the map of Sweden—"a fine people, the Swedes"—"do you happen to know a Swede?"—and so on. "And now, where do we find this flower-hunter, this plant-gazer, this" . . . *botanist*? (some child will supply the term). "Here he is at this desk"—and you assume a professional air, and proceed. "Suppose I am Professor Linnæus, of Upsala University, and you are my . . . students." (The children will probably furnish the appropriate word; and if they fail to do so, smile at them and say, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honour to be your professor, and you are my students.") "You will observe this plant which I hold in my hand," etc.

Break off this imaginary lecture, for your lesson is not really concerned with botany, but with enthusiasm. Ask the children, not too gravely, "Do girls and boys like all teachers the same?" No. "Some are . . . *favourites* with children; some are *popular*. Well, Linnæus was popular. Look at the pupils coming to school." Rapidly and cruelly outline a map of Europe, and point quickly so as to keep the children's sense of

humour alive. "Here they come, fine young fellows from . . . France, Italy, Prussia, Scotland, etc.—ay, and would you believe it? even from the United States! No; for the States at that time were still British colonies; so we will simply say from America. Very well, and now, as it is a fine morning" (the rain may be falling as you tell the story, and you can give a whimsical glance at the wet window-pane), "we will go out for a botanical excursion. A splendid affair this is going to be. We shall all come home rich men and women. And now, have you got your trumpets ready?"

This abrupt reference to trumpets, of course, produces amazement in your young listeners.

"I mean," (you continue with mock impatience) "the trumpets which you will blow when you find a fresh plant which you have never seen before, and never heard me mention in my lectures. Come, put your hats on!"

When you, a pretended student, groping in a wood, suddenly behold an interesting specimen, you assume an attitude of joy, blow your trumpet (if silently, none the less effectively!) and you kneel and murmur a description of leaves, petals, sepals, etc., employing such terms as the class are likely to comprehend, and shortening the narrative, or quickly changing the incidents, according to the mental eagerness or otherwise of your listeners. If your children appear in the mood to pursue such a theme, turn to the blackboard and say, "Who might blow the trumpet of joy when he sees a new star?" The astronomer. And a few more questions will lead to a list, duly chalked up as emblems

of scientific enthusiasm—*astronomer, chemist, geologist*, etc. But do nothing of this kind if the interest flags, else the whole recital loses its justification.*

It will not need many words to lend dramatic meaning to the dry statement that some of Linnaeus's pupils pursued botanical research in 'Africa—the tropical forest; the natives; the elephants; the piles of specimens in the lonely hut; "how pleased will my old professor be when he sees my African collection!" and then the fever. . . . The cheery dialogue between Linnaeus and the German student calls for no commentary.

(4). BETTINO RICASOLI.

The Countess Martinengo Caesaresco, in her *Italian Characters*, relates an anecdote of the boyhood of Bettino Ricasoli, the Tuscan patriot (died 1883). As a worker for the freedom and unification of Italy, he displayed his native courage and determination. As a lad, he exhibited the same qualities. On one occasion, a tyrannical schoolmaster, displeased at some fault, ordered Bettino Ricasoli to lick the floor in the shape of a cross. Bettino, though only seven years old, said—"I will never do it; it is fit only for brutes." And he successfully persisted; nor did any of his school-fellows ever after that perform this degrading punishment.

* As I write these notes, I light upon a passage in Professor George Forbes' newly issued *History of Astronomy*;—"In 1874 the writer (Forbes) was crossing the Pacific Ocean in H.M.S. Scout. Coggia's comet unexpectedly appeared, and (while Colonel Tupman got its positions with the sextant) he tried to use the prism out of a portable direct-vision spectroscope, without success until it was put in front of the object-glass of a binocular, when, to his great joy, the three band images were clearly seen."

A story that requires careful handling! And timid teachers, or martinets, are advised to leave it alone, for it appears to inculcate defiance of authority! As indeed it does, but in the spirit of Schiller's "William Tell," or the "Dutch Beggars" of the sixteenth century.

Suppose you open this way:—

"Please half-fill that glass with water for me." . .

"Thank you. Now pour in a little more. . . . Stop!"

Pause.

"What command did I, your teacher, give to A. B.?"

"You told him to stop."

"Yes; and he obeyed. Is it right to obey teachers?"

Beware of too ready a reply. If you look too smugly satisfied at the children's exclamation "yes"! you may yourself incur the guilt of encouraging tyranny! And if, perchance, a sceptical boy says "Not always, sir," do not be dismayed, but thankfully turn to him, saying:—

"I am glad you have said different from your companions; for I would like very much to know why you answered not 'always.'"

What the sceptic's explanation may be must be left to the special occasion. Whatever it is, if his tone is serious, accept the reply seriously and respectfully. When it appears generally agreed that implicit obedience is not always advisable, proceed,—

"Well, let us run away from that point for a moment. Have you ever seen a picture of Garibaldi in his soldierly red shirt? Yes. And you may know how he fought this enemy and that enemy so as to make Italy (*sketch map as you talk*) one united country. Another such patriot,—loving Italy, ready to die for Italy, a true son of Italy—was Bettino Ricasoli. He

hated tyrants. He died in 1883, and over his grave men say 'this was a noble man.'"

Silence. Then abruptly,—

"When he was a small boy, he hated tyrants"

By this method you have, as it were, cast the horoscope for Ricasoli, and obtained the sympathetic suffrage of the class in advance. When you go on to portray the incident of the cross, the children hold the key to the disobedient temper and defiant act. You could, it is true, reverse the procedure, and first relate the tale of the cross, and then, after some argument, reveal the patriot. But, in my judgment, the former method is more artistic. Also, observe that you need not tear a passion to tatters, and represent the teacher as issuing a furious order,—“Now, Ricasoli, down on your knees, and lick a cross on the floor.” You can do so if you will. But you will convey a more significant lesson if you say, quietly and intensely,—

“Ricasoli, you will please lick the form of the cross on the floor.”

Tyranny is not invariably bombastic, and it is less easy to defy when cold and calculated.

(5) THE BRAHMAN SCRIBE.

A Brahman, copying a sacred writing about the god Krishna, came to the verse, “They who depend on me, putting aside all care, whatsoever they need, I myself will carry it to them,” and he said to his wife, “Is it not irreverent to say Krishna *carries* things? It should be *send*.” She agreed, and the Brahman erased *carry* and wrote *send*. The wife told him there was no food in the house, whereupon the scribe said they would

trust Krishna to send some; and he went into the next room. A handsome youth appeared at the door, and gave the woman a basket of delicious viands. His breast was gashed, and she asked who had wounded him. "Your husband's small weapon (the pen) did it." The wife called to her husband and reproached him with hurting the young man. He replied in amazement that he had not been out of the house. Then they knew the messenger was Krishna, who had *carried* the gifts instead of sending them.*

In examining this story, it would be easy to cavil at the mythology and miss the ethical significance. To elder children (and only elder ones) it yields a picturesque illustration of the superiority of personal service to deputed charity, and a beautiful illustration it is. I should not tell the story first and then laboriously work towards this moral conclusion. The legend is so highly dramatic that it must come as a climax. Therefore, attack the "moral" first in a concrete way:—

Two persons do a kind act. One makes some clothes and *carries* them to a distressed neighbour as a gift. The other sends a servant to buy some and take them to the house of want. Which is the nobler? And why? Add that a really kind spirit may move the heart of the second person. For all that, the first action is the nobler method, and so the Hindus think when they tell the story of how the god Krishna came to the Brahman's door.

Curiosity is now awake, and you proceed,—

The Brahman was busy with his pen, copying a writing that he handled with great respect, for it told

* From Miss M. E. Noble's *Web of Indian Life*.

the words of the god Krishna. (Here you are flourishing an imaginary pen, and glancing with solemn attention at an imaginary copy). You know something about Brahmans, perhaps? Where they live, what they are like? (Answers come in, or not, as the case may be; and you quickly state needed details, and, in a stroke or two, sketch the map of India). The Brahman wrote, "They who depend on *me*," etc. . . . "I will carry it." Carry! Krishna carry a parcel! No, no. (The Brahman assumes a haughty air). He would say, "Here, you *deva*,—spirit,—angel,—take this precious gift to so-and-so; I cannot leave my throne." . . .

The dialogue with the wife, and the arrival of Krishna, follow briskly on; and you may close thus:—

The wife said, "Why did you hurt the messenger who brought this basket of good things?"

"I have hurt no one. I have not been out."

She turned to the door. The youth was gone. Nowhere on the road could he be seen.

"It was Krishna," she whispered, clasping her hands. "The great lord! . . . and he carried the gift with his own arms and hands . . . the gracious Krishna." . . .

The Brahman said quietly, "He *carried* it . . . the word should be *carry*, not *send*." . . .

Almost abruptly you have ended; but why say more?

Conduct Stories

THE WOLF.

It is quite true there are terrible things in the world.
One is the

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night.

Another is the earthquake that breaks up houses, and sends the flooding seas in a deadly sweep over the dry land. Another is the plague that kills thousands, such as the Black Death in the fourteenth century, or the Plague of London in the seventeenth.

Men with brave hearts face these terrors and bear them as men should. Humanity fights the terrors of Nature, and seeks to make the world safer and happier to live in.

But how often we think a terror waits in the road, and when we come to it we find we worried without cause!

Arthur must go to school. Horror! He thinks of a gloomy room; a master like a bogey; schoolboys who will make him play cricket when he doesn't want to; books that will mock him with long words, and awful facts to be learned by heart. He goes, "creeping un-

willingly to school" (as Shakespeare says), and enters the place as if it were the Dragon's Den of the Ogre's Castle.

In a few weeks we see Arthur mixing with the lads in class or game, as jolly as a sandboy.

Once there was a boy named Harry who looked with wide-open eyes at a picture.

It was a picture of a snow scene in Russia. The sky was grey. A dark forest filled up the back of the picture. Through a glade in the forest flow a sledge drawn by horses that seemed mad with fright. The wolves—a pack of wolves—were in full chase. And who was in the sledge?

Behold! it was a Cossack soldier, and he had charge of a precious treasure—a baby—his own son. Oh, if the fierce beast of the forest should seize and devour this helpless and frail infant!

The Cossack held the baby by its clothes in the grip of his teeth, so as to leave his hands free. In each hand he held a pistol, and Harry wondered if a bullet from each weapon would strike a wolf in the howling pack.

Bang! bang! two will lie dead. The Cossack will load again; the horses will gallop more furiously; some of the wolves will stop to eat the dead beasts; others will tear after the sledge.

Again, bang! bang!

* * * * *

Years afterwards, Harry de Windt was a traveller, and, in the course of his journeys, he passed through Russia and Siberia, the very country of which he had, as a child, seen the terrible wolf picture.

In the year 1902 he crossed the snows of Siberia in his sledge, and slid over frozen rivers, and glided through fir forests; and the sky above was dull and sad, and the white flakes fell and fell, and drifted and drifted, and whirled and whirled.

He stopped at the village of Yakurimsk. The master of the inn said:

"Sir, if you are not pressed for time, now is a good season for hunting."

"What beasts could I hunt?"

"Bears. There are many in the woods. I could find you a number of beaters—I mean men who will search about in the forest, and call to you when they see a bear, or the track of a bear, and you can then hurry up with your rifle and kill it."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir; wolves. They abound in this country. They have attacked the cattle, and carried off the pigs. Oh, to hear the poor swine grunt when the wolves get into the styes!"

"And have they attacked men?"

"No, sir."

No, and it was a curious fact that Mr. de Windt never heard of a wolf attacking a man. He travelled over the steppes and marshes of Siberia four times, and no such story ever came to his ears. So of course he never met a Cossack who could tell him how he had held a baby in his teeth while he kept the pack at bay with his pistols—bang! bang!

But once, indeed, Mr. de Windt did encounter a wolf. Yes, listen!

It was in the wild waste of Western Siberia. The

traveller was riding through a dark and lonely wood. The trees arched overhead and made grim shadows.

A wolf—long, gaunt, hungry-looking—suddenly stepped from out of the trees.

The man stared at the wolf ; the wolf stared at the man !

And then the grisly wolf turned back into the forest fled in fear, and was seen no more !

NOTE.—The story of the wolf is taken from Mr. H. de Windt's "From Paris to New York by Land."

TWO DOLLS.

Mr. Harrison looked over the fence, and saw a man and wife glare at each other in anger, and heard them speak hot words; but after a time they grew cool, and the man kissed the tears from her cheeks.

And Mr. Harrison said not a word to anyone about it.

He saw a man—a friend of his—reel home drunk one night, but the next morning this man said to his friend, “I am ashamed of myself. I shall not do so again. I hope no one but you will ever know.”

And Mr. Harrison said not a word about it.

A mischief-maker came to him one day and said, “Harrison, your neighbour Brown has called you a conceited ass.”

And Mr. Harrison said not a word about it.

* * * * *

An Indian Prince had a daughter.

“None but a wise man shall wed my lass,” said the prince. “He may be rich, he may be grand, he may be brave, he may be comely—all this is good; but I say that first of all he must be wise. He must be a man of sense.”

Yes, but how was he to make sure that a man had sense?

The prince had two large dolls made, as large as a man. They were both alike. Their dress was alike, their faces alike, their size alike, their shape alike, their everything alike. They were like as two peas.

The dolls were set up at the door of his royal hall.

A crier went out in the highway, and cried :

“Be it known to you all, that he who can tell in what way the two dolls at the palace are not the same shall wed the princess and be heir to the throne.”

Also the message was sent far and wide to towns and states.

Nobles, princes, and kings came to see the dolls, and they looked them up and down, and round and round, and front and back, and top and bottom. Nobles, princes and kings peeped, stared, gazed, examined, inspected, quizzed, and viewed; but all in vain. None could tell the difference.

“There is no difference,” they growled.

So the bakers did not bake the cake for the wedding.

At last came a youth who had a quiet way, a steady eye, a brain that could brood over puzzles till the answer was found. He had heard the words of the king’s message, and he entered the courtyard and stood still before the two dolls.

A very long time he stood. Not the smallest difference could he see. The eyes of one were copies of the other’s eyes—so with the hands, the arms, the legs, the feet, the costumes, the everything !

He walked up and down; he rubbed his forehead; he frowned; he folded his arms; he shut his eyes; he bent his head.

Then he seemed to wake up. Going close up to the two puppets, he looked very closely into their ears; then at their lips.

With eyes on the ground, he searched till he found a piece of straw.

Taking the straw in his right hand, he returned to the images.

He pushed the straw into the ear of one of the dolls.

Whatever was he at? Surely he did not want to tickle a doll's ear? •

The next moment, as he kept pushing the straw, one end of it came out of the doll's mouth, and presently the straw fell to the floor.

The young man picked it up, and stepped to the other puppet.

Pushing the straw into the ear, he watched the mouth. Nothing came out. He pushed further. The straw had gone altogether. It must have fallen into the hollow inside of the doll. There was no way out of the mouth. •

He called a servant.

"Tell his Highness I should like to see him about the dolls. I know the secret."

As he bowed before the prince, all the onlookers admired his manner and his looks.

"Speak, young man," said the prince.

"Sir, one doll is better than the other; for he never lets out at the mouth what comes in at the ear, whereas the other one lets fall from the lips whatever enters his ear. One does not repeat all he sees and hears. The other gossips and spreads tales."

"It is time to prepare the marriage feast," said the

prince. "This wise young man will be my daughter's bridegroom."

So now it was the bakers' turn to be busy, and the dressmakers', and all the rest. And there was a very pretty wedding.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from "The Key of the Hearts of Beginners," translated from the Persian by Annette S. Beveridge.

TOO LATE.

A young man walked alone in a forest. Trees stretched their arms above his head. Soft dead leaves strewed the ground.

An old oak tree—a very old oak tree—leaned over the path. Worn and cracked was its huge trunk. It seemed ready to topple over and lie for ever on the earth.

“It shall not fall,” said young Rhecus to himself.

He made haste to cut a very stout branch of strong wood, and this he set under the leaning oak in such a way as to bear it up and stay it from falling. Then he passed on.

A voice called :

“Rhecus !”

Whence did it come ? There was no man, no woman in sight. The hare bounded along the glade. Birds fluttered among the branches. At some distance away sheep fed in a meadow on the edge of the wood, and the shepherd played a tune on his pipe ; but the call had not come from him.

“Rhecus !” said the voice of the oak tree.

He turned to the tree, and peeped through its drooping branches and crinkled leaves, and there he saw a woman, such as the Greeks made in statues,

and she was in the very tree itself, as if part of its life.

"I am the spirit of this tree," she said, "and I live with it, and shall die in its death. The rain waters my life, and the sun warms me. You have helped me and kept me from falling. Ask me what you will, and, if I can, I will give it you."

Rhecus looked earnestly at the Dryad, or tree spirit and he answered :

"Lady of the oak, I pray you, give me your love."

"My love," she said, "is a gift that brings danger with it, but I will give it you in all good will. But so that I may know you mean your words, and do not speak in the idle thought of the moment, I beg you not to stay now, but come to me an hour before the sun sets this eve."

At that she was gone. Rhhecus saw naught but the aged oak, and he heard only the rustle of the wind amid the trees, and the sound of the shepherd's pipe in the green pasture.

In joy of heart he went his way, and he came to the town. It was but the afternoon and he had much time to spare.

"Rhhecus!" shouted some youths, "come and play dice."

He was willing enough to do as they asked, and he sat with his comrades for hours throwing the bone dice on the table and counting the numbers on the sides of the little blocks to see who had won and who had lost. He lost many games, but at last had a lucky throw that brought him a lucky number, and he laughed, and he laughed, and he laughed. . . .

Buzz!

A bee buzzed about his ear.

Rhecus flicked the humming insect away. It came back. He flicked it away. It came back.

"Does this bee think I am a rose to give it honey?" he cried, and he flicked it away a third time with a hard hand, and hurt it, and the bee flew slowly out of the open window towards the hills of Thessaly; and over the hilltops the sun was very red.

"An hour before the set of sun!" he said suddenly to himself.

Up he leaped. Down he threw the dice. Like a mad man, he fled, and his mates watched with wide eyes his flight down the dusky road till, in the dark, they could see his form no more.

Grey was now the sky. Black were now the hills. Gone was now the sun. Gloom covered the woods. The sheep were in the fold. No music of shepherd's pipe was heard.

Out of breath, the youth reached the old oak tree. He caught the murmur of a voice:

"Rhecus! no more will you see me. I sent my messenger—my little yellow messenger—to bid you mind the hour, and you sent her away with wounds and scorn, and did not heed my word, and gave your soul to other loves, and shut me out from your thought. Nevermore, Rhecus, nevermore!"

"Forgive me, lady of the tree!"

"I forgive, but it is not in my power to undo what you have done. You made your own fate. You lost the love by your own act. Nevermore!"

Through the leaves sighed the wind of the night, but

never a word came from the lady of the oak. And the youth turned his face towards the town, and he saw the gay lights, and he knew his friends were at the feast, but his heart was sad and his spirit was alone.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from J. R. Lowell's poem.

PERSEVERANCE.

The King said any young fellow might marry his daughter if only— •

Ah, if only what? If only the young fellow would beat the young lady (Atalanta was her name) in running a race. But if the young fellow lost he must lose his life.

Many youths lost their lives in this race for a bride. At last one came who succeeded. How did he do it? He carried in his bosom three gold balls. One of these he threw so that Atalanta saw it as it fell on one side of the racecourse. She ran aside to pick it up, and as she did so the youth gained a few paces. A second ball likewise. A third ball! The maiden had picked up all three, but while her attention was given to the glittering toys the youth had gained on her, and he reached the goal first, and married her! Possibly that was what she wished, but the old Greek tale does not say so, and if she did not wish it she would have to confess that she had lost the race through faltering, through not keeping to her purpose, through not persevering or persisting.

On the other hand, you may have heard the story of young Isidore, the Spanish boy. So hard were the tasks at his school that he ran away in despair. As

he sat by the wayside, miles away from the school which he hated, he noticed that the stone on the edge of a well was worn into a groove. A woman came to draw water, and thirsty Isidore asked for a drink which she gave him.

"What made that groove in the stone?" he inquired.

"The rope which holds the bucket," she replied.

"Each time the bucket goes down for water, or comes up full, the rope grinds against the stone and wears a little dust away, and so, as years pass by, quite a deep furrow has been cut by the rope."

The Spanish lad reflected. A rope seems a soft thing compared with stone, yet it wears the stone away by persisting. Why cannot a boy persist as well as a rope? Why should he not try again at the wretched lessons until they wear a groove in his mind, and get remembered and understood? He went back and worked hard, and in after years the Spanish people loved him as Saint Isidore.

Thus Isidore had the quality of persistence, or perseverance, and Atalanta had not. Is persistence a good quality? Yes!

Very well, let us write it on our blackboard, "Persistence is a good quality."

Now let us hear about Mr. Mytton of Halston House, Shropshire. Mr. Mytton was rich, and he was very self-willed. He was very, very fond of having his own way. In thin clothing, and with thin shoes, he would go out in all weathers, no matter how cold, as if he dared the sun, rain, or frost to hurt him. Several times a week he would ride out fifty miles and be back (100 miles in all) before dinner! If he walked

he tramped so fast that no one could keep up with him.

One day as he rode with the hounds, Mr. Mytton had a bad fall, and broke three of his twenty-four ribs, and also received many sad bruises. While he lay in bed a messenger came to the house with a parcel sent by a friend. It was a bag. There was something alive and kicking in the bag, and Mr. Mytton was very curious to see what it was. A letter told him it was a fox, only just caught. This fox would make good sport if let loose.

The man with the three broken ribs pondered. Then he said :

“To-morrow we will run this fox!”

“But, sir,” the servants cried, “think of your ribs!”

It was all in vain. Mr. Mytton’s mind was made up. Ride and hunt he would, no matter who said nay.

The next day he had to be lifted on his horse and, accompanied by friends on horseback, he galloped off to the sound of “Tally-ho!” The party tore along like madmen after Mr. Brush (you know what I mean) over hills, through brooks, among the trees. Mr. Mytton was tied up in bandages, and looked a strange figure.

“Tally-ho! tally-ho!” On rushed Mr. Mytton! What persistence, what perseverance! “Tally-ho!” His ribs did ache! “Tally-ho!” Oh, his bruised back! “Tally-ho! Yoicks, yoicks!”

After an hour’s run the fox was killed. The huntsmen returned home. Mr. Mytton had been front rider all the time. He nearly fainted as he alighted from his horse.

"No," he said, "I will not faint. I would sooner lose £10,000 than be seen fainting!"

Then he went to bed.

"Persistence is a good quality?" Is it? Of what use was this stupid man's persistence? None whatever.

In 1760 was born a Japanese baby who received the name of Hokusai. He was put to work with an artist, but he had a way of his own in drawing and painting and his master turned him off. Hokusai then sold red pepper and almanacs (a funny mixture!) in the streets of Yedo, but all the time he could spare he gave to his art, and at last he became a most famous man. He made a book of 100 views of the tall mountain of Fujiyama, and in this he wrote things about himself, and how he had persisted. At the age of six he loved drawing. At the age of 50 he had published very many pictures. At 73 he had (so he said) "learned a little" of the nature of plants, birds, fishes, and insects. At the age of 80 he would make more progress. If he lived to be 90 he would discover many secrets in the art of drawing. At 100 he would see "marvellous things." At the age of 110, he said that everything he did, even if only a dot or a line, would be alive to the eye of the beholder. These curious remarks were written when he was 75 years old and he signed himself "the Old Man Mad About Drawing," by which he meant the old man who was very very fond of drawing, or the old man who was (now for a long word!) "enthusiastic." He died in 1849. Not long before he passed away he said, "If I could but live five more years, I should be a real painter." But he was already

a real painter, and to-day, long after his death, his beautiful pictures are prized by the Japanese and others. On the tomb of this persevering artist are written the words :

My soul, turned Will-o'-the-wisp,

Can come and go at ease over the summer fields.

That means his spirit loved to wander amid trees and in meadows, looking for the beauty which he had been in search of all his long life. Now was this persistence a good quality in Hokusai? Yes, for it gave pleasure to other people. Did he wish to give them pleasure? I think so, though of course some artists think a great deal of the money they earn rather than the joy of the beholders.

So let us finish with another story. This will be about a Frenchman, a priest named the Abbé de l' Epée. Once he saw two sisters whose eyes looked up into his so pitifully, but whose tongues could not speak, nor could their ears hear. They were deaf-mutes. Often he thought about them. He wondered how he could help them. If only he could teach them to speak! If only he could give them the gift of language which they had never possessed! If we could have peeped into the rooms of the good Catholic priest, we might have seen him pacing up and down, and twisting his fingers about in a very strange manner. We should notice that the shapes made by his fingers were the shapes of letters, or at least something like them. We could easily tell O, or T, or V.

What was the Abbé doing?

He was inventing the deaf-and-dumb alphabet.

The next thing was to teach it. Ah, what a labour it

was to teach the deaf! But he wished very much to help the poor children—the two sisters were his first pupils—and so it was what we call a “labour of love.” Hard enough is it to teach an ordinary child to read. Perhaps your mother, or father, or teacher had a good deal of trouble with you! But very much harder is it to teach the deaf and dumb.

The priest persevered. Before he died, at the age of 77 in the year 1789, very many young people had learned the alphabet—the finger-talk—in his classes. Of course, as you may know, this finger language is not so much used to-day, because the deaf-mutes are taught to speak with their lips, but for a long time the only way such afflicted persons could speak was by means of this good man’s alphabet. After his death a sculptor carved a bust of him, and one of the pupils whom he had taught wrote two French lines to be written below the bust. Here they are, changed into English :

Two blessed marvels wrought our master dear,
Our hands he taught to speak, our eyes to hear.

You will no doubt understand what is meant by the speaking hands and hearing eyes!

Thus did the Abbé persevere, not for his own sake but for the sake of his brethren.

THE CAMEL DRIVER.

Two men—the camel-driver and his friend Zaid—raised their arms to shield their heads. Stones were being flung at them by the Arabs. Zaid's head was bleeding. The legs of the camel-driver were much bruised.

“Sorcerer! madman!” yelled the Arabs, “you have come to cause strife among us. We do not want your teaching. You only lead simple folk astray!”

The camel-driver's name was Mohammed.

He limped into a garden, and sat under the shade of a tree, and he lifted his hands and said :

“O Allah, thou seest my weakness. Thou art great, and thou wilt aid the helpless.”

This Arab with the bruised legs had taken camels laden with wares along the great roads to the north, even unto Syria; and he had oft looked at the stars, and oft he thought upon the beauty and wonder of the world, and he had felt that he must make known to the folk of Mekka and Arabia the glory of Allah, and tell them that he, Mohammed, was the messenger of God—“There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.”

And the people stoned him.

Not all hated him. Two men saw him as he sat in

the garden, and sent a boy to offer him a dish of grapes.

Not quite alone in the world was the prophet. A few people understood him and loved him. They knew that he was a great soul—greater than the rest of men. They knew his thoughts rose above the thoughts of other Arabs.

Rose above.

Yes, and the old tales say that one night he slept in a house. All was still. The land was dark—all the land from the Red Sea to the Sea of Persia, and not a palm tree waved, nor any bird flapped a wing, nor any beast made a cry.

Thunder clapped and lightning shone. And the angel Jebrail stood by the bed of the man whose legs had been bruised by the stones. The angel was white, and the curls shone on his head, and on his brow were writ the words :—

“There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the Apostle of Allah.”

Kissing the eyes of the sleeper he said :

“O sleeper, how long wilt thou sleep?”

Mohammed leapt up in fear.

“Be not afraid,” whispered the angel, “I am thy brother Jebrail. Follow me.”

A horse waited. It had high stepping legs, and a face noble even as the face of a man; and at first he would not let the camel-driver mount, but the angel Jebrail helped the prophet, and they went forth, and they glided past the hills of Mekka.

The city was quiet, for the people slumbered.

“Halt till I reach you,” cried a voice on the road.

They pressed forward ; the prophet had a far journey to go that night, and no voice in the world must draw him back.

So they flew on, for Borak, the horse, went as if on wings—until they came to the Holy City of Jerusalem. A man met the prophet, and he had three cups of drink—milk, water, and wine ; and offered them to Mohammed.

“Take of the milk,” said the angel.

In the city was a House of Prayer, and the angel bade Mohammed alight, and he tied the horse Borak to a ring of the door, and Mohammed went in and bowed in prayer. Then Jebrail led him out to a lonely place, and behold ! he saw a ladder that had steps of gold, silver, gold, silver, and so on, reaching up to high heaven, and bright spirits guarded its foot. Mohammed went up this ladder of beauty, and he stood at the door of Heaven ; and Jebrail knocked.

“Who is that?”

“I—Jebrail.”

“Who is with thee?”

“Mohammed.”

“Has he been called?”

“Yes.”

They entered, and saw a tall man. It was Adam, and on Adam's right hand was a door, whence came a sweet smell ; and as he turned to the right he laughed for joy, and as he turned to the left he wept for grief—“for,” said Jebrail, “the door on the right opens to the place of the Good and Happy, and the left to the place of the Sinful and Wretched.”

Mohammed climbed, and in the Second Heaven he beheld Jesus, son of Mary, and John the Baptist, and they saluted him—"Welcome, brother; welcome, prophet."

In the Third Heaven a man said the same words—"Welcome, brother; welcome, prophet;" and the man was Joseph, who had worn the coat of many hues; and in the Fourth Heaven Enoch, who had lived a long life, and in the Fifth Heaven, Aaron, the priest of the Tabernacle of the Jews, spake likewise.

In the Sixth Heaven the welcome was said by Moses, and as the prophet passed out Moses wept.

"Why dost thou weep?" asked some angels.

"Because so few listened to my teaching, but many will follow the teaching of this man, Mohammed."

In the Seventh Heaven a grey-haired man sat on a chair, and this was Abraham; and a stream flowed past his feet; and folk that had dark faces plunged into the water, and, as they came out, lo! they were white.

"What meaneth this?" asked Mohammed.

"The dark folk had faults and sins, and they sorrowed for their wrong-doing, and so washed in the stream; and Allah, the Most High, has looked on them with grace."

Mohammed gazed upon a vast tree that had fruits like unto rocks, and leaves as large as elephants' ears; and in a chamber inside this tree was the dwelling of the angel Jibrail.

Four streams ran by, and each was of a different colour.

And beyond that there spread a wide sea, and an

angel lifted water from it in a vessel, and so poured out a river that rolled to far, far places.

Along the side of the ocean was a very beautiful valley that went as far as the eye could reach; and in it was a very glorious angel.

“What is thy name?” inquired Mohammed.

“My name is Mikail; ask what thou wilt.”

“O Mikail, guide me to Allah, and then let me go back to my house.”

The angel took the hand of the man at whom the Arabs had thrown stones, and led him along the Happy Valley, and lifted a curtain and they walked on, and he lifted another curtain and they still journeyed, and another curtain was raised and yet another, and still another, and they moved along the valley still, and so thousands of curtains were lifted, and the eyes of Mohammed saw such things as he had not seen on earth, nor in Seven Heavens; and when he trembled a voice said:

“Come nearer.”

“I dare not.”

“Say what thou wilt, and ask what thou wilt.”

Then Mohammed craved to know what he should teach the people of Arabia as to their way of life; and the voice of ALLAH answered, and spake of their alms to the poor, their keeping of Sabbath on the Friday, their fasting, their pilgrimages, and their prayers. Each day and night the faithful must pray fifty-four times.

Then the prophet departed the way he came, and he met Moses in the Sixth Heaven. And Moses asked:

"How many times must thy people pray?"

"Fifty-four."

"Ah," said the Teacher of the Children of Israel, "the people are weak of purpose. Return and ask that the number be less."

So Mohammed returned; and besought that the number might be made less, and when he met Moses again the Teacher of Israel asked:

"How many times must the faithful pray?"

"Five."

"Go again, and beg that the number be less."

But Mohammed would not return, and so, to this day, the faithful Moslems kneel on their little carpets and pray five times a day—in the morning before sunrise, when noon is past, somewhat before sunset, after sunset, and in the first watch of the night.

And so the prophet descended the ladder and mounted the horse Borak, and across mountains and deserts they flew, and behold! he awoke to find himself lying in his bed in Mekka, and four hours had passed since he fell asleep, and saw the bright countenance of Jebrail.

This was the man whom the people scorned, and whose legs were bruised by the stones, and who sat and mourned under the tree in the garden, when the lad brought him a dish of grapes and cheered his drooping soul.

This was Mohammed that had been a camel-driver, and traded with the land of Syria.

To-day many millions of people in Asia and in Africa, and some even in Europe, speak his name

with reverence, and if a voice says, "Mohammed," they say :

Upon whom be blessing."

NOTE.—The particulars of Mohammed's ascent are taken from Mirkhond's "*Rauzat-us-Safa*," or "*Garden of Purity*," translated from the Persian by E. Rehatsek. The legend of the ascent is variously related in the different biographies.

HOW THE WORLD CAME TO AN END.

"Oh!" groaned the hare that lay under the palm tree. "Oh dear! if the world came to an end whatever should I do?"

Now, the palm tree, being young, had not grown high. Over the palm there rose up a tall fruit tree called by Indians a vilva tree; and the vilva fruit is heavy and soft.

It came to pass that, while the hare spake, a vilva fruit fell on a broad palm leaf.

Smack!

At the sound of the fruit falling on the leaf the hare sprang up in great dread.

"The end has come," cried puss. "The earth is going to pieces!"

Off rushed the hare in the hope of getting somewhere out of the ruin of the world.

He met another hare.

"What is the matter?"

"Can't stop! can't stop! oh, terrible!"

"What's the matter?"

"World coming to an end!"

The two hares fled like mad. A third asked a like question, heard the answer, and joined the first two.

Then a fourth, fifth, sixth, and so on, till 100,000 hares were all racing away from the poor old earth—or at least they thought so!

You see how a report spreads, and how silly hares take in all they are told!

"What's the matter?" shouted a deer to the hares.

"Can't stop! World has come to the crack of doom."

"You don't say so! Horror!"

So the deer trotted with the hares.

A wild boar was the next to ask, and to join the army of trotters; then an elk, a buffalo, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, an elephant. The troop of animals rushing from the wreck of the earth stretched three miles in length, from the hare in front to the elephant in the rear. It was a grand sight for anybody who enjoyed a laugh.

A lion saw the rout, and was eager to know the cause. So he gave a loud roar three times. All the runners halted, and all trembled.

"What's the matter?"

"The world is coming to an end, sir!"

"Who saw it coming to an end?"

"The elephant."

"Speak, elephant."

"I know nothing, sir lion. The tiger told me."

"Speak, tiger."

"The rhinoceros told me."

"Speak, rhinoceros."

"The wild ox told me."

And then the lion inquired and inquired until he

came to the hares, and then at last it was traced to hare Number One.

"Did you see the earth going to pieces?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you see it?"

"As I lay under a palm tree by the sea. I heard a fearful plop, and I escaped with my life."

"Gentlemen," said the lion to the host of the animals, "I trust you will place the matter in my paws, while I try to get at the facts. Please stay here, and I will go with my friend the hare and make inquiries on the spot."

Bidding the little hare jump on his broad back, the king of beasts set off at a quick pace, and reached the grove of trees by the shore of the Indian sea.

"Where is the spot?"

"Oh, sir lion, I dare not go too near. It is over by that vilva tree."

The lion went to the palm tree, and looked carefully about. There was no crack—crack of doom or any other crack—in the ground. But on a large palm leaf was a broken vilva fruit, its juice still dropping.

"Ha!" said the lion to himself, "I can see what caused the noise."

"Mount again, my friend," he cried to the hare, and so galloped off.

The multitude of beasts were anxiously awaiting the news.

The lion said not a word till he stood in the midst of the crowd, and all the four-footed people made a great silence.

"You need not worry any more," he said, "the earth

is quite safe. It was only a vilva fruit that came down thump on a palm leaf. Our friend the hare was hasty. He jumped to a conclusion, and ran away with the conclusion, and you all followed after the conclusion."

NOTE.—The story is adapted from the Buddhist story-book :
 "The Jataka," vol. III., number 322.

THE SHE-WOLF.

Poor little soul! It lay there on the cold ground, crying—though without words—for the mother who had left it for ever.

She was not dead. She was an Irish slave woman. Why she wished to get rid of her child I know not. But whatever the reason she found no cradle for it but the hard earth in the forest.

Near the spot where the babe wept was the den of a wolf. This wolf was a mother, who took more care for her cubs than the slave woman for her little boy.

The grisly and gaunt wolf—the wild daughter of the woods, whose eyes shone red at night when it hunted for prey—passed by the crying child, caught sight of it, stopped, felt pity (so says the dear old Irish tale), and resolved to protect the lost babe. She carried him gently in her mouth, as a dog mother might carry a pup, to the dusky lair where she lived with her cubs. They were ready to pounce upon this morsel of food!

No! she warned them back. This small creature must be one of her family, to whom she would give suck as if it were her own.

You will call to mind a like tale of the two brothers—Romulus and Remus—who founded the city of Rome; though, unhappily, poor Remus was slain by Romulus.

One day a band of hunters halloed and blew their horns, and sought deer and bears and wild boars among the glades of the oak and beech. By chance they entered the cave, and saw the bonny boy who was foster-son to the grim wolf. Much did they wonder how it could have been bred in such a strange place. However, one of them picked up the boy, and bore him away to the city.

The wolf met them, and was in great grief, and ran at the bearer's side, and snapped at his coat until the hunters raised their knives and spears and drove her off. And sore was her heart at the loss of the boy.

Some good monks found a home for him, gave him the name of Ailbe, taught him letters and music and the way of religion, and he also became a monk, and at length a bishop.

The people loved Ailbe, Bishop of Emly, for he was kind to all souls, human or animal.

* * * * *

Great was the shouting on the moor of Emly. A troop of men, whose hair flew in the breeze, chased madly after an old grey wolf; and there was a sheen of bright metal in their knives and spears.

Saint Ailbe, Bishop of Emly, walked with grave step and a quiet eye. Weapons were never clasped in his hand. He ruled, not by iron, but by love.

The wolf rushed towards the bishop, looked up in his face, and knew again the child whom she had protected in her cave. And he knew his wolf-mother, and he wrapped his mantle over her panting body, and raised his hand up against the hunters, and they all stood still; for he ruled by love, not by iron.

"Come, old mother," said the Bishop to the beast of the woods, "and I will be to thee as a shield from the foe. When I was a weak babe, thou didst feed me and watch over my feeble life; and now that thou art aged and grey, shall I not give thee service in return? No man shall hurt thee. Come each day to my house and thou shalt share with me such food as my table can afford."

Not a spear was raised at the old grey wolf as she trotted off to the forest.

When she returned next day the children screamed and ran to their mothers.

"Hush, dears!" said the mothers, "this is the Bishop's wolf. It will not harm you."

Thus did the grisly wolf call each day at the Bishop's door and receive her daily bread, and she came and went in peace. For though her coat was rough and her fangs sharp, her heart was tender; and the outward guise of beast or man may be grim and yet the soul be good.

Look, therefore, with a friendly eye upon the unpolished form, in the hope that a warm heart may beat within.

The skin of the African is black, the dress of the Arab is strange, the manners of the Chinese are unlike our own; but men of all races can do deeds of service, and to each doer of good we should render thanks.

THE REAL AND THE SHAM.

Autumn.

Bare were the fields after the corn had been carried to the barns.

Two young oxen pulled a plough. Their white necks were yoked together by a board.

At the plough tail walked a man, ox goad in hand, who wore the robe of a monk, the ends being tucked into his girdle.

Not far off a house of wood and stone was to be seen, and a graveyard was at its side, and crosses were fixed over the graves. The house was a monastery near Rheims, in France, and the time I tell of was the sixth century.

The two oxen had been given him for the field work. He and the other monks ploughed in autumn and in spring. But so well and with such a steady style did he plough that he made twice as many furrows as some of his comrades, three times as many as some others, four times as many as some others. When his friends rested from the labour of the plough this monk—whose name was Theodulph—would often take a mattock or a spade and do work in any corner of the monastery farm that seemed to need it.

Ten years passed, and still Theodulph ploughed.

Twenty years passed, and still Theodulph ploughed.

Twenty-two years passed, and then Theodulph ploughed no more, for he was made Abbot; and all this time he had worked with the same two faithful helpers and friends—I mean the oxen; and twenty-two crops of corn had been grown on the farm.

When Theodulph was made Abbot the people of the village took his plough and hanged it up in the church as a keepsake, or relic.

A famous French writer says that if he could now see this plough he “would kiss it as willingly as if it were the sword of the Emperor Karl the Great.”

Such was the real, true, honest work of Theodulph. One might almost be ready to say he toiled too hard; but that was his idea of duty, and nobly he carried it out.

* * * * *

The Emperor of Rome, Tiberius Cæsar, once visited his friend, the soldier Lucullus, on the way to the city of Naples.

Lucullus had a most lovely villa on a hill that overlooked the waters of the Adriatic Sea.

Large gardens stretched all round the house.

One could walk for hours amid the beautiful flowers and shrubs of the gardens of Lucullus. You may be sure the Emperor would not stay at this spot without enjoying a walk in the shady paths of the gardens.

Lucullus had many slaves, as all Roman gentlemen had in that age. One of these slaves popped out from behind some trees and watered the path along which the Emperor Tiberius was strolling.

As a matter of fact, the place was cool, and there was no special need to sprinkle the path.

The Emperor turned into another green alley. The slave suddenly popped out and watered the path.

After resting awhile on a seat Tiberius rose and resumed his walk in another path.

The slave again popped out and watered the path. And there really was no need.

Everywhere the Emperor went this fussy fellow popped out with his watering-pot.

The courtiers began to laugh. It was plain that the man had an object in view. He hoped to draw upon himself the Emperor's notice and get a gentle stroke on one side of his face—a sign that his freedom would be given to him. It was a right thing to wish for freedom, but he did not show much sense in his way of asking.

So the Emperor said to him at last:

“My man, you are much too busy, and the price you want—your freedom—is much too large, and I cannot afford to give you a box on the ear at the price.”

NOTE.—The story of Theodulph is from Montalembert's “Monks of the West,” and the slave story is a fable by Phædrus.

THE GAZER.

Light reddish hair crowned the youth's head. Broad was his brow. Bright were his eyes. And the bright eyes gazed and gazed. They saw things which other eyes saw not.

The youth went into a church. He paced the long passage or aisle at the side. He saw a man light a lamp that hung from the roof. The man passed on and left the lamp swinging. The youth gazed at the swings that got less and less until the lamp was at rest.

I will not now tell the thoughts that flitted through his mind as he gazed at the church lamp. In the books of science you will read what Galileo (for such was the youth's name) saw in the movement of the lamp, and how he used his new knowledge.

The city he lived in at the time was Pisa, in Italy. There is at Pisa an old building which does not stand upright. It slants. It is called the Leaning Tower. To the top of this tower Galileo climbed one day, and he dropped various things from the top to the ground. As they fell, he gazed, and he made note of the speed at which the things fell. Why did he gaze? This again you may learn from the science book.

Next, he is seen at his teacher's desk in a large hall in the city of Padua.

He is about to speak to his class. Men have come from France, from Germany, from England on purpose to hear the clever Italian teacher. Perhaps 2,000 men are on the register of his class. He has become famous.

Years pass.

Why does he gaze through the curious pipe? Why do his eyes sparkle, and why does his face shine with joy? What can he see?

The pipe he is gazing through is the first spy-glass. He has made a telescope by fixing lenses of glass in a tube.

Galileo goes to Venice by the sea to show his telescopes, for he has made a number of these magic spy-glasses. He places them on the tops of towers. Noblemen and merchants mount the stairs, and kneel, and look.

"How close that ship appears!" cries one.

"Yes," says Galileo, "and though it seems but five miles off, it is really fifty miles."

Loud was the talk, and great the excitement in Venice.

When the soft, quiet night came on, Galileo the gazer watched the sky through his wonderful tube.

The gazer saw the mountains and valleys of the moon.

The gazer saw the planet Venus like a little silver half moon. Another night it would be full, or only a pointed crescent.

The gazer saw the globe of Jupiter, and he saw four tiny moons going round the planet.

The gazer saw the white mist of the Milky Way,

and, through the telescope, he saw it break up into many, many stars.

These things he saw by night.

By day he gazed, and the gazer saw spots—dark places—in the blazing brightness of the sun.

Proud was any rich man who could buy one of Galileo's telescopes.

Folk met each other with the question, "Is there any news of the stars?"

For Galileo would every now and then tell of some fresh sight he had seen in the broad, broad heaven.

He went to Rome. He talked of things he had thought about.

"The earth," he said, "moves"!

People were surprised to hear such words.

"Yes, the earth moves! It wheels round the sun—once every year round the sun."

"Hush," they cried, "talk not of such things, for our fathers believed them not."

Great was the anger of the priests of Rome. For seven years the tongue of Galileo said naught as to the moving of the earth.

Then he spoke again. He printed his thoughts in a book. Men read, talked, argued, shouted. . . .

One day Galileo knelt down in a room that was crowded with priests and men of rank. The ink was wet on the paper. He had just signed his name. On the paper were writ many lines, but the meaning of it all was:

"The earth moves not."

He had put his name to words that were not true. Alas! these people had forced him to do so.

They made him live almost alone. Few friends could see him. His dearest daughter died. Some of his kindred—five of them—came to dwell with him, and they all died in a great plague. And his eyes grew dim. The sight of the right eye was lost; then the sight of the left.

Old and blind Galileo could gaze no more. No more could he tell the world of the secrets of Nature.

He died on New Year's Day 1642, aged 77, and he was buried in the lovely city of Florence.

FINDING TREASURE.

Come, children, and let us seek for treasure. Let us roam over the world, and we shall find, and we shall be rich. Get ready the bags to hold the precious things. March!

First, we will go among the animals in field, in forest, in river, in sea, for, with our fancy dress on, we may pass anywhere in safety. So we note the ways of the whale, the seal, the shark, the sword-fish, the sun-fish, the cod, the crab, the oyster, the nautilus, the turtle, the snake, the frog, the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the wolf, the bear, the camel, the deer, the sheep, the goat, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the horse, the zebra, the bison, the buffalo, the kangaroo, the squirrel, the rat, the eagle, the vulture, the ostrich, the emu, the bird of paradise, the peacock, the kingfisher, the lark, the owl, the bee, the ant, the butterfly, the spider, the coral, the sponge. Already our bags are getting heavy.

March!

Now we are in the kingdom of the plants—the oak, the elm, the pine, the teak, the cedar, the fir, the indiarubber tree, the tea, the coffee, the cotton, the flax, the apple, the orange, the melon, the vine, the cherry, the bread-fruit, the date, the cocoanut, the

rose, the lily, the chrysanthemum, the dahlia, the daisy, the tulip, the shamrock, the thistle, the heather, the holly, the blackberry, the grass. How many things we have found. How much we have learned. How heavy are our bags.

March!

Now we are in the kingdom of the rocks and stones—the granite, the marble, the limestone, the chalk, the sandstone, the clay, the gravel, the slate, the iron, the lead, the tin, the gold, the silver, the copper, the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, the carbuncle, the moonstone, the emerald, the jasper. Oh! the weight of the bags.

I hope you understand. I do not mean we have gathered up the animals, the plants, the minerals; but we have gathered up the facts, the knowledge, the learning about these things. Our bags are full of the secrets of Nature.

March!

Now we are in the world of stars and suns—the moon, the planet Venus, the planet Mars, the planet Mercury, the planet Jupiter, the planet Saturn, the planet Neptune, the meteors, the comets, the fiery nebulae, worlds beyond worlds, stars beyond stars. Our bags are too heavy to carry more. And yet, children, how little we know of the great Universe—the great All.

Some people never put anything into their bags. The treasures are round them. They see not. The lessons are told them. They hear not.

An old Chinaman used to worship daily in the temple of a goddess. One morning a beautiful woman,

dressed in a yellow robe as of sunshine, came into his little house.

"What is your wish?" asked the old Chinaman.

"I am the goddess you have worshipped," she said. "For years I have seen your piety towards me, and I am come to reward you. Do you know the language of the ants?"

"Lady," he replied, "I am a poor, unlearned man, and cannot even talk the language of well-taught men, let alone the tongue of the six-legged ants."

She smiled, and drew from her bosom a box of sweet ointment, and placed a little of the ointment on the tip of each ear.

"Go now," she said, "to the home of the ants. Stoop and listen."

So he went out, and knelt down at an ant hill near the door of his house, and he heard the voices of the insects.

"Let us move to a warmer place," said an ant to her friend.

"Why?" asked the other ant.

"Because it is too cold and damp here; there is a heap of gold in the ground, and it stays the heat of the sun from striking down to our dwellings."

The ants went away.

The old Chinaman ran for a spade, and he dug in the earth round the ant hill. Soon his spade hit something hard. It was a jar; he opened it. The jar was full of gold.

Next day he listened with his ear to the ground, but he heard no more talking ants. The charm which the goddess gave him only lasted one day.

But you and I may listen with both ears, and we may hear every day of our life the tales told by Nature—tales of animals, plants, rocks, stars, and all the rest—never-ending tales; and there is no end to the treasure.

NOTE.—The story of the Chinaman is adapted from Lafcadio Hearn's "Kwaidan."

“LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN.”

In the temple there was a sound of dancing feet, and there was a voice singing. The actors were performing a play.

Now, in the street outside stood a king. His name was Kanakaratha, and he was King of that city, Kanakapura ; and often he walked the city streets in disguise. Noble was his form, noble his heart. Great also was his power, for he could change himself into any shape he willed.

The singer in the temple recited these lines:—

All swans are white as snow,
And peacocks many hied,
And men are born and all men die,
And joyous hearts will always find a joy.

“No, no,” said the King to himself. “It is true that swans are white, and many are the colours of the peacock, and men are born, and they die. Yes ; but a joyous heart will sometimes lose its joy and find sorrow. If I were to go away from Kanakapura, I should lose my kingship, and my glory and my joy.”

He thought he would try the truth of the song. Having called his chief minister and told him how to rule the realm, the King changed his form into that

of a most wretched leper, and travelled to the city where Tamrachuda was lord. Most ugly and forlorn did he appear as he hobbled into the town and mingled with the crowd in the bazaars.

In a palace that was seven storeys high sat King Tamrachuda, and in his chamber were nobles, princes, scribes, and waiting-men.

“What, O my courtiers,” he asked, “what makes you so happy in this palace?”

They bowed low and answered:

“That which makes us happy is the grace of our lord the King.”

A little laugh was heard. It was the laugh of the King's daughter, lovely as a lotus, even Madanamajari.

“Why do you laugh, my precious?” asked the King.

“Because, my father, these men said what was false.”

“What falsehood did they speak?”

“They said you made them happy. It is not so. Their own conduct marks them happy or unhappy.”

“Rude and foolish girl,” cried Tamrachuda, “your ill manners shall be punished.”

He looked round upon his courtiers.

“Go at once,” he bade, “and look in all roads and nooks of this town, and find a man that is evil to view and this girl shall be bride to the ugly brute.”

“What is the matter, dear?” inquired the queen of her daughter.

“I said what was true, mother: I said that as men sow they reap, and as they act, so they are happy or miserable; and I will not take back my words.”

Meanwhile, the King's men had searched, and at a

spot where four roads crossed they saw a poor leper, the saddest-looking creature in the land and brought him to the King's house.

"Here, O King," said they, "here is such a man as you desire."

"Leper," said Tamrachuda, "I have good news for you. You shall be husband to my daughter."

"Sir," cried the ugly wanderer, "you surely will not wed a crow to a beautiful swan?"

"Such is my will, leper," said the King.

The strange marriage took place, and the princess Madanamanjari made obeisance to her father and mother and went away with her husband.

Folk gazed at the couple in the street and wondered, for she was fair and he was frightful.

He fell down by the wayside.

"Wife," he groaned, "I am a poor puny being, and have not strength to walk."

"Husband," she said in a kind voice, "let me bear you on my back, for, woman as I am, I have a strong spirit."

"Nay," he replied, "but we will stay in this place."

A number of people, taking pity on the princess and her companion, ran to the palace and begged the King to be allowed to build a little hut as a home for the leper and his wife; and Tamrachuda gave his consent and a hut was built, and under its humble roof Kanakaratha and his bride had shelter.

But he said to her :

"Lady, let me speak plain words to you. Ere many days have passed my disease will attack you and your beauty will be no more, and your eyes will be dimmed,

and your skin wither as a fruit that has lost its ripeness. Remain not here, for I shall poison you. Return to your mother and your brothers.”

“Say not so,” she pleaded; “for though my body may lose its health and death may claim me, I will not leave you in your weakness, and I will be to you a friend for ever.”

Then Kanakaratha said in his heart:

“Goddess of Change, hear my prayer, and make me in a twinkling of an eye a mansion of sparkling gold.”

And there stood the palace of gold, and its walls were of crystal, and handsome statues adorned its halls, and it rose to a height of forty storeys, and its shining spires were one hundred. In the vast chamber in the centre was a throne, and on the throne was Kanakaratha, and his face was as the face of a god, and his Lady Madandamanjari sat in honour and gladness at his side.

At the sudden brightness caused by the rising of this palace the people were amazed, and news came to King Tamrachuda, and he made haste to behold the marvel with his own eyes, and his courtiers ran with him; and they went in, and beheld the glory of him that had once been a loathsome leper, and of her that had been cast out for telling the truth. At the side of the throne sat Buddhisagara, the minister from Kanakapura city, and on the right hand and on the left were ranks of warriors; and eight bright-eyed women waved fans over the royal seat.

A voice was heard saying:—

“We salute thee, lord of Kanakapura! Thou hast

been lowly, and now thou art exalted, and we to whom thou art good and gracious salute thee ! ”

Seats were placed for Tamrachuda and his queen, and Madanamanjari bowed before her father, and said :—

“ My father, not in a man’s shape is his happiness, nor in the things that he has in his store, but in his own soul is his wealth. This my husband was a leper in outward form, but his soul is great and his character pure, and out of a good life arises happiness.”

“ My daughter,” returned the King, “ it is even as you have affirmed, and I was wrong to be angry. And now,” (he added, looking at the master of the palace of gold) “ be so good, dear son-in-law, as to explain to me how you came to take on the guise of a leper.”

Then the King of Kanakapura told the tale of the singer in the temple, and all that happened after.

“ And thus,” he said, “ my heart kept its joy even when I had the shape of a leper, and in this faithful woman at my side I found a noble soul that would not speak a lie even if she lost the riches of a court.”

Tamrachuda gave his daughter and her husband many parting gifts, and the flying chariot was made ready to carry the King and Queen of Kanakapura and their people through the air to the city whence they came.

Kanakaratha held the reins of the magic steeds, and their wings flapped in eagerness to depart through cloudland.

King Tamrachuda bade farewell to his daughter.

“ Madanamanjari,” he said, “ let me see you again. Your father and mother will always think of you. Let me see you again.”

And so this same King, who was once filled with wrath at the truth-speaking of his daughter, knew the worth of her character, and looked forward with joy to seeing her some day again.

And the chariot flew off.

NOTE.—Adapted from the 39th tale in the “Kathakoca, or Treasury of Stories,” a Jain collection, translated from the Sanskrit by C. H. Tawney.

IT WOULD NOT MELT.

At the temple of Jerusalem.

A group of men watched the crowds that went up and down the great stone stairs—rich, poor, old, young. This group of men were Jesus and His friends.

The marble, the cedar wood, the gilded ornaments, the lovely hangings—vast was the cost of it all; and by the porch of the temple was a box into which folk threw such money as they could spare for the upkeep of the glory of the house.

And Jesus looked up, and saw the rich men that were casting their gifts into the treasury. And He saw a certain poor widow casting in thither two little copper coins. And He said, "Of a truth I say unto you this poor widow cast in more than they all did; for all these men cast in what they could well spare from their plenty, but she cast in all that she had."

She was sincere. She gave with her heart.

* * * * *

A large house rose on the hill-side in Japan, with many pillars, many gates. It was a temple for the people to worship in. Japanese priests, with shaven heads, passed in and out in the service of the temple. Cherry trees grew in the sacred gardens.

"We want a bell in this temple," said the priests to one another. "Let us ask the women for their bronze mirrors."

What I am telling you happened eight hundred years ago—if it ever happened at all!

The Japanese women had mirrors of bronze, polished very bright, in which to see their faces, their black eyes, their raven-black hair, their happy smiles, their white teeth. If they gave many of these mirrors there would be bronze enough to melt down into a big mass of metal, which could be cast into a bell for the temple.

Many women brought mirrors—large, small, costly, cheap. The mirrors were thrown into a place within railings in the temple courtyard. They lie in a shining heap.

A farmer's wife threw her mirror in. It had on the back of it an engraving (or picture cut in) of a pine tree, a bamboo tree, and the flower of a plum tree. When this woman was quite a little girl her mother had given her this plum-flower mirror as a present.

After casting it behind the railing the Japanese woman was sorry she had parted with it. She wanted it back. She went more than once to the courtyard, and leaned over the fence, and looked with wistful eyes at the keepsake which she had kept for so many years. Her heart took it back though her hand did not dare to stretch over to touch it.

One day a man came with a cart and took all the bronze things away to the foundry, where a great fire blazed, and into this fire were flung the mirrors to be melted for the making of the bell.

Now and then a man would push a long ladle into the bubbling mass to see if it had all become soft and liquid. One piece was still hard. He drew it out. It was a mirror that was marked with a pine, a bamboo, and a plum-flower.

Back he cast it into the furnace. Again he tried; again he drew it out unmelted. He looked at it closely, nor could he understand why it did not behave like the rest of the mirrors.

So at last he carried it to the priests at the temple.

"The heart of the giver," said an old priest, "did not go with the gift. She was not sincere."

People heard about it. They knew the reason why the mirror would not melt.

The woman wrote a letter and left it in her house, and went out and drowned herself.

In the letter were these words: "The one who breaks the bell shall be rich."

I fear she wrote the words in ill-will.

The words in the letter were told from one mouth to another. People went to the temple to ring the bell so hard that they hoped it would break and riches would come to them.

"Don't, don't," said the priests.

But still the folk pulled the bell by day, and even by night.

The priests, tired of the endless noise, at length rolled the bell down the side of the hill, and it turned over and over and tumbled into a deep pool of mud at the bottom. It was in vain to search in the swamp. For ever the bell was lost. A bad spell had been on it all the time. It was spoiled by the mean spirit in which

the plum-flower mirror was given, and by the covetous spirit in which the people rang.

NOTE.—The bell story is adapted from Lafcadio Hearn's "Kwaidan."

THAT DREADFUL MUSIC.

"I must go out and beg for more food," said a Brahman in the South of India to himself, "for my store has run very short."

He just had a little food left. This he tied up in a bundle, and off he set.

Near sunset he came to a very large tank, and the water looked beautifully cool and pleasant in the midst of the dry land. He drew near to wash his hands and legs, and then he would say the evening prayers, and eat his supper.

No sooner had he put one foot in the water than a voice cried :

"Put not your foot in the pool! It is forbidden."

Nowhere could he see any man. Taking no more notice, he washed himself, and sat down to pay the evening devotion.

"Worship not!" cried the voice. "It is forbidden." Strange! And still no man was within sight.

However, he said his prayers, and untied his bundle.

"Eat not!" cried the voice. "It is forbidden."

But he quietly finished his supper, and did not worry any more about the mysterious speaker.

He arose to go on his way so as to reach a place of shelter to sleep in for the night. Again the voice cried :

"Go not on the road. It is forbidden."

"Who are you, foolish person?" exclaimed the Brahman. "And why do you keep hindering me?"

The voice, as he now remarked, issued from a peepal tree, under which he stood:

"I am a Brahman's ghost. When I lived as a being of flesh and blood I learned the art of music. Much did I know, and nothing did I teach."

"But," said the travelling Brahman, "it is the duty of those who know to give their knowledge freely to the ignorant."

"True, but I was selfish, and the gods put my ghost in this tree, and here I am, and here I must stay. That is not the worst. I receive a dreadful punishment every day."

"In what way?"

"Every day a piper brings his oboe—his 8-hole pipe—to yonder temple, and he plays his hymns. But, oh! the sound of his music is so awful, the screech of his scrannel-pipe sets all my nerves on the rack, and I am getting quite thin with the misery of it. He is always too sharp or too flat."

"What is to be done?"

"You can save me, sir. Only a Brahman can do it. If you will carry me to another peepal tree, out of hearing of this piper, I shall be at peace, and I shall grow fatter. After five years my time of punishment will be ended, and I will repay your kindness."

"How can you do so?"

"I shall enter the body of the Princess of Mysore, and her father the King will offer her in marriage to any clever doctor who drives out the evil temper—for

such it will seem. When I see you I will come out, the princess will recover, and you can marry her. But you must never try to drive me out again after that, or else it will be your death."

To this plan the Brahman agreed, and reaching up he fetched down the ghost (do not ask too many questions as to what a ghost is like!) and carried him to a distant peepal tree, and there left him.

The ghost was now in a very cosy corner. He heard no more of the scrannel-pipe. All the same he had to serve his five years. Many a time he must have said to himself :

"I wish I had shared my learning with others who did not know so much as I did, for now I know how wretched it is to be in the midst of ignorant people. Learning is not meant to be hoarded."

After five years the travelling Brahman returned from the holy city of Benares, where he had been staying, and came to Mysore, and lodged in the cottage of an old woman.

"Is anything going on?" he asked.

"There is trouble at the palace," she cried. "For five months the King's only daughter has been possessed by an evil temper, and none of the wise men can drive it out. Whoever succeeds in doing so has been promised her hand in marriage."

The Brahman hurried off to the palace, and offered to cure the young lady of her illness.

"I will give you villages, and elephant-loads of gold," said the King, "if you are able to heal my poor girl."

"Let all people leave the princess's apartment," said the Brahman.

All went out.

Then said the Brahman, as he looked into the Princess's face,

"Are you there, my old ghost? Do you remember how I carried you out of the peepal tree?"

"To be sure," said the princess (but it was really the ghost that spoke), "and glad enough I was to get out of the way of that dreadful music. I wish everybody who knows music—or anything else that is good—would teach it free to all who wish to learn. And now I will go away. Farewell!"

The princess was soon her old self again, and no longer rolled on the ground and made ugly faces every time she could not get her own way.

And the Brahman married her, and they lived in peace for ten years.

Meanwhile, the ghost had been going about from place to place spending his time in various ways, but always taking care to keep a long distance off the temple where the piper played on the 8-hole oboe! He would have been very pleased to make up for his fault by teaching the player on the oboe, but of course ghosts are not allowed to belong to the teaching profession. So the piper squeaked on, and never got any better.

One day the King of Mysore had a letter from the King of Trivandrum, and the King of Trivandrum said his daughter was possessed by an evil spirit—a horrid temper demon—and would the King of Mysore please send his clever son-in-law, the Brahman, to drive out the unwelcome spirit?

"Of course, you will see to this business at once," said the King of Mysore to his son-in-law.

The Brahman was now very wretched, for he remembered the ghost's warning that only once might he drive the demon out of a human being, and another attempt would result in death!

However, he could not help himself. If he did not go, people would say he was a cheat and had never cured his present wife by his own power. And if he did go he would die. He thought it better to die. So he made his will, leaving his property to his three children, and then started for Trivandrum.

When he reached that country he was in no hurry to begin the cure, but the King bade him make haste.

Death, he thought, was now certain. It was of no use to delay. He had better meet his fate boldly. So he walked into the princess's chamber, and said:

"Are you there, my old ghost?"

"Oh," replied the ghost, "and is this my old friend who carried me from the peepal tree? Did I not warn you never to have dealings with me again? Did I not tell you that if—?"

"Stay," cried the Brahman, "do not try to injure me, my old ghost. Just outside this house the piper is ready with his 8-hole oboe, and if you are not careful he shall come in and play!"

"Goodness gracious!" shrieked the Brahman-demon. "I would sooner bear anything than that! Do not let him come near me. Whatever shall I do?"

"Go away," returned the Brahman.

"I am going," cried the ghost in terror. "I am going—keep the piper away—I am going—protect me from that squeak and screech—I am going—going."

So the voice died away in the distance, and the

princess was quite well again, and her father was delighted; and the Brahman was well rewarded for his trouble, and he went away joyful.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from the tale of the Brahmarakshasa, in Pandit S. M. Natesa Sastri's "Folklore in Southern India," published by the Education Society's Press, Bombay, in 1884, 1888, and 1893.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

"Perfect wretches! that's what they are. These Eskimo are the most ungrateful wretches in the world. They are never thankful for anything you do for them."

So said a traveller who had lived with the Eskimo of North America.

Now, there was a gentleman from the United States named Mr. McElwaine, and he had acted as teacher and missionary to the Eskimo of Alaska for some years. He had seen them in their tents, their snow-houses, at their seal-hunts, and in their sports. His opinion of them was much better than that of the traveller. Here is one of his stories. •

One day an Eskimo youth, about sixteen years of age, came to Mr. McElwaine's cabin and said he had a bad pain in his bowels, and could he have some medicine to relieve it?

Mr. McElwaine opened his medicine chest, took out a dose of healing mixture, and told the lad when and how to swallow it. The Eskimo stayed to dinner, and then walked home ten miles across the snow to his hut.

Some ten days later he returned with a parcel. It was a bundle wrapped up in deerskin. This he undid;

and he laid on the table several curious articles such as Eskimo make in the long winter.

"You like 'em?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then you catch 'em."

This was his way of saying in broken English, "Then you may keep them." He pushed them across the table.

Mr. McElwaine supposed he wished to barter, that is, change one lot of things for others. So he offered him in exchange a red handkerchief and some food.

"Me no catch 'em," cried the lad; "me give 'em you."

He would take nothing in return, and left the house.

Four weeks afterwards he came again. This time he had brought a small pair of snow-shoes and a toy-sledge as gifts to Mr. McElwaine's little son. He would hear of no refusal. He insisted on the child having the presents. Thus did he show his gratitude to the friend who had helped him in his distress. It was not true that the Eskimo were ungrateful wretches. They were not so bad, after all!

How careful we should be not to set down people as evil when perhaps we only know very little about them. Even if the evil is true, there may be good as well, if we will take the trouble to look.

A friend of mine saw a drover from the cattle-market in Leicester go into the Freeman's Arms public-house, and a poor-looking dog came into the bar.

The drover did not like the dog, and raising his stick, gave the dumb creature a hard blow and sent it out of the house.

"This is a cruel man," said my friend.

No doubt the act was a cruel one. My friend was quite right in his feeling of disgust. But he had only seen one part of the man's nature.

A few weeks later he saw the drover going along the road near the same place. A little girl was hurrying along at a very fast pace. She suddenly tripped up and fell, and uttered a loud cry. She had slipped into a pool of mud, and presented a very sorry figure.

The drover ran to the spot, picked her up gently, took out a handkerchief, wiped her face and hands and dress, and after he had cleaned her as well as he could, he said in a kind voice :

"Go home to mother, and tell her you could not help falling down."

She walked away, feeling a little happier through the drover's kindness.

My friend went to him and said :

"Is that your daughter?"

"Oh, no; but I saw her fall, and of course I helped her up."

Thus the man who seemed to be all cruelty had a soft spot in his heart; and the first judgment of my friend was wrong.

NOTE.—The anecdote of the Eskimo is drawn from Mr. Harry de Windt's "From Paris to New York by Land."

LOSING AND GAINING.

“ Good morning, children.”

“ Good morning, sir.”

“ I have come to hold an examination. Tell me first, please, which of you would care to lose your teeth, or lose most of the use of them ? ”

No hands up.

“ And which of you would care to lose your rest when you were tired ? ”

No hands up.

“ And which of you would care to be kept at home after your uncle promised to take you to the pleasures of the circus ? ”

No hands up.

“ And which of you would care to lose your toys, pictures, gold, silver, food, bed—in a word, your goods ? ”

No hands up.

“ And which of you would care to lose your hand or your arm ? ”

No hands up.

“ Strange ! You have not answered one question in this examination. Well, now I will ask you to go with me to a far-off land in the North, where the snows whiten thousands of miles of the plains round the great Hudson’s Bay. Here live the Eskimo folk, who hunt

the walrus, the seal, and the white bear. Now, when they go out to hunt, their feet are shod with shoes made of sealskin or deerskin. At the end of a day in the snow the shoes are hard and stiff. Next morning they are soft again. What makes them soft?

"They become so in the night."

"No."

"The Eskimo grease them."

"No. The Eskimo women chew them! The women sit, as if eating boots, and they gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, until the sealskin has become most beautifully soft and comfortable. Now, why should the women take all this trouble?

"So that the men may hunt better."

"Yes, and so catch food for wives and children, that is, for the family, and keep the FAMILY in strength and health. So the family gain. But the women lose! Their teeth, in course of time, are worn to the very gums. Now, I think none of you held hands up when I asked if you would care to lose your teeth. Yet all the Eskimo women are willing to lose them, and why?

"That the family may gain."

"Let me tell you also of a poor Jewish mother in Hungary—a widow who had a little lame son. She was told that if she waited with him at a cross-roads in the night till some gypsies passed by, her boy would be cured! and she, poor soul, believing in charms and magic, took the advice, and waited hour after hour in the dark, and the gypsies' caravan did pass; and the gypsies spoke to her, but no change was seen in her little son's leg! Again, she was advised to go to a doctor, who had great skill (so it was said), and the

doctor bade her hold the child over steam for hour after hour, and she did this, and the leg grew no better. Many a night she sat up nursing her son, and she lost her rest. Stay! she was willing to lose her rest. None of you held up your hands when I asked if you were willing. But she was. And then, one day, she took him to live with an innkeeper (his leg was better now), so that, boy as he was, he might earn a little living by teaching Hebrew to the innkeeper's son. Mother and boy had to part, and deep was his sorrow. And Arminius VAMBERY—such was his name—watched his mother go round the corner of the road, and, then with sad heart, he knelt, and he kissed her footprint on the ground."

* * * * *

"A twinkling light shines at a window in the King's house—a King's house in an age that takes us back more than a thousand years. If you and I could step to the window and look in, we should see a grave man bending over books, or perhaps writing. Others are asleep; he is at work thinking what things are best to do for the good of England. He is King of England. In the morning he sits among his lords, and hears all the news of the realm, and orders what shall be done—building ships, building churches, building schools. And when he has been eight hours at work, he is about to go out hunting, and if, by chance, some messenger arrives with news of some fresh need, or some fresh danger, the King will give up his pleasure and do the business of the COUNTRY. The King is Alfred the Great. What did I say he gave up?

"His pleasure."

"None of you held hands up when I asked if you would care to lose your pleasure. Alfred gave up many a pleasure that more idle kings would have enjoyed in order that England might gain safety and prosperity. And now let us turn to the famous City of the Sea, where boats are rowed along the streets"—

"Venice!"

"You are right, I mean Venice. In 1848-9, great was the stir in Venice, and people ran to and fro, saying the Austrian ships would soon sail up the Venetian Gulf and drop shells into the city. The citizens wished to be free from Austria, and, in the place of the flag of Austria, to fly the flag of Italy, red, white, and green.

"To the defence of Venice!" rang the cry on all sides.

The leader of the people was Manin. His face shone with courage; his words burned with hope.

But the men who defended the city needed uniforms, food, weapons, and all this cost money. Who would give towards the cost of the defence of the beloved city?

The givers crowded in.

Two rich men each gave 100,000 lire (a lire is nearly 10d).

A marquis said, "I will give my palace to be sold."

An old general gave a grand picture by the celebrated artist Lionardo da Vinci.

Manin gave silver things—two dishes, two coffee-pots, a dozen forks and spoons.

Children gave toys.

Boys went without dinner and gave the coppers which they in this way saved.

Prisoners collected money in prison and gave the collection.

Poor folk dragged beds and bedding to the soldiers' barracks, and said: "We have no money. Take these beds. Summer is coming, and we can go without beds!"

To-day there stands in Venice a statue to the noble Manin—the patriot Manin. But if you and I should ever go to see it, we ought to think, not only of him, but of the people who were so ready to give up their goods for Venice.

But none of you held up your hands to say you would care to lose your goods! The folk of Venice were willing to lose goods, so that their city, their COUNTRY, might gain its freedom.

Thus we have seen people quite willingly give up useful and precious things for the sake of FAMILY and COUNTRY.

* * * * *

Ha! what pain!

A needle has run (let us suppose) into my hand, and part of it has broken off inside. At once I hurry—where to?

To the hospital.

What will the surgeon do if he can? He will draw the needle out. But how does he know just where the tiny piece of steel has lodged? I cannot tell him though I feel the pain.

He brings in his X-ray tube. My hand is placed between the tube and a screen. Presently an X-ray picture is taken, in which can be seen every bone of my hand, and the dark spot that marks the needle. Now the doctor knows where to probe.

The man who first thought of this use of X-rays was a German doctor named Röntgen. The finding—the discovery—of the wonder was made in 1895.

Next year, the doctors in England were beginning to try the magic power of the X-rays. One of the first English surgeons to do so was Dr. Hall Edwards, of Birmingham. How glad would he be if he could help men and women who suffered from broken needles, bullets, sunk in the flesh, &c. Many a time he used the wonderful tube in order to try the effect, and thus be more quick and skilful in finding bodies (needles, bullets, etc.), in the flesh or bones of patients in the hospital. In so doing the X-rays often passed through his own arms and hands.

Pause one moment. What people are taken into hospital? English? Only English? If a Frenchman who was in need were brought to an English hospital would he be refused admission? Certainly not. The door would open at once! Hospitals open doors to English, French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, Japanese, Americans—to all—to all human beings. They are open to HUMANITY.

By the year 1904, strange feelings had come into Dr. Hall Edwards's arms and hands. He had passed the X-rays too often through them. He was being injured in a way he had not foreseen. Nowadays, people are more on their guard. They wear a kind of steel glove or protector, when using the rays. Dr. Hall Edwards did not use such gloves, and alas! in time a new and unknown disease had seized upon his upper limbs. His left hand had to be cut off—amputated, and his right arm had little power of feeling or movement. In

March 1908, the Prime Minister of England told the members of the House of Commons that the nation would show its respect to the Birmingham surgeon by giving him a yearly pension of £120.

For the people's sake he had suffered.

If he could appear before you and me now, I would like to go up to him. He might not be able to shake hands, but I would look him in the face and say :

"Dr. Hall Edwards, we think very highly of your actions. We thank you for what you have done. You lost your own comfort and health for the good of others."

But none of you held up your hands when I asked if you would care to lose your hand or arm! Yet Dr. Hall Edwards was ready to bear the loss. Yes, and why? So that HUMANITY might gain.

We began by seeing that mothers (and we could talk of fathers also!) were willing to lose that the FAMILY might gain.

Good citizens were willing to lose that their COUNTRY might gain.

And there are noble souls who are willing to lose that HUMANITY may gain.

Remember those three words, for they touch our hearts :—

"Family, Country, Humanity."

NOTE.—The above is the gist of a lesson given by the author to a class of children before the International Moral Education Congress at London University, September, 1908.

BOTH.

The brown folk called the Ba-Thonga, who dwell by the Delagoa Bay in South Africa, tell the following tale :—

In the first days of the human race all the men lived in one village, and all the women in another. The men had cattle, the women had cattle. Fuel for fires was not easy to get, and the men had one fire for the whole village, and the women also for theirs. They would sit in a ring and warm themselves.

One day the men's fire went out. What was to be done ?

"I will go and fetch fire from the women's village," said one brown African.

The women let him sit and warm himself. They also gave him some of their food. He liked the fire ; he liked the dinner ; and he liked one of the brown women so much that he and she became husband and wife.

When his friends found he did not return, they sent another man. And he liked the fire, and the dinner, and he married another woman.

A third went, a fourth, a fifth, and so on, till the two villages became one.

However, the women still had their own buffaloes.

When the buffaloes ran off into the open land it was hard work to fetch them back. The herd scampered away one day, just when all the mothers were feeding their babies.

"Do run after the cattle," cried a woman to her friend.

"I can't, I am attending to my child."

"So am I."

"So am I."

"So am I."

At last, one hurried over the moor. The buffaloes turned to butt at her, and she fled.

Then the men said :

"Let us have a new plan. We will look after all the buffaloes, and you women will look after all the children."

And this was agreed to.

* The world's work is shared up—part for women, part for men. Each has his or her task; the man's is best done by the man, the woman's by the woman. Let each receive honour for his or her work. Let both help.

As the Ba-Thonga think, so think the folk of Chota-Nagpore, in India. When a youth and a maid are wedded in the district of Chota-Nagpore, they have a pretty way of showing how both should render service in the keeping up of the new home.

The bride carries a pitcher to a well, and, having filled the vessel with water, she carefully lifts it to her head and rests it there, and holds it steady with one hand.

Then she walks. And there are not many things in

all the world that are so fair to look at as a maid—white, brown, or black of skin—who carries a pitcher on her head, and steps with even step, and advances with upright figure.

As she goes towards home—the new home—the bridegroom comes behind, her, bow and arrow in hands. He is about to shoot. Resting his left hand on his wife's shoulder, he pulls the cord with his right and lets loose the arrow, so that it flies through the loop made by her uplifted arm as she holds the pitcher.

The shaft falls on the ground some distance in front.

The bride steadily walks forward until she reaches the spot where the arrow lies.

She wishes to pick it up. How will she do it without letting go of the pitcher of water!

She bends her toes over the shaft, and twists her leg, lifting her foot till, with the free hand, she can take the arrow.

Then the bride gives the feathered shaft to the bridegroom.

Each has proved his or her willingness to do service. Both help.

She can serve the home with ready foot and ready hand.

He can shield her from harm, and clear the path of danger by means of his bow and arrow.

Let each—man and woman—be respected.

Let each—girl or boy—be respected.

Both serve their family, their country, and humanity.

NOTE.—The African tale is taken from a paper by Henri A. Junod in "Folklore" for 1903: the Indian anecdote from Mr. F. B. Bradley Birt's "Chota Nagpore."

HE IS HELPED : HE HELPS.

When I went to school I was taught grammar, and among other things I had to repeat lists of "verbs" like this:—

PASSIVE.	ACTIVE.
I am helped.	I help.
Thou art helped.	Thou helpst.
He is helped.	He helps.
Etc.	Etc.

We will take the third couple, and I will tell you a short story.

(1) HE IS HELPED.

Sidney's father had left the home for ever, and the wife and five children saw him no more, and often they were pinched for want of food. One of the boys took service with a surgeon, Dr. Bailey, and the doctor noticed that the apprentice's little brother, Sidney, was fond of drawing with a pencil on a slate; so he kindly gave him some lessons in how to paint.

The town they lived in was the ancient Canterbury, in Kent; and in this city stands the famous Cathedral, and over this famous Cathedral rises a tower called the Bell Harry Tower, and the Bell Harry Tower was a favourite object for artists to make pictures of.

Sidney would stand in the Cathedral yard and look up at the Tower and draw it on a slate.

One day a gentleman stopped to watch the small boy's work. Pleased with the sketch, he said Sidney ought to have better tools than slate and slate pencils, and he gave him some paper and some black lead pencils. The giver was George Cattermole, artist.

The lad was not twelve years old when his mother found a place for him at a coach-builder's. When he was not employed on the coaches he would race off to Cathedral Yard, and draw the old church, its windows, buttresses, towers, etc., and he would sell the sketches to a shopkeeper for 2s. 6d. and 5s., to be sold again to visitors to the city.

Sidney had no knife to sharpen his pencils, and he would try to get a point by rubbing a pencil on the coping-stone of the wall of Cathedral Yard. Of course, he could not get much of a point by this means, and he would have to wait till a friendly passer-by was willing to point the pencils for him. He was rubbing in this way once when a gentleman walked past.

"Would you mind sharpening my pencil, sir?"

"Oh, no; what are you drawing?"

"The Great Church, sir."

He cut six pencils for Sidney, and then said he could not stay to do more. This friend in need was Mr. Hamilton, teacher of French to the boys in the King's School, Canterbury. Each morning as he went to the school he did the same service for the young artist.

Then he stopped coming. He was ill, so Sidney heard. The points got more and more blunt. The picture of the Bell Harry Tower almost came to a standstill.

A grave man, with his hands clasped behind his back, approached and passed. Sidney ran after him.

"Sir, sir!"

"What, my boy?"

"Please, sir, have you a knife?"

"Yes, my little man; what do you want?"

"Would you cut my pencils?"

Yes; he cut all Sidney's pencils—twelve of them. Then he came to look at the picture.

"Very good, my boy."

So saying he walked away. Sidney found that he was the chief priest of the Church of England—Archbishop Manners Sutton.

(2) HE HELPS.

Many years afterwards, amid noise and dust, men broke down the humble house in St. Peter's-street where Sidney was born. It was not

"Red ruin and the breaking up of laws."

They were pulling down, in order to build better. Little by little there grew up a fine new house. The rooms had plenty of light, and in one you could see young people drawing, in another painting, in another modelling, and so on. It was a School of Art, where pupils could be taught by good teachers, and so be saved much of the labour and worry which Sidney had had to go through.

The School of Art was presented to Canterbury by Sidney, who had become a celebrated painter of cattle. He had been helped by others: now he was helping.

His full name was Sidney Cooper. He was born in 1803, and lived till 1902, thus dying at the age of

ninety-nine ; and many a house and many a gallery in England are adorned with his beautiful pictures of cows in meadows.

THE PATIENT.

She lay on an iron bedstead in the corner of a rather dark room.

The floor was of stone. An earthenware jar of water stood near the bed.

A small window, high up in the wall, let in what light there was.

You would hardly think this was a room in an hospital, because in our hospitals in Europe we are used to plenty of light in the wards.

The place I speak of was in one of the native States of India about the year 1904.

The person on the bed was a young woman, who was the wife of a pedlar. There had been something the matter with her thigh. For a long time she had suffered pain, and could get no healing from the Indian physicians. At last she asked the help of an English doctor, and he was able by his skill to give her great relief. She was now quickly getting better.

Meanwhile, her husband had gone on his travels. He must needs earn a living for himself and his wife, and perhaps pay for the cure she received in the hospital.

But she had a friend who was able to stay at her side. It was her mother. The mother was an old

lady with a skin that was brown and full of wrinkles, as if she was quite dried up! But she had the warm heart of a mother. She had sat in her daughter's sick-room for weeks past, keeping her company, and trying to cheer her with good words.

In a corner of the room where the shadows fell, the old lady sat on a quilt that was spread out on the stone floor. By her side were the belongings she brought with her daily—a blanket, a bundle, and a small basin. Her head was covered with a dull-coloured mantle. On her knees lay a large green-covered book. It was the holy scripture of the Mohammedan people. They call it the Koran.

One day an English traveller, named Sir Frederick Treves, visited the hospital. He found the patient sitting up on the iron bedstand. She wore gay earrings, necklaces and bangles. With a smile she listened to the trembling voice of the mother reading the words of the Prophet in the Book—perhaps this text—

We (that is Allah or God) have spread forth the earth, and thrown thereon mountains firmly rooted; and we cause every beautiful kind of vegetables to spring up therein, for a subject of meditation, and an admonition unto every man who turneth unto us. And we send down rain as a blessing from heaven, whereby we cause gardens to spring forth, and the grain of harvest, and tall palm-trees having branches laden with dates hanging one above another, as a provision for mankind.

While she read the book, a pigeon with white feathers stood on the window sill, bright in the Indian sunshine, as if listening to what went on!

Day after day, week after week, the wrinkled dame had sat on the stone floor and read the Koran to her sick daughter, thinking it did her good.

"Are you getting on well?" asked Sir Frederick.

The patient put the palms of her hands together. It was an Indian sign of her pleasure at being healed of her disease. Soon she would be able to walk in the sunshine, as free and healthy as the white bird that perched on the window-sill.

The art of the English surgeon had done the patient good.

But people who are ill get better all the more quickly if they are kept in a cheerful mood. And though the old dame had no cleverness with knife or medical potion, she knew the power of love. The voice that read the verses of the Koran day by day was the voice of kindness, and it carried a message of comfort to the daughter's heart.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from Sir F. Treves's "On the other side of the Lantern."

THE CHILDREN.

At a table of the shape of a horse-shoe we sat—twelve or fifteen men and women—and pen and ink and paper lay in front of each, and we spoke as if the thing we had met for was grave and needed all our thought. And so indeed it was. Many scores of children in the town were short of food, and we were a committee whose work it was to give these little ones meat and drink. The money for this purpose was put into our bank by such of the townsfolk as had the means to spare and the will to share.

* * * * *

In a Yorkshire town the folk—men and women—were hurrying home from the mills to dinner. Many children sat down to the dinner table with mother and father.

There were others who sat down to the midday meal with their schoolmates in large dining halls.

In one such large room I saw 200 girls and boys at long tables. They sang, they sat, they ate, they drank, they talked, they laughed, they were happy at this public dinner. Young men ladled out the meat soup, and cut the bread, and afterwards served the apple pie. Girls with white “pinnies” and white sleeves tripped backwards and forwards as waitresses. A teacher at a

desk watched through his glasses to see that all went well.

At that same time some 2,500 children were dining at school tables in the same town. Some parents paid for their children's meals. But most of the dinners were "free"—that is to say, they were provided by the rates, or taxes paid by all the householders. Thus from the same taxes was paid the cost of parks, libraries, schools, school dinners, etc.

* * * * *

Queen Maria Victoria of Spain often took a walk along the bank of the river at Madrid. The water ran brown, and splashed in brown waves past palace, shops, warehouses, churches, and gardens.

On the bank of the stream thousands of little huts stood, and in these wooden shelters were heaped up clothes ready to be washed by laundresses.

At the edge of the brown river in summer and in winter, in cold or sunshine, thousands of Spanish women stood or knelt as they dipped the clothes in the water, and they soaped, and they scrubbed, and they wrung, and they beat, and they gossiped in loud voices that mixed with the chatter of the river. Their dresses were gaudy; their caps were gay in colour; their hands—wonderful hands of women—were for ever working.

And the babies!

Behind many of the laundresses little bundles lay and rolled—live bundles of Spanish flesh and blood and noise! Tiny sons and daughters of the land of Saint Isidore, and Saint Teresa, and Don Quixote the good mad Knight, and of Lope de Vega the poet, and of

Calderon the writer of plays, and of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru.

The babies were tied up in strips of sacking. At night the tired mothers picked up the sacking and the babies and went home.

Now and then a flood would swell the river, and a cruel rush of water would sweep away one or two women, and one or two babies would never again be kissed by their mothers.

The Queen Maria Victoria saw these things, and she reflected.

Out of her thoughts came actions. She went to friends ; she raised a fund of money ; she built a house for a baby nursery, and for a school to teach the older children of the laundresses of Madrid. About the year 1872 it was set up near the washing grounds, its red towers rising cheerfully towards the Spanish sky. Mothers and children were happier. So was the heart of the Queen.

The committee helped the children.

The ratepayers helped the children.

The Queen of Spain helped the children.

And you, boys and girls, who read this page will be citizens of town or village, and you will bear in mind that for committees, or ratepayers, or queens it is a noble work to aid the little ones who are in need.

NOTE.—The anecdote of Queen Maria of Spain is taken from the Rev. H. J. Rose's "Among the Spanish People," Vol. 1.

THE CONQUEST.

"We must fly," said the King of Kosala to his wife.
"The foe is near the gates."

The horsemen and the elephants of the King of Benares marched into the city of Kosala, and the place became part of the Kingdom of Benares.

The cast-out King and Queen took shelter in the house of a potter. Changed was now their mode of life. No courtiers waited on their going-out and coming-in.

The Queen longed to see the glory of soldiers again.

"Oh," she said to the King, "if only I might see the banners of the troops wave in the rays of the morning sun, and oh! that I might drink of the water in which a warrior had dipped his sword."

Much did the King wish to please his wife. So he went in secret to the chaplain of the King of Benares, and told him of the Queen's desire, and the holy man said he must first see the royal lady. And when he beheld the Queen he cried:

"You will have a son who shall be King of Kosala!"

Then the chaplain went to his King and said, "Sire, a king should oftentimes review his troops, and see with his own eyes if they are in good fighting order.

Will you not command your army to parade before you?"

To this the King of Benares agreed, and the outcast Queen of Kosala enjoyed the scene when the footmen marched by, and the horsemen and the elephants and the chariots. And afterwards she stooped and drank of the river wherein the warriors had washed their swords.

Her child was born, and she and her husband loved and cherished him till he grew to young manhood, and took care that he was taught the wisdom of sages and the exercises of the soldier.

There came a day when news reached the King of Benares that his old enemies, the King and Queen of Kosala, were yet alive, and he caused them to be arrested, and led through the streets, and to be beaten with scourges before the gaze of the crowds.

As this cruel order was being carried out, their son, Dighavu, came into the town, and pushed his way through the mob, and caught sight of the misery of his parents. His heart was beating with wrath and hatred against the King of Benares. But he kept a calm face, and slowly walked near his parents, thinking of a plan of revenge and how to conquer the conqueror.

And when the son was quite near to the father, the aged King of Kosala said in a gentle voice :

"My son, not by revenge is hatred made to cease. No, Dighavu, hatred only ceases by love."

The whips of the executioners fell upon the backs of the King and the Queen of Kosala. Through the long

street they went the way of suffering, and at the cemetery they were slain, and their bodies were hewn in pieces.

In the evening, young Dighavu gave strong drink to the guards of the cemetery, and, while they slept, he made a funeral pile and placed on it the remains of his dear parents, and set it alight; and while it burned he walked round it, keeping the fire always on his right hand—for that was a sign of reverence.

Then he sat alone in the forest, and shed bitter tears, and said in his heart that he would repay the King of Benares for the evil deed.

He pursued this plan, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. First of all he begged the keeper of the royal elephant to let him act as musician to the stablemen; and, this being allowed, Dighavu played sweetly on the lute and sang melodious songs, charming the keepers of the elephants.

One day, the King heard the music and asked who the singer was, and bade that the young man be brought into the palace, and Dighavu was appointed lutist to the court. Much favour did the lord of Benares show to the youth, and he kept him near his person. The spirit of Daghavu rejoiced.

"Soon," he murmured to himself, "I shall have my revenge."

When the King took his lutist into the deer park with him, and Dighavu drove the chariot far in front of the rest of the hunting-party, until they reached the depth of the forest, the King was sleepy with the heat of the day. So Dighavu stopped the horses, and the King of Benares alighted, and lay at the foot of a shady

tree, with his head on the musician's lap, and he soundly slept.

Then Dighavu drew his sword and raised it aloft.

And there came into his memory the face of his dear father, and the words, "Hatred only ceases by love."

Thrice he lifted the steel, and the third time as he paused, the King awoke and cried aloud :

"O friend, I dreamed that the son of the King of Kosala was about to behead me!"

The youth replied :

"I am that son, Dighavu, and I have power to behead thee!"

"Spare my life!" shrieked the King.

"If I did that you would not spare mine," answered Dighavu.

"I will assure you of your life, O Dighavu, if you will grant me mine."

The youth lowered the sword, and they returned to the city in the chariot; and the King assembled his courtiers, and pointed to Dighavu.

"This," he said, "is Dighavu, son of mine enemy, King of Kosala. What shall I do to him?"

"Slay him!" they shouted with one consent.

"Nay," said the King; "he had me in his power, and he spared my life, and I will spare his."

And when the courtiers, all wondering, had left the chamber, the King asked Dighavu, "What withheld your hand from taking my life in the forest?"

"The memory of my father's words as he was led to his death, 'Hatred only ceases by love.' If I had slain you, I in turn might have been slain by your followers, and they again by my followers, and so on without end.

But now the old hatred is dead. It has been conquered by love."

Dighavu married the King's daughter, and thus the two families were united, and in years to come Dighavu would rule over both the kingdoms of Benares and Kosala.

And thus he conquered; not by cowardly yielding to the force of his foe, but by reasoning that it was nobler and wiser to build up friendship than to keep hatred alive.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from a Burmese legend given in the magazine "Buddhism," March, 1908.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

When he was sixteen years old the Prince of Love became King of the Indian State of Benares. The people held him in honour, especially the poor people. He put up six houses—one at each of the four gates of the city of Benares, one at the gate of his palace, and one in the midst of the city. Whoever was in need might go to one of these gift-houses and receive alms from the treasury of the State. If any traveller passed that way he could surely count on aid, and the dumb animals were also cared for by the King of Love.

Now it came to pass that one of the King's chief men had done a sin against his lord, and the King would not slay him, but he bade him take his wife and children and leave the city for good and all.

This man went to live in the city of Kosala, and in time he rose to be the most trusted servant of the King. His heart, however, was no purer than before, and he still felt a grudge against the King of Love.

"Sir," he said to the King of Kosala, "my old lord is a most weak King. He does not wield the sway over Benares as a soldier should. You are more fit to rule than he. Go in and take the land."

"Why say such things to me?" asked the King of

Kosala. "Are you a spy? Do you wish to lead me into a trap?"

"Put me to the test," replied the evil minister. "Send a band of men into the State of Benares and bid them kill the folk in a village, and then let us see if the king of Benares will hurt them for doing so."

A band of men were sent to do this vile deed. But they were caught by the servants of the King of Benares and brought before his throne.

"Why," he inquired, "did you slay my village folk?"

"Because we were in need."

"You should have come to my houses for the poor," answered the King of Love, "and I would have helped you in your distress."

So saying, he gave them gifts, and sent them from his court without any punishment.

The King of Kosala was much amazed. He sent a second band, who slew people in a village near the city, and these wretches were also well treated by the King of Love. A third band robbed citizens in the streets of Benares, and still they were forgiven and set free.

"He must be a good man and a fool," thought the King of Kosala.

So he got an army together and marched.

A thousand valiant men saw the coming danger, and they begged the King of Benares to let them go and meet the foe.

"No," he said, "let this man of greed have his fill."

Nearer came the enemy's army, and still the King of Love made no show of fight.

Nearer came the foe. The ministers of the King of

Benares besought him to let them draw up an army in battle array.

"I will not spill blood," said the King of Love.

He commanded his people to open the gates, and let the enemy in.

The King of Kosala and his troops and his elephants tramped along the streets and came to the palace. Wide open were the gates.

The King of Love sat enthroned and round about him stood a thousand mighty men, but not a sword was raised to strike.

"Take them all prisoners!" shouted the King of Kosala in a fierce voice. And, of course, it did not need much courage to do that.

When all were bound with cords, the King of Kosala shouted again :

"Away with them to the waste ground where the dead are buried. Dig holes to put them in right up to their necks. Only their heads are to rise above the ground. Tread the soil tight about them."

The order was obeyed.

"Resist not evil," said the King of Love to his friends, and none lifted a hand against the cruel enemies.

When all the thousand and one captives were fixed in the earth, they were left to their fate. The stars came out in the sky, and the howl of the jackals was heard in the night.

The jackals came towards the men's heads.

"Shout!" cried the King.

At the thousand shouting voices the jackals fled; but they turned back.

"Shout!"

Again the jackals fled and returned.

"Shout!"

The King snapped quickly at the jackal that attacked him, and fastened his teeth in the animal's neck. It howled, and the rest of the jackals fled in alarm. The jackal shook itself to and fro to set itself free. In doing so it loosened the soil. The King wriggled out of the hole. Soon he was at liberty. At once he ran to his nearest friends and got them out. They in turn helped others. In a short time all were free.

* * * * *

Two ogres lived in the burial ground. They had found a dead body and wished to eat it, but could not divide it, half and half, having no knife.

"Let us ask this King," said one, and to him they went.

"Poor skeleton," said the King to himself, "it will not feel the hurt of the blade, so I will do as they desire, and they may be able to aid me in return.

"Yes," he said aloud; "but I must first clean off this soil."

In the wink of an eye the ogres, by magic power, brought him the King of Kosala's bath, full of scented water. He bathed. Then the ogres fetched royal clothes and flowers, and a seat to sit on while he dined from the King of Kosala's table and drank the King of Kosala's wine. Next they gave him betel nut to chew. Last, they flew to the palace, and back again, bringing a sword.

He divided the skeleton, and gave a half to each ogre.

"How next may we serve you?" asked the grateful ogres.

"Carry my thousand friends to their houses, and one to the bed-chamber of the King who robbed me of my kingdom."

In a few moments the wish was realised.

By the rays of a lamp the King of Love saw his enemy asleep. He struck the sleeper with the flat of the sword.

The King of Kosala sprang up in fright. "How came you here?" he cried, "in this royal dress and bearing my sword?"

The King of Love told all the tale, and the heart of his foe was touched, and he was sorry for what he had done.

"Sir," he said, "the ogres have been more friendly to you than I have, man though I am, monsters though they be. Forgive me."

Willingly did the King of Benares pardon his enemy.

"And now," said the King of Kosala, "do you lie on the bed of state till break of day."

While the King of Love slept the other King lay on a small couch that was placed for the use of a servant.

The roll of drums woke the city early, and the citizens and soldiers hurried to the courtyard in front of the palace; and the King of Kosala stood up before them, and said with a loud voice:—

"I wish to say to you, O people of Benares and Kosala, that I have done an evil deed to this good prince, and I now beg his forgiveness. Henceforward he and I shall be friends in close alliance, and if any

man rise up against the King of Love I shall put him down by my might and arms."

The bad man who had made the plot against the good prince was punished, and the King of Kosala marched homewards, leaving the King of Love seated on his golden throne, surrounded by his happy folk, and glad to think he had saved his thousand friends from death.

I feel I cannot let this story close without a word as to its meaning.

You have heard of the great Russian writer, Tolstoy. This old teacher teaches men, by his message in books and papers, that they ought never to take up arms against each other. They should not resist evil. I think Tolstoy would be pleased with the tale of the King of Love, though perhaps he would scarcely like the unpleasant bit about the ogres eating the corpse.

No doubt you will admire the King of Benares. You will not admire the mean way in which the King of Kosala took away his neighbour's land and throne, though, to be sure, he comes out in a better character before the tale ends.

We must confess it would not be wise for the honest and good folk of the world to open their gates to the bad and the cruel, and let the wicked have their own way by force of arms! Good and noble people, like Leonidas of Sparta, Joan of Arc, and George Washington have had to fight, and we hold them in esteem for doing so. Yet, more and more, as time goes on, the King of Love will do mightier things than the King of war. And in the end it will be true that Love will

gain the victory over greed and passion. As Gustav Spiller's hymn says :—

Spread it 'mong the many,
Spread it 'mong the few ;
Love shall with its magic
All the earth subdue.
Greed shall die unpitied,
Passions shall be tame,
Love shall for its bondman
Every heart-beat claim.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from the Buddhist “Jataka,” vol. 1, translated by R. Chalmers.

THE BLIND SINGER.

You could go for miles through the forest of oak-trees and holly-trees. Now and then you would come to an open space in the greenwood, and you would see long rows of huge stones standing upright, so that you could walk along a passage or avenue with these big blocks on each side ; or perhaps the stone would be set round in a great circle. Such were the temples of the old Druids. Or the temples would be placed on wide moors, where furze and heather grew. Or the Druid stones would rise on high granite cliffs beside the everlasting roll of the sea. When a white mist floated over forest and rock and moor, you might well think this Breton land was a land of ghosts and wonders.

The place I am speaking of is Brittany, in the north of France, and I am going to tell you a Breton legend.

The King of Paris listened with pleasure to the chants of a bard who drew music from his fiddle while he sang. The bard had great skill in composing ballads. A ballad, you know, is a story told in verses, such as the ballad of Robin Hood, the ballad of Chevy Chase, etc. One night the singer had a dream. An angel came to him and said :

“ You shall marry an orphan girl of the Breton

people. To-morrow, as you walk, you will meet her near the spring. Her name is Rivannon."

Next day he saw the maiden by the fountain. And she sang to him (for she also was a singer) in these words :

"Although I am but a poor little flower on the waterside it is I who am called the Little Queen of the Fountain."

The two young ballad-singers were married, and were glad. Then, alas ! sadness followed. They had a baby who was born blind ; and he had the sorrowful name of Hervé, which means "bitter."

In a little church in Brittany a cradle was shown for many hundreds of years, and for all I know it is there still. It is made of oak, and the wood is now pierced by many small holes, where it has been worm-eaten. And the Breton folk say this was the cradle in which little blind Hervé lay when his parents lulled him to sleep with their songs.

Father and mother—the bard and his wife Rivannon, both died when Hervé was still a child of seven years. He went from village to village singing the songs which his mother taught him, and asking alms of the people.

Years later he became a monk, and dwelt in a monastery that was built among the thick woods. A school for Breton children was attached to this place, and Hervé was the teacher. I suppose he taught different subjects, but best of all, he loved to teach his pupils songs. And though Hervé lived so long ago as the sixth century the Breton people still repeat one of his lessons. I do not ask you to learn it, for our ideas

are different from those of the old monks, but I will repeat it to you :—

Approach, my little children ; come and hear a new song which I have composed expressly for you ; take pains to remember it entirely. When you awake in your bed offer your heart to the good God, make the sign of the cross, and say with faith, hope and love : My God, I give thee my heart, my body and my soul ; make me to be a good man, or else to die before my time. When you see a raven fly, think that the devil is as black and as wicked ; when you see a little white dove fly, think that your angel is as sweet and as white.

The blind monk used to say a maxim (or wise sentence) that is worth remembering. It was this :

“It is better to instruct a little child than to gather wealth for him.”

That is, it is better to give a child a good education than give him much money.

He also said : “He who does not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks.”

That is, he who does not guide himself carefully—as a ship is governed by the rudder—will fall into trouble and grief.

It is said that three days before his death, poor blind Herve's eyes saw things for the first time in his life. He began to sing a last song, which Breton people repeat to this day. This is the song :—

“I see heaven opened—heaven my country, I would fly to it ; I see there my father and mother in glory and beauty ; I see my brethren, the men of my own country

Choirs of angels, supported by wings, float round them like so many bees in a flowery field."

And you may still hear the legend of Hervé chanted by beggars in Brittany. . The songs of the blind monk have pleased the ear of many men and women all through the ages since he died in the forest monastery.

I fancy that all the blind people of the world sing to us. I think I hear them singing to us, their brethren. Though they cannot see us, they know we are here; they love to be with us; they remind us that they belong to the same race, the same humanity as we.

Let us listen to their song; and, in all ways that we can, help and comfort them for the loss of their sight.

THE ONE-EYED PHEASANT.

A woman was asleep, and she dreamed. She was a Japanese woman.

A sad looking man came to her.

"Do save me, my dear daughter ; do save me."

It was her husband's father—that is, her father-in-law.

"What is the matter ?"

"You remember my death some years ago ?"

"Yes, I was so sorry when you died."

"I have now taken another body, and live in a new shape ?"

"What is your shape ?"

"You will see with your waking eyes to-morrow. You will see me in danger. I beg of you to protect me."

"I will if I can."

When she woke and got up she told her husband about her vision of the night.

Her husband went out on the farm. The wife sat weaving at the loom.

Shouts were heard in the woods, in the fields, along the road. It was a band of hunters.

A bird fluttered in at the open door of the farm-house. It had only one eye. It seemed to want a hiding-place.

The hunters were seeking its life. It was a pheasant, with beautiful feathers.

"Perhaps," said the woman to herself, "this is my father-in-law; perhaps this is his new shape. Poor soul! I will save it if I can."

She sprang up, seized the bird and popped it into a large jar that held rice, and she clapped on the lid.

Men rushed in.

"Have you seen a pheasant?"

"I have been busy at my loom. But if you think the bird escaped in here you may search for it."

They looked up and down the house, but all in vain, for they never thought of looking into the big jar.

"It must have got out by some hole," they said, and they departed.

In the evening the farmer returned from work.

"Look in the jar," she cried. "Your father is in it!"

Much astonished, the farmer lifted the lid, and beheld the one-eyed pheasant.

"I believe," said the wife, "this was the meaning of my dream. Your father, in the shape of a pheasant, knew he would be in peril from sportsmen, so he pleaded with me to help him."

"No doubt," replied the farmer, taking the bird out. For I see the pheasant has but one eye, and my father was blind in the left. I am sure dear father wanted to do us a good turn." . . .

"How?"

"He must have thought that pheasants are good to eat, and that we might be glad of a supper: and he would rather we should eat him than that the hunters should!"

So saying, he twisted the pheasant's neck and killed it.

The woman called out in pity and anger :

" You bad man ! You hard-hearted wretch, to slay your poor father ! I cannot bear to live with such a man ! "

Out she rushed, even without sandals on her feet, out into the dark, along the road to the city where lived the lord whose men hunted the pheasants. To him she told her grievous tale.

" Take care of this woman," said the lord to his servants ; " let her stay here in peace during the night. Bring her husband into my presence to-morrow morning."

So this was done, and the cruel farmer was led, with bound hands, to the lord's house. The dead bird was laid before the judge, and the woman accused her husband of the shameful deed.

" Is all this true ? " asked the lord.

" It is," answered the farmer.

" Then you must not live in this place any more. The bird should have been an object of your tender care. Had it been a strange pheasant, and had you killed it for needful food, I should not have condemned you. But it was akin to you, blood of your blood, and bone of your bone. A man who will act so cruelly is not fit to dwell among honest people."

So the farmer was sent away into exile, and warned that if ever he showed his face in that part of Japan again he would forfeit his life.

A piece of land was given to the wife, and she was given in marriage to another husband.

It is no matter whether or not we believe, as many Eastern folk do, that the souls of men may pass from

human bodies to the bodies of birds, beasts, and insects. What we notice in the story is that the people of Japan do not wish to live next door to any man who does unkind and harsh actions.

NOTE —Adapted from the late Lafcadio Hearn's "Kotto."

THE FIVE HUNDRED CARPENTERS.

Many years ago, in the famous fairy tale time, 500 busy and jolly carpenters laboured together as true workmates in a village near Benares, in India. When they wanted wood they would all go up the river Ganges together—500 of them—to a forest, where they cut the timber. Then 500 pairs of hands would chop, saw, chisel, plane, hammer, bang, bang, bang! till all sorts of doors, walls, posts, floors, and fences were finished and numbered. Then the 500 jolly carpenters would carry the pieces to the village, ready to put them together in houses; and thus the 500 earned an honest living.

One day, as the 500 carpenters were at work in the forest, a big elephant came towards them limping on three legs, and holding up the fourth as if it were in pain. That was indeed the fact. A splinter of acacia wood had run into the foot of the beast and put it in sore pain. When he heard the hammers of the 500 carpenters go bang, bang, bang! he thought—

“These fellows are good-natured. They will no doubt help me.”

Sure enough they did. The 500 carpenters became 500 doctors! They saw the lame foot; they looked closely at it; they cut the bad place with a sharp tool,

and got the splinter out by pulling it with string; they lanced the swelling; they washed it with warm water; they poulticed it. When I say "they" did it, I mean a few of them did, and the rest looked on with smiling faces and much chatter.

"I will repay these 500 friends as well as I can," said the elephant to himself.

He tore up trees to save the carpenters the trouble of hewing them; he carried wood and tools; he was a regular "handy man"—only he wasn't a man! And the 500 carpenters gave him things to eat, so that when dinner time came he had 500 lots of food to swallow. He never made a trouble of that!

When his young son—who was all white—was strong enough he thought he would retire and leave his son to carry on the business of friendship. So he trained him in the work, and gave him a father's blessing, and then took his ease in a quiet corner of the forest.

This is what is called in the history books the Hereditary Principle—that is, the son does as the father does. The British House of Lords is hereditary; but I do not say the Lords all toil as hard as the old elephant or the white one either!

The white elephant played with the children of the 500; they pulled his trunk, and he took it all in good part, or if he squirted water over them, it was only in fun. And at dinner time he had, like his father before him, 500 portions. And like his father before him, he made no trouble of that!

The kindness of the 500 was repaid over and over.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increases."

The "thing of beauty" was the good feeling between the lame elephant and the jolly 500.

Well, the King of Benares heard of the fine white elephant, and made up his mind to get it for himself if he honestly could. So he went on a raft up the river, and the elephant and the 500 men came to pay their respects to the monarch.

"Good folk," said his Majesty, "I have not come to buy carpentry, but your elephant."

"Take him, sir, take him," cried the 500.

The white elephant, however, would not move a step.

"Why won't you come?" asked the king.

"I will not come, sir," replied the noble creature, "till you have paid the carpenters for the expense of of my keep all these years."

Nor would he go till the king had given new clothes to the 500, and the wives of the 500, and gifts for the children of the 500; and then they all stood and watched him as he was borne to the royal city on the raft.

The King gave him a grand stable, and treated him as a comrade; and the white elephant was ready to do the King any service he could.

The shadow of death fell on the palace of Benares. The King died; and just then a babe was born to the widowed Queen, and she, as her tears fell, called the babe Prince Win-heart, for she was sure he would win the love of the people.

And now war cast its red glare over the town, for

the King of Kosala laid siege to Benares, and dire was the distress of the folk whose King was a little babe.

Then the Queen dressed wee Win-heart in gay robes, and took him to the stable, and laid him at the feet of the white elephant, and said :

“ Oh, friend, your comrade the King is dead, and we did not tell you ere this lest the news of it might break your good heart, but now we needs* must say the truth, for we have come to beg your aid against the foe who is before the walls of Benares; and the soul of the folk is faint, for we are like to be overcome, and the kingdom will pass from the hands of my little son.”

And so speaking, the Queen wept.

Then the elephant lifted Win-heart in his trunk and put him for a while on his own head, as if to own him as lord and master, and as he did so he made a sound of grief for the death of the King. He gave the child back to the mother, and cried with a loud trumpeting voice :

“ I will go forth to war with this King of Kosala ! ”

And in armour and bright coverlets he marched from the gate, and the people followed; and he went forward with such valour and with so stern a front that the enemies were struck with deadly fear, and they fled away each to his own house. But the elephant grabbed hold of the King of Kosala by the hair of his head and bore him to the city and laid him at the feet of Win-heart. When some would have fallen upon the prisoner to slay him, the generous elephant said his life should be spared.

“ Only,” he added, “ the King of Kosala must mind his conduct for the future.”

And Win-heart grew up to be a just King.

The kind deed of the 500 carpenters had borne many
a blessed fruit.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from the "Jataka," vol. 2. Trans.
lated by W. H. D. Rouse.

THE PRINCE'S MOTTO.

One cold evening, I sit by my fireside reading an interesting book—perhaps one of Dickens's or Walter Scott's, or Ruskin's, or Darwin's.

Presently I shiver. The fire is getting low. So I seize the scuttle, and pile on some coal; and then I go on reading.

Suppose, however, instead of putting on the coals myself, I touch a handbell, or pull a bell-rope. A maid enters.

"Please put some lumps on the fire for me," I say.

She does so.

"And just turn the gas up a little higher."

She does so.

"Thank you, that will do."

She goes out.

The maid has done something for me. Who is she?
The servant. What has she done for me?

A service.

Yes; and why does she do these services for me?
Because she likes my looks? Or because she is willing to do me a favour?

No, but because I hire, or employ her, and give wages or pay.

She therefore does service for pay. Now, is that

wrong? No. Is it right? Well, yes, it is right to earn one's living.

Let us change the scene. I will tell you of something that I read in a book by Mr. Benjamin, who was United States Ambassador in Persia. In the chief city of Persia (the land of shawls, fine carpets, and turquoises) he had a large house, and in this house a number of pictures. One day he noticed that the frame of one of the pictures was shabby, and needed re-gilding. He sent for a craftsman who understood that sort of work—an old Persian with black eyes and long beard. The Persian agreed to do the gilding for a certain sum, and at once began the task. After a time Mr. Benjamin looked in to see how he was getting on. The old artist worked very slowly and very carefully.

"You are taking more pains than you need," said Mr. Benjamin. "I am hardly paying you for all this labour."

The Persian replied in a grand manner, "Sir, I do not work for money alone, I work because I love my profession."

Now, the Persian artist was doing Mr. Benjamin a service, just as the maid did a service for me. But while she (at least, so we will suppose) only works for pay, he works for that and another reason as well. What other reason? He takes a pride in his gilding. He labours for pay and pride.

Again we change the scene. We will go back to the thirteenth century, to the German castle of Wartburg. The castle stood on a hilltop, and the way up and down was so rough that it was, and is still, called the Knee-breaking Path.

At the foot of the hill was a village, where lived the serfs—the serving folk—who worked on the estate of the duke in the castle. Duke Ludwig was his name. His wife was Elizabeth.

Though she was mistress of the castle, Elizabeth's heart felt for the sorrows of the common people. If she knew of any villagers that were in need of food or clothing, she would carry aid to them with her own hands.

With a load of bread and meat and eggs wrapped up beneath her cloak, and folded skirts, she slowly descended the Knee-breaking Path.

Her husband Ludwig met her.

"Ah!" he cried, "what are you taking away from my house. You will ruin me, my dear wife!"

The words were only meant in a playful spirit, for he also had a generous soul.

Elizabeth undid the cloak, and lo! (so runs the old legend) her skirt was full of red and white roses!

Roses are things of beauty; and kind deeds are things of beauty. Whoever first made the story of Saint Elizabeth's roses meant to say that her actions were to be admired like graceful flowers.

Did Saint Elizabeth serve anyone?

Yes, she served the village folk. Did she do her service for pay? No. For pay and pride? No. What, then, was the feeling in her heart?

It was love.

Which was the noblest service of the three? The service for pay, or for pride, or for love?

The loving service was the noblest,

In sledges drawn by reindeer, Mr. Harry de Windt and his companions rode across the frozen plain of Siberia. Hour after hour they had struggled along in the face of a blizzard, and were often nearly buried in the drifts of snow. At length, with joy, they saw a hut. It was but a wretched wooden shelter, no man dwelling in it, and it was half-full of snow and was open to the wind. But it was enough to save them from being frozen to death, and gladly did Mr. de Windt and his friends take refuge in it. They found a pile of wood ready, and with this they made a roaring fire on the clay hearth.

Before leaving the hut, after enjoying a good rest, the travellers cut some fresh sticks from the woods near at hand, and laid ready a new pile of fuel for the benefit of the next comer to the lonely shelter. Each traveller would do likewise. Each would lay up a useful store for people he would never see. Each would do a service for the unseen.

You need not think long before you will call to mind various ways in which you also may help people you are never likely to see.

At the time when Spain was conquering South America, a party of Spaniards were told by the Indians of the Orinoco that gold was to be found in the mountains of Bogota. Towards these golden hills of the west they set out in great eagerness. Hard was the road, and many fainted by the way, and many died; and only 200 reached Bogota. They were at times so starving that they were glad to eat leather! Now all the time a Spanish monk carried with him a fine Spanish cock and four hens—the first fowls of the

kind to enter America. Often did the hungry travellers beg the friar to let them have the birds. He always refused, and stoutly defended his beloved fowls. The birds safely arrived at Bogota, and the hens laid many an egg. To-day there are tens of thousands of hens in that region—descendants of the five Spanish birds—and many an American eats eggs to-day because the first fowls were so bravely protected by the friar. He thought of the future. He wished people in days to come might have plenty of eggs, and he did a service for persons then unborn.

If you will think again, you will be able to tell me of ways in which we may help the unborn—the people of the future. For example, to-day we build schools which will last long after you and I have passed away, and be useful for the education of children yet to come.

Who shall do these services for the seen, the unseen, and the unborn? How many of us?

I am sure you will say we all ought to join in the service.

Another story. (Pardon me for telling so many tales!)

At Kyoto in Japan stands a fine temple in honour of the holy teacher, Buddha. It took seventeen years to build. Every bit of the grand building, from floor to roof, was paid for by the money of the peasants of the country round. The roof is upheld by 96 pillars of solid wood, and some of the beams of the temple are 42 feet long and 4 feet thick. These big pieces of timber were dragged from the forest to the place of building by the peasants. They sang as they dragged,

and would take no wages. What they did was done as a service of love. They loved Buddha and were proud to erect a place of worship sacred to his name. Happy will the day be when all folk can sing at their daily labour !

Thus did the strong and active Japanese men toil for the temple of Kyoto.

Now, in an outbuilding the priests of Kyoto keep a long rope, some 300 feet long, and three inches thick. It is of a dull dark colour, with here and there patches of grey, and it has a ragged surface. This is the hawser, or rope, with which the beams and pillars were dragged.

Noble rope ! It is made of the hair of Japanese women ; and beautiful are the tresses of grey, for they came from the heads of old dames who were as ready to share in the service as their black-haired and younger sisters. Thus did the women help, even as the men helped, each sex in their own way, and for the good of all.

You have no doubt observed the crest of the Prince of Wales—the three ostrich feathers. Underneath these handsome plumes appear two words in a motto. The words are old German, "Ich Dien," and they mean "I serve."

Who serves ?

* The prince. Royal though his rank, his motto declares that the prince has a service to do. He has a duty to carry out in the just ruling of the people.

This motto is good for men of high rank or low. It is the duty of all to serve.

THE JUMPING SERVANT.

"Never again," said the French clown to himself, "will I ride on a horse; nor will I wear fine clothes, nor will I earn money by dancing and jumping and making folk laugh. No, I will leave the bad world and go to the house of the good monks of Saint Bernard in the Bright Valley."

So he sold his horse and gay garb and was taken in as a monk in the Abbey of St. Bernard. White were the robes of the monks; scant was their food; much did they pray; oft did they chant psalms in the church; and they knelt before the image of Holy Mary. And many a time, in sorrow for their sins, the monks would say never a word, but they would make signs to one another by nods and the lifting of fingers. The psalms which they sang were such as "We praise Thee, O God!" or they said the creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty;" or they prayed the prayer, "Our Father Who art in heaven," and so on.

But the clown had no skill to do these things, nor could he learn the words of songs and psalms and prayers. When the other monks came together in church service before the altar, or before the image of Mary, the man that had been a clown could take no part; and because of this he was sore at heart, and

tears sprang to 'his eyes, for that he could not do as others did.

Now the image of Mary stood in a chapel that was quiet, and the clown (for so we will call him still) would oft steal there and think his thoughts all alone. And at last he said:—

“My brothers sing. I cannot sing. But I can do as clowns do. I can leap and turn heels over head, and the Blessed Queen of Heaven may be pleased if I do such things as I am able.”

So he took off his monk's dress, and had naught on but a tight garment such as men have in the circus show, and he spake to the image:—

“Lady, I have no art to tune the voice or say the prayers of the Latin book; but my heart longs to please you by some honest service, and it may hap that my dancing will find favour in your eyes.”

Alone in the chapel, before the image of the Queen of Heaven, the shaven monk sprang up, sprang right, sprang left, sprang head over heels, and upright again; and he made quick turns of the body like to a snake, or an eel, and walked on his hands as swiftly as an ape, and as briskly as a rabbit.

Now and then he made a pause, and the sound of the chant of the monks rolled through the passage that led to the Abbey church. They sang, and he leaped. He did what he could. Tired was the poor clown when the song of the monks was ended, and he also put a halt to his dance; and he dressed in his white robes again, and bowed low before the Lady, and went forth hoping that his worship was pleasing to her.

Many a morning did the clown pass in this way, til

one of the monks of St. Bernard watched from a corner and saw all that he did, and went and told the Abbot. Then the Abbot (who was father of the abbey) hid himself in a dark nook of the chapel along with the brother that told the tale, and they two saw the clown jump and twist and twirl, and while they looked in wonder and amaze, the clown fell before the altar, for he was weary; and (so runs the old story) a fair and shining Lady seemed to come down from the roof of the chapel, and she had sparkling stones in her dress, and a crowd of angels were round about her. This Lady waved a white handkerchief before the face of the poor clown so that the cool air was sweet to his hot skin; but yet the clown saw her not, only he felt a breeze upon his burning cheeks and brow. And when he was fresh and rested, she and her train of glory hied them away to the sky, and the clown went to his cell. This happened four mornings.

The Abbot sent to say he wished to see the leaping monk, and, in fear and sinking of heart, the clown knelt before the Abbot, and tears fell down his face.

"Tell me," said the father of the house, "how you serve Heaven, since I never see you do as the other brethren do?"

Then the clown told all, and he groaned as he spake, for he was afraid he might be sent away from the convent. But the Abbot said kind and gentle words to him, and said that there was no shame in such leaping and tumbling, for it was the best service he knew how to do, and right well did he carry it out. Then was the simple man glad.

Yet not much longer did he leap before the Blessed

Mary, for he fell ill and lay in bed ; and as he lay the brothers sat about him and sang songs such as he loved to hear. But their music was not more true of heart and more beautiful in spirit, than his springing and his capering. And when he died they buried him in the choir of the church. For though he never sang in the choir, he had performed such service as he could, and no man or woman or child should be held in scorn who does his or her best, small though the best may be.

NOTE.—The tale is adapted from “The Tumbler of Our Lady and other Miracles,” translated from the mediæval French by Alice Kemp-Welch.

THE STUPID.

He was really very stupid. A very fine, long name he had—Pa-ti-se-na—and for all that he was stupid. A boy may only have the name of Jo and yet be clever!

Patisena was an Indian, and he took a joy in hearing the teachings of the great Master, whose name was Buddha. But he had a cross temper, and that made it harder to get anything into his head. Buddha was kind to the old fellow, as indeed he was to everybody he met, and he hoped at least to be able to teach him a pious verse which Patisena might say as he went from door to door begging for food.

All that he had to learn by heart was this short verse:—

“He who guards his mouth and rules his thoughts, and he who does no evil with his body, this man shall be saved.”

In the first place, Buddha asked a Rahat, a teacher of high rank, to teach the old man.

It was in vain. He could not repeat more than a word or two—“He who guards his mouth,” etc.

A second Rahat tried, a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, an eighth, a ninth, a tenth; and still

the old man stammered and stuttered and broke down!

An eleventh, a twelfth, a thirteenth, and so on; a twentieth, a thirtieth, a fortieth, a fiftieth, a sixtieth, a seventieth, an eightieth, a ninetieth, a hundredth.

And still old Patisena could not say more than a word or two of "He who guards his mouth, and rules," etc.

More teachers marched in! More lessons were given! Teachers waved their arms, teachers stamped, teachers looked angry, teachers looked kind, teachers stared, teachers shut their eyes in despair, teachers laughed, teachers wept; and still old Patisena could not say by rote, "He who guards his mouth, and rules his thoughts," etc.

Five hundred Rahats tried, and all failed!

People peeped into the room where the lessons were given, and made fun.

At last he learned to repeat it all correctly. It was the good and gentle Buddha who taught him.

One day a school of Buddhist women sent to the Master to ask for a teacher to teach them the Good Law; and he sent Patisena!

They had heard of his stupid ways, and they agreed to play him a trick. They would repeat the verse after him, backwards!

So he came to the house of the nuns and had a meal, and washed his hands, and walked up to the teacher's platform, and said:

"Sisters, it is but little I can teach, for I know only one verse, but I will tell you the words and

give their meaning, namely, "He who guards his mouth," etc.

Then, with many a smile and wink, they started to say, "Saved be shall man this body his with," etc.

Not two words could they utter! Their tongues were tied! Buddha (so says the old Eastern legend) took pity on Patisena, and would not let the women mock him; for it is cruel to mock the stupid.

After that he spake again, and they listened quietly, and said the verse, and learned the lesson of self-control and love.

And again, when a King asked Buddha to visit him, the Master took Patisena for his companion, and the old man carried a dish for the alms of the people. The porter at the King's gate let Buddha in, but not Patisena, and the old man sat at the gate.

Presently, as Buddha and the King were seated together in talk, an arm came through the air (believe this who will!) and the hand held an alms-dish, and the King and his servants opened wide their eyes.

"What is this wonder?" asked the King.

"Tis Patisena's arm," said Buddha; "the porter will not let him in."

"Let him in," commanded the King.

Then the rest of the old man came in, and the arm joined the body again.

"I believe," remarked the King, "this is the man whom my whole Kingdom laughed at because he could not learn one simple verse."

"This is the man," replied Buddha, "but, O King, he

is a good soul for all that. A man may not have much learning in his head, but it is well with him if his conduct is upright."

NOTE.—The story is adapted from the Dhammapada, translated by S. Beal.

ON THE NEGRO'S SHOULDERS.

Sweet was the sound of the organ as the organist played the anthem, and the vast church was filled with the music, and the hearts of the people were uplifted. And, unseen by the crowd, one humble man worked the handle that moved the bellows and gave air to the tall organ pipes.

Noble is the high pile of St. Paul's Cathedral in the midst of London, and the glory of the making of it belongs to Sir Christopher Wren. But in the quarries of limestone on the south coast of England many a toiler was at work month after month digging and cutting and shaping the blocks that were to be made into the pillars and walls of the stately building.

Beautiful is the vessel that glides, swan-like, over the watery plain of the ocean; and the fame of the man that planned the ship is spread from mouth to mouth. But in the steel works and dockyard thousands of busy hands, of which fame never speaks, have taken part in the preparing of the armour plates, the masts, the engines, the furniture.

* * * * *

The Frenchman stepped into the river. He moved slowly, for at any moment he might put his foot into a

deep hole and slip and be drowned. He had all his clothes on, but he was so eager to find plants that grew in the bed, or on the islands in the stream, that he cared naught for the soaking of his garments. His name was Adanson (born 1727, died 1806), and he was a man who loved the knowledge, or science, of plants; he was a botanist. In search of rare specimens he had crossed sandy deserts, had forced his way through forests, had waded in rivers and lakes, and had climbed peaks. It was his joy to gather plants and find their uses for the service of man.

Adanson stopped in the African stream when the water was up to his waist, and gave a call.

A negro—a great black fellow over six feet high—came forward. Adanson asked him to try the depth of the water, and while the African splashed here and there in the river the Frenchman sat on the branch of a tree so as to keep off both water and snakes, for there were many of these crawling enemies about.

After a time the negro said he thought he could carry Adanson across at a place where the water only rose as high as his nose. The Frenchman was to ride on the negro's shoulders.

Adanson mounted, gun in hand, and also carrying some birds and a bundle of plants. The negro went forward and downward. His knees were soon covered, his hips, his waist, his chest, his shoulders, his neck, his chin! Only his broad nostrils and his gleaming eyes and his woolly pate appeared above the surface. The Frenchman held tight. He had faith in the firm tread and strong body of the African. Yet the danger was not small. Three times the negro staggered in

mid-stream and gasped for breath, and, in doing so, was obliged to swallow mouthfuls of water.

Forward!

But what a task! The stream was more than two hundred yards broad—two hundred yards of peril!

“Halt!” cried Adanson.

He had caught sight of a lovely plant, whose leaves, glistening white almost like silver, floated on the trembling river. He must have this fine thing—he must have it—for science, for France, for the world! The negro had much trouble to keep his footing while the botanist leaned down and cut the plant and held it up in triumph.

Forward!

The six-foot black fellow plunged onwards, his stout legs pushing against the current, his chest heaving with the effort. After a long struggle he landed safely on the opposite bank, and Adanson sprang down to the firm dry earth.

The botanist hastened along the bank of the river till he reached the sea shore. A French ship lay waiting, and he carried his treasures on board, and, chief of all, he was proud of the silver-leaved water plant. How interested would the learned men of Paris be to see this new thing from Africa. How they would praise Adanson!

Praise also to the humble negro without whose faithful help the man of science would not have been able to enrich the world with fresh knowledge.

THE FIANNA AND EDWIN WOODS.

Mighty was Finn, the Irish chief in ancient days; and mighty were the Fianna, his warriors, glorious as the sun in its strength or the sea in its greatness.

One day four of the Fianna went hunting, evening came on, and they first walked this way in the forest, then that. Hungry, they ate berries. Tired, they longed for shelter. At midnight they saw a light, and knocked at a cottage door, and an old man bade them welcome, and bade a girl get food.

Just before the meal was ready, a stout wether (that is, a ram or male sheep) left its corner in the big living-room, and got on to the table, much to the surprise of Finn's four men. The names of the four men were Diarmid, Conan, Goll, and Osgar.

"Conan," said Goll, "put the wether back in its place."

Conan seized the sheep. The animal gave a shake, and threw the hero down and put its foot on him.

"Diarmid," shouted Goll, "set him free, and tie the wether up."

Diarmid tried, and the wether trod on him with a second foot.

Osgar—man of valour—was the next to grapple

with the wonderful sheep. In a few moments he was lying under the third foot.

Last of all, Goll wrestled, and he also was thrown, and the fourth foot held him fast.

So the four Fianna were all beaten by the wether.

The old man called to a cat.

"Cat," said he, "the Fianna of Ireland must not be treated in this way. Fasten up the wether."

The cat drove the sheep off, and tied it up in a corner of the room, and the four heroes rose up, and, though they sat at the board, they had no wish to eat.

"Eat, my friends," said the old man. "You are brave fellows, and I will explain to you why you were thrown."

So they ate.

"The wether," he said, "is the world, and all the hard toil in it that must needs be done by honest workers; and the world is very strong. But even the world yields to death. That cat is death. You did your best. You fought and tried in spite of world and death. None can do more."

No, none can do more.

The Fianna of Ireland were myths—unreal figures in old tales.

Now I will speak of a real man, Edwin Woods—an Englishman—a railway signalman, who died in January, 1908, at the age of fifty-two, at the city of Peterborough.

Grand is the ancient cathedral of Peterborough.

Grand, and grander, was the heart of Edwin Woods.

Early one Saturday morning he was at work among

his levers in the signal box. Many were the trains that passed—expresses, goods, shunting trains.

A shunter on the line spoke to Woods at ten minutes past two that dark winter morn. The lights burned, the levers pointed this way and that, and Edwin Woods' keen eye was alert to see all that happened.

More than an hour later the shunter saw an engine waiting, waiting on the line. Why wait so long?

It was about 3.30 a.m.

The shunter walked to the box, looked in, and saw that Edwin Woods lay dead.

He had put all the signals at "danger" before he died.

The 3.32 had run through. He had made a note in his book. Another engine approached—Woods felt ill—the thought flashed through his mind that if he sat or lay in a faint, even a few minutes, a disaster might occur on the railway; if every line were blocked, all would be safe. He made one great effort, pulled the levers, the red lights glowed at every point, and Woods fell dead.

The world and death are strong.

Strong also—oh! gloriously strong—is the heart of the man who does his daily work. Strong are the hearts of the millions of men and women who, every day of every year of the earth's history, do their honest task.

NOTE.—The legend of the Fianna is adapted from Lady Gregory's "Gods and Fighting Men."

“ HOPING FOR NOTHING AGAIN.”

I have known these things to happen :—

(1) A boy whose clothes were shabby, whose boots were patched, and whose parents were poor, was sent to a good village school by an old clergyman. This good old friend paid for the boy's board and lodging at the house of the clerk of the church, and he gave him books and let him practise on the piano at the rectory, and always spoke kind words to him, and the boy grew up to tell you these tales to-day ; and the old clergyman did all this without ever thinking whether he would be repaid.

(2) A woman in a train suddenly burst out in a sad voice :

“ Oh, I forgot ! ”

She told her fellow passengers she had come from a house where she had been servant. The family were removing their furniture to go abroad, and she had left an article of her own in a drawer, and this article would perhaps be taken away and lost to her for ever. What should she do ? All the things would be packed in an hour or two.

A gentleman got out with her at the next station, sent a telegram for her, and paid for it, refusing to take her money ; and he lifted his hat and left, and never saw her again.

(3) Five or six hundred children went for an excursion into the country. Two schools joined in this outing. On the return a child from one school got astray among the children of the other school. Night had come on. No one was going in the road on which lay the lost boy's home. A teacher offered to go, and after a long and weary walk, he found the lad's house in a dirty little back-street. Nobody knew the teacher; he knew nobody. He bade the parents good-night. The child could not repay the kindness.

Much more could I tell, for such deeds are done every day. Noble hearts seek not for repayment. The Bible says, “Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again.”

Not such was the spirit of the old man's sons and daughters in the following Highland tale:—

This old man had given all his farm land and his farmhouses to his children. When his wife died, he did not care to live by himself, and he hoped to spend a happy time by going first to one house of his children's, then another, and so on. But they did not like this plan, and made him feel uncomfortable. At last he wandered away, and sat crying by the wayside, and there a friend found him.

“Come with me,” said his friend, when he heard the cause of his grief, “and I will tell you what to do.”

He lent him a bowl full of gold pieces, and told him a very good hint, and the old man acted on the idea.

A number of his grandchildren were at play on the green while their mothers and fathers were at the prayer meeting. He pulled up a big flat stone and se

it on end, and sat behind it as if he wished to hide what he was doing.

The girls and boys came creeping along to see what grandfather was doing.

He set out all the gold pieces on the grass so that they shone in the rays of the morning sun, and he muttered to himself as if he took a joy in counting his treasure.

"What have you got there, grandfather?" asked the eager children.

"Nothing that is your business," he replied, and he gathered up the gold and walked away to his friend's house.

It was not long before the sons and daughters came to beg the old man to visit them in their homes, and each paid much court to him, thinking him possessed of wealth. He carried about with him a black box, which they fancied must be filled with ruddy gold.

If ever he was pressed to say what was in it, he would shake his head for answer:

"All will be known when the box is opened."

Opened it was after he died and had had a grand funeral.

The children who had been so ready to oblige him (hoping for something again!) stared into the black chest.

Lo! it contained a few broken slates and bits of old pots and dishes; also a wooden hammer, or mallet. On the head of the hammer were scratched these mocking words: "This hammer is to knock the skull of any man who is so foolish as to give everything away to his children!"

Whether the old man was foolish or not is not the question here. But what do you think of his children?

"Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again."

NOTE.—The tale of the old man is from the collection of Mr. Campbell, of Islay. It is given in volume I. of "Folk-lore."

RALEIGH'S CLOAK.

I went into a school the other day and saw a chart hanging on a wall, and it was covered with reading about "Good Manners"—about putting your hand over your mouth when you cough, and saying "Please," etc. And the chart went on to say :—

Good manners greatly help a man's success in life, as may be seen in the case of Raleigh, who spread his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk on.

Of course, you know the tale of how Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak over a muddy place for the Queen to pass over, and how she raised him to great favour.

Well, to tell you the truth, I did not like the sentence in the chart about Success in Life. Raleigh did indeed rise to a grand position, but—but—but——

* * * * *

Walter Groom met Mrs. Bowley carrying a baby on one arm, and trying with the other to drag along a tired mite of three. So Walter said: "I'll carry her, Mrs. Bowley;" and he carried the rather heavy little maid for nearly a mile, and set her down at the gate of her home.

Mrs. Bowley said: "Thank you, Mr. Groom, very much indeed."

She certainly did not raise him to a high position, for she was only a poor gas-worker's wife.

* * * * *

In the Far East is the land of Siam, and its chief city, Bangkok, stands on the bank of the mighty stream of the Menam.

Now, in this city is a very large temple, built in honour of Buddha, the teacher who is called "The Light of Asia."

One chamber in this temple has in it a wonderful object, which visitors often go to see.

In this long room lies an immense image of a man, 175 feet long, the chest being eighteen feet across, the feet fifteen feet long, the toes three feet long. It is an image of Buddha asleep, resting on one arm. The figure is made of bricks, covered over with cement, and this again is hidden under a coating of gilt lacquer or varnish. The hair of the head is twisted into a mass of curls. In the soles of the feet are fixed pretty pieces of mother-of-pearl.

Thus the image sleeps in the dark.

An English artist wished to make a sketch of the sleeping Buddha. He went to the man in charge, and asked if he might see the figure. Yes, he might, on the payment of about two shillings. So he paid the fee and walked in.

The caretaker then flung back the shutters from the window, and let in the daylight; and the giant sleeper could be seen, silent and shining.

"I want to paint a picture of this," said the artist.

"No," replied the caretaker; "it would be a sin."

"I see nothing wrong in making a picture," said the

artist; and at the same time he slipped money into the man's hand, and set up his easel and his canvas, and fetched out his paints and palette and brushes, and began the work.

The Siamese caretaker did not stop his painting. The Buddha slept on, silent and shining.

A good part of the picture was done when something happened.

Crack! A piece of the gilt lacquer fell from the breast of the big image to the floor of the temple.

"Stop!" cried the Siamese to the artist.

"I have not done!"

"You must stop! Buddha is displeased!"

Of no use was it to protest. The man was rushing to one window after the other, putting up the shutters. Darker and darker grew the chamber. The artist must needs pack up all his belongings, and depart in haste; and the caretaker banged the door and locked it. And the Buddha slept on, silent—but not shining.

* * * * *

So the bit of gilt lacquer fell to the floor. But, before it fell, was the caretaker doing wrong? Yes, according to the ideas of the people of Siam, I suppose he was. Did the fall of the lacquer make the deed wrong? No. It would have been wrong even if the gilt had not come off the image.

And Raleigh was raised to a grand position. But had he done well to ease a lady's path across the mire? Yes, certainly. And ought we to help a lady—or any neighbour—even if no grand position awaits us? Yes.

Thus the Queen's favour may or may not come. It is only an accident.

The gilt lacquer might not have fallen. It was only an accident.

Not for the accident of a Queen's favour did Walter Groom aid the gas-worker's wife. He helped the woman in the spirit of humanity.

NOTE.—The anecdote of the Sleeping Buddha is adapted from Mr. Ernest Young's admirable volume on Siam, entitled *The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe*.

IN THE PEPPER COUNTRY.

The pepper plant is a shrub that bears berries, and the dried berries, ground to powder, produce pepper. If ground with their skins they yield black pepper; if their skins are taken off the berries yield white pepper. The shrub grows in Malacca and the Malay Islands in the Far East.

I shall tell you the tale of Nakhoda Muda, a Malay trader, who dealt in pepper. He lived at the south end of the island of Sumatra—a country in the East Indian seas, nearly as large as Spain. On the east side the island is flat, on the west hilly, some of the mountains being fire-holes, or volcanoes. In the noble forests on the hills grow four hundred kinds of trees. Among the animals are the orang outang, the tiger, the Malay bear, the Malay hog, the tapir, the two-horned rhinoceros, and elephants; also such birds as pheasants, hornbills, and goat-suckers; and many reptiles, the cobra, the python (15 to 20 feet long), and the horrid crocodile. In the forest dwell a savage race of whom I will speak again presently. On the coasts are found the dark-skinned Malays. In the year 1508, a Portuguese sailor saw this big island, and brought news of it to the people of the west. Later on, the Dutch made settlements in Sumatra. Now and then,

and here and there the English held a fort, or a piece of land. But changes were made. The English and the Dutch came to a better understanding after many quarrels, and to-day the whole island is under the Dutch flag.

Between Sumatra and the island of Java roll the waves of a narrow strait. Across this strait the Malay traders would carry pepper in their sailing vessels or "praws," and the pepper was sold to the Sultan of Bantam, who paid for it in Spanish dollars. The Dutch Company, or the English Company bought from the Sultan, or they would buy from the Malays by leave of the Sultan of Bantam.

Nakhoda Muda did a trade in pepper for about five years. His father was then taken ill, and feeling himself near death, he said to his son, Nakhoda :

"O, my child, the fruit of my heart and light of my eyes, take heed to my words of advice. When the will of God is done, and I am gone from you, I beg you to get into no debt. Cut timber, and trade in it. Catch fish in the sea, and trade in them. But never run into debt, either to the Sultan or the Dutch Company, or anyone else."

Muda remembered his father's counsel.

Three years later he married a woman of Samangka, a place on the coast, with hills and forests behind it. Two years after this event our Malay trader sailed to Samangka and back, and then said to his wife :

"Would you like to live once more in your birth-place?"

"Yes," she answered, "I would love to do so; and

besides, I have plantations of cocoa-nut trees there, which were left to me by my parents."

So he put his wife and all the household in a prau, and sailed to Samangka, and there built a new house. The pepper business went on well. Muda made profits, and, being able to afford another wife, he married a woman of Bantam. For the Malays were Mohammedan in their faith, and they were allowed to marry but one wife if only able to keep one, but could marry more if they had the means.

Now, dreadful things happened in those days. The bodies of Malays were found headless in the woods, or in the midst of rice plantations.

Who had cut off the heads?

The Head-hunters of the woods.

These men were a savage tribe of Sumatra, and akin to the Head-hunters of Borneo, on the East. No man of this tribe could wed a girl until he had shown his courage by slaying a foe or foes, and bringing at least one head to the woman he wished to marry. Every year parties of youths took spears, swords, and twisted steel blades called kreeses, and supplies of rice, sugar, and rotten wood as food. They went in companies of ten. When they had killed enough of the coast-folk, they would return with pride and joy. Their friends made ready to receive them, and the girls came out to meet them and gaze with pleasure at the terrible heads.

But, along the paths in the forest by which they travelled homewards, were set cocoa-nut shells filled with milk. If any young men had no heads of enemies, they would pause at the sight of these shells and feel ashamed. For such shells were used for the feeding of

dogs, and the meaning of the milk-filled shells was, that fellows who had not the ability to get heads were no better than dogs. And sometimes these youths would go no farther but retire into the forest, and visit their native village no more. The fortunate hunters would put pieces of gold or silver into the skulls which they had brought with them, and offer these ghastly gifts to the parents of their brides. At the marriage the skulls would be filled with toddy (a drink made from the palm tree), and bride and bridegroom drank in turn.

Muda saw the bodies of his friends lying headless. He said to himself :

“We shall not dare to live longer in Samangka if these evil deeds go on.”

So he gathered a host of men from many villages, and they agreed to follow his leading against the Head-hunters. Four hundred men formed his army, and 80 of these carried muskets.

The musketeers led the way.

Many a village of the Head-hunters was found, and plundered by Muda's men ; but the savages had fled. The very sound of a musket-shot almost scared them to death. Only four Head-hunters were killed in two months. Not one of the Samangka army lost his life. At length, news was brought that the savages had all fled to a place on the east of the island, and were not likely to return. Nakhoda and his warriors feasted for several days, and then all went to their homes.

Across the Strait of Sunda there arose trouble in the country of the Sultan of Bantam. A hill-chief, named Bagus, made war upon the Sultan, and for two years

made much mischief by sea and land. Bagus thought it would be a good plan to enlist the Samangka men on his side, for he had heard that Muda had 250 stout men in his settlement, all well able to fight. He sent a messenger to speak in secret with a Samangka man and find out what chance there was of Muda joining the men of the Bantam hills.

Now a friend of Muda's overheard the talk of the messenger, and he at once told the plot to Muda. The pepper-merchant called a meeting at his house and said :

"Friends, there is danger abroad, for I hear that Kiria Manjan, messenger of the hill-chief, is in our country trying to muster warriors to take part in the war against the Sultan. What think you?"

Some said, "Help the Sultan."

Others said, "Join the hill-men."

"It would be best," said an old Malay, "to take the advice of Muda."

"My view is," replied Muda, "that since the Dutchmen are helping the Sultan he is sure sooner or later to win, for these men of Europe with their ships and fire-arms can always beat the people of the East. Let us support the Sultan."

To this they all made consent.

Then Muda fitted out two praws, and bade the crews lie off the shore, and watch in case Kiria Manjan tried to enter the Samangka river with his fleet. He also sent a letter to the Sultan, and another letter to the Dutch governor, warning them of what was going on.

In eight days, two Dutch vessels, carrying some 300

soldiers, both native and Dutch, appeared in the harbour of Samangka.

Kiria Manjan and his comrades were feasting and chatting about the victories they meant to gain when news was brought of the two ships of war. In a few minutes he and his friends had leaped into their vessels, and were making all speed to the coast of Java. The Dutchmen landed, praised Muda for the part he had played, and traded with him in pepper.

The years passed. Muda built himself a larger house of teak-wood, and prospered much in the pepper business. So pleased was the ruler of Bantam with the honest and active merchant that he resolvèd to bestow upon him a special honour, and make him chief of the whole district round about Samangka. One day, therefore, he was summoned to the Sultan's parlour, and he sat down before the throne—sitting being the Malay sign of respect. The Sultan said :

“It is my pleasure, Muda, to give you the title of Kei Damang Perwasidana.”

Before he left the palace Muda received these gifts—a cap, a robe, Malay trousers of scarlet cloth, a sabre, a lance, a krees, and a large umbrella.

Nor was this all. The Dutchmen also desired to show honour to the pepper merchant, and gave him a double-barrelled gun, a pair of double-barrelled pistols, a barrel of gunpowder, and a cask of bullets. Then Muda and his friends sailed back to Samangka.

Thus we have seen—

Muda was a dutiful son.

He was an honest and diligent trader.

He was on the side of law and order, clearing out

the Head-hunters and resisting the wild men of the hills.

His character was respected by his people in Samangka, by the Sultan of Bantam, and by the Dutch Company.

But, alas! poor Muda! I have now to tell of his sorrows.

Two Malay sailing ships arrived in the harbour of Samangka one day, and the captains told Muda they were going to Bencoolen on the west coast, where the English had a settlement.

"On no account," said Muda, "must you go. The Dutch Company will not allow us to visit English places."

However, taking no need of his words, they went to Bencoolen.

Some time afterwards Muda took a cargo of pepper over the strait to Bantam. Some spy had taken to the Dutch Governor the report of the two praws that went to Bencoolen. He was a new Governor, and he made up his mind to deal sternly with a Malay chief who did not strictly obey the will of Holland. Muda was told to appear before the Governor.

"You are to blame," said the Dutchman, "in the matter of the two vessels that went to Bencoolen. I believe you sent them yourself, and I fine you two hundred Spanish dollars."

"Sir," cried Muda, "I deny the charge. I will indeed pay if the charge is proved. But where is the proof?"

"You must pay to-morrow morning," shortly replied the Governor.

The unhappy pepper merchant gathered his trader-

friends about him that evening, and told them of the evil fate that had fallen upon him. They collected 150 dollars, Muda added 50 of his own, and the fine was paid.

This was not the end. When Muda and his fleet went back to Samangka, where he had lived so cheerfully and usefully for many years, four Dutch soldiers and a corporal went with him. The soldiers meant to stay. They bade the Malays build a house for themselves, and a shelter for poultry. They gave no help in the work, and even struck the men whose efforts did not please them.

A dark shadow had come over the village of Samangka, over its rice fields and over its cocoa-nut orchards. It was the shadow of INJUSTICE.

Eight more Dutch soldiers arrived later on, and the thirteen strangers lived as unwelcome guests for eighteen months in Muda's village.

One day, an English two-masted ship, commanded by Captain Thomas Forrest, called in at Samangka Bay, and he stayed ten days in all. During that time, being in need of provisions, he asked the Dutch corporal to sell him food. The Dutchman advised him to buy from Muda, and Muda sold to Captain Forrest some fowls, ducks, goats, etc.

Four days later another ship arrived. It carried Dutch colours, and was in charge of Ensign Si-Talib, a half-breed, his father having come from Holland, his mother being a dusky native of Macassar in the island of Celebes. It was this half-caste who had taken the evil report to the Governor, and so caused Muda to be fined so heavily. He had a ship-load of rice which was not

very good. This he ordered Muda to sell for him at a profit, and the patient merchant, willing to keep the peace, did his utmost to sell the rice, and in two months managed to work off the stock from the Ensign's ship.

Meanwhile, the Ensign and the Dutch corporal had put their heads together, and for no good. They made up a letter to the Governor at Bantam, and accused Muda of selling pepper to Captain Forrest. It was contrary to Dutch orders to sell goods to the English.

Before many days passed a Dutch vessel appeared in the bay. The captain landed, and informed Muda that as danger threatened (he seems to have been thinking of the English), the Malays must erect a stockade and a strong fence round the settlement. Muda obeyed, and called together the labourers.

Before the building was begun, however, the captain invited Muda and two sons on board his ship.

The Dutch corporal said to two younger sons of Muda :

"Would you just like to see the ship? Let us go in a sampan."

In this sampan, or canoe, the corporal and the two young Malays rowed to the ship.

Muda and his sons went, at the Captain's wish, into the cabin. Then said the captain :

"You and your four sons are not free to leave this vessel. I have the Governor's order to carry you to Bantam."

A sad feeling filled the hearts of the five Malays. They had already suffered injustice. Now the burden was made heavier.

And yet heavier ! For Muda's teak-wood house was surrounded by a Dutch guard, cleared of all its contents, and the articles were carried to the vessel. This plundering took four days.

The souls of the Malays were cut by grief as if with sharp knives.

Each day one of Muda's buffaloes was slaughtered, and the Dutch sailors feasted and made merry.

The captain went ashore on one occasion, and he was so pleased at a gift of edible (eatable) birds' nests from a Malay that he readily chatted with him, and told him that Muda was made prisoner because he sold pepper to the English. This Malay, being allowed to take food to his friend Muda, repeated the captain's words. And Muda felt the injustice eat into his very heart.

"Father," said the four sons, "we cannot endure this treatment. We will attack our Dutch guards."

"My sons, do not be rash. The Sultan of Bantam will speak on our behalf."

"But, father, we may be carried to the Isle of Pulo Damar, where the vilest criminals are confined, and the Sultan will not know."

Muda was silent for a time.

"My sons," he said at last, "I am too feeble to join in your dangerous task."

"We should not let you if you wished ; and, besides, if we die in the attempt, you will be left to comfort our sisters, if they are allowed to go with you."

The old chief's eyes filled with tears.

Next day, the four young men spoke to their uncle when he came aboard with food ; and the next day to

that he brought them a basket of boiled rice, and under the rice were hid four daggers.

The seventh night had come. It was dark at 3 a.m., for the moon had set. On the forecastle were two Dutchmen; on each side of the afterdeck, near the helm, two men; on the poop, two men, all armed with muskets. Another eight were below.

Lella acted first. Softly as a snake he had crept near the two guards on the forecastle. He raised his dagger. . . .

No, I shall not tell the whole story of how the Malay brothers ran amok.

It was still dark in heaven and on earth when every sailor on board lay dead. Seven Javanese had sprung up to the mizen-top, and they clung trembling to mast and ropes. They were members of the crew, but they took no part on either side.

Lella showed a light from the ship. The signal was seen on shore. A sampan presently cut through the water of the bay, and the old chief and Lella stepped into the canoe, and were borne to land; while three of the brothers kept guard over the vessel and the seven men of Java. The dead needed no watch.

A very faint grey showed in the sky. Nakhoda Muda, and his son Lella stopped to catch eight Malay comrades from a house in the village. They hurried to the Dutchman's barrack, where some twenty soldiers slept. Mounting a ladder, they entered the upper room, where slumbered the captain, the sergeant, and one private.

These three soldiers never woke.

Slight as the noise of attack was it gave the alarm to

the men below. Out they rushed, musket in hand, and fired. A Malay lay killed. Two fell wounded. Five of the soldiers escaped. The rest gave up their lives in payment for injustice. Morning had now fully dawned, and the blaze of the sun, as it rose over the China Sea, lit up the scene of dreadful death for all the folk of Samangka to see.

All the Malays resolved to fly from Samangka, the place they had loved, and the place where they had avenged the deed of wrong. But first, the old chief wrote a letter to the Sultan, informing him how he had been treated like a dog; how he had been arrested; how his town had been pillaged; and how, the injustice having been punished, he must depart, and never again see the Sultan's face. Muda sent back the governor's double-barrelled gun and double-barrelled pistols.

The Dutch vessel and the fifty Malay praws were left drawn up on the beach. Then the sad caravan set out—some 400 men, women, and children—on the long march along the west coast of Sumatra towards the nearest English settlement. In ten days they reached Crooe, a fort in charge of Dr. Blankin, an Englishman.

From this spot Lella was permitted to go in a prau to Bencoolen, where he appeared before governor Carter and told the story of the wrong from the beginning to the gloomy end.

Captain Forrest was called in to the council chamber.

"Captain," said governor Carter, "do you know this Malay?"

"Yes, I think I do; he is the son of Muda of Samangka, where I put in with my vessel."

"Did the Malays sell you any pepper, captain?"

"No; they only sold me water and live stock."

The case was clear. Governor Carter gave leave to the Malays to travel into the English part of the island.

Nakhoda Muda never heard this message. He died at Crooe.

The Malays scattered whither they could, some here, some there. The children of Muda were divided to the east and the west among the islands of the Java Sea, or in the hills and forests of Sumatra where the Dutch power did not reach; and the cocoa-nut orchards and rice-fields of Samangka saw them no more.

NOTE.—The particulars given above are drawn from a narrative written by one of Muda's sons, translated by W. Marsden, under the title of "Memoirs of a Malayan Family," and published in 1830.

THE SHOWER OF PEARLS.

Stars shone. The Hindu with olive skin—a Brahmin—gazed at the sky.

“Behold the planet Venus,” he muttered to himself. “It is in the right place in the sky. Now is the time of the charm. Now! Abracadabra, cadabra, cadabra!”

A rattle was heard. Things had come down from above. The Brahmin picked them up. They were precious stones—pearls, coral, cat’s-eyes, rubies, diamonds; also lumps of gold and silver.

The Brahmin had a pupil whom he taught holy learning about the gods. One day, he and his pupil walked in a forest, and were seized by a band of robbers.

“You go to the town,” they said to the young pupil, “and fetch a ransom. When it is paid your friend shall go free.”

“Master,” whispered the pupil to the Brahmin, “be sure you do not say your charm. If you do, evil will surely come upon you and many others.”

So saying, he left the robbers’ den, his master being bound with cords. At set of the sun, the Brahmin said to himself, “This is the magic hour. The planet Venus is at the spot which makes the charm act. I will get my freedom.”

Calling the robbers, he said to them :

"My friends, I can give you a ransom at once if you will untie the cords and give me a clean suit, and flowers, and leave me alone a short while."

This was done.

He raised his eyes to the starry heavens, and murmured, "Abracadabra, cadabra, cadabra!"

Down rushed the pearls, cat's-eyes, diamonds, and all the rest.

With joy the robbers gathered up the treasure, and packed the jewels in their bundles, and started to march to a town to spend their wealth. The Brahmin marched with them.

A second band of robbers appeared on the road and attacked the first. It was a fight of robbers against robbers!

"Stop!" shouted one of the first band. "Here is a brahmin who can give you as much as he gave us. He knows a charm to fetch treasure from the skies."

The second band got hold of the poor Brahmin, and the first band ran off.

"Alas!" said the Brahmin, "the planet Venus has loved, as planets do! The charm is of no effect. You must wait another year till Venus is in the same spot again!"

"A year!" screamed the second robbers, in disgust. "Do you think we are going to wait a year?"

Thereupon they killed him, and pursued the first band. Another fight took place, and every man of the first band was slain, and all the diamonds and rubies were taken out of their bags.

But then the second band quarrelled about dividing

the treasure, and they split into two parties, and had a furious battle; and one party killed every man of the other. Then those that were left quarrelled, and divided, and so they went on in their cut-throat strife for wealth until only two robbers were alive.

These two carried the sacks of pearls etc., to a jungle. One kept guard over the sack, while his comrade (comrade, indeed!) went to buy rice.

"I will kill this fellow when he returns," he thought.

The other man made a plot.

"I will put poison in the rice," he said to himself.

So when he bought some cooked rice in the village shop, he ate a portion, and carried the rest—poisoned!—to his comrade (comrade, indeed!) in the forest.

No sooner had he laid the parcel of rice at the foot of a tree than his friend (friend, indeed!) slew him with a blow of the sword, and the murderer buried the corpse and then ate the supper—the poisoned supper—and died!

Thus the merry game of treasure-hunting was ended, and this was all the good the money brought with it.

The pupil came back with the ransom, but found no man in the forest. He saw pearls and cat's-eyes on the ground. Walking along the road, he found the Brahmin's body; and he made a funeral pile and burned the corpse, and mourned for his master. Then he went on again, and discovered the bodies of the two bands of robbers.

When he reached the jungle where the two comrades (comrades, indeed!) had halted for supper, he lighted on the body of the man who had eaten the poisoned

rice ; and all round were strewn the diamonds, rubies, cat's-eyes, coral, pearls, silver and gold.

Lastly, he peeped among the bushes, and there he caught sight of the body of the man who had gone to buy the rice, and who had been cut down by the sword of his friend (friend, indeed !).

And this was the end of the money-making game.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from the Buddhist "Jataka," vol. I., translated by R. Chalmers.

WHY THE TOWN HALL FELL.

Now when the chief men of the town met in the Town Hall they spake of the wealth of the town.

And one said: "Great is the trade that comes in and goes out at our gates."

And the next said, "Vast is the store of coin in the town chest."

And the next said: "Our shops are full of rich goods."

But a fourth did sigh, and he said: "In this town all is not well, for folk go short of food, and are sick, and have no hope, and it is not right to think more of gold than of flesh and blood."

* * * * *

On the roof of the Town Hall were statues in a ring, each with a bell in its hand, and each stood for the god of a land which was servant to this great town. In the midst of the ring was the figure of the god of the city. If the people of any of these lands rose up to fight against the rule of the city, the statue of that land turned its back upon the god in the centre and rang its bell. Then folk would run to the Town Hall to see which bell had sounded the alarm, and an army, strong in steel mail and bright with banners, would march out to beat down the rebels.

You may be sure this magic circle of statues was hated by the subject lands, and in one of them—the Land of Palms by the Sea—the people made a plot to destroy it. Three wise and bold men were sent to the great city, and they carried much gold; and they gave out that they had skill to tell the meaning of dreams, and of signs in the skies above and the earth beneath.

One night, when a great darkness covered the city, these three men dug a hole in the ground and buried a pot of pieces of gold. Thence they walked to the bridge which crossed the river whereon the town was built, and they dropped into the water a barrel of gold.

When it was morning they prayed that they might speak to the rulers in the Town Hall, and, when leave was given, they said :

“O ye rulers of the city, be it known unto you that we have seen a strange thing in a dream last night, for we saw in our dream that a pot of gold lay hid in the earth, and we come to ask if we may dig it up and spend the money for the good of this town.”

The rulers answered yes, and the three wise men took spades, and, in the presence of a crowd, they dug up the gold, and spent it with free hands, and their gifts were much talked of.

And not many days afterwards they came again to the Town Hall, and said :

“O ye rulers of this great and noble city, we have also seen in a dream a barrel of gold at the bottom of the river, and we beg that you will let us take it up, that the hearts of the people may be made happy.”

And this being allowed, they took men, and rowed on the river in boats making believe to search by means of spells and charms, until at length they hauled up the barrel amid the cheers of the citizens. Some of the gold they gave to the lords of the City, whereat the lords were well pleased.

•Now the plot of the men of the City of Palms by the Sea was to win the minds of the lords by the love of gold in such wise that the lords would grant them any request which they brought.

So a third time they appeared, and said :

“O ye rulers of this proud and mighty land, we have seen in yet another dream a more marvellous thing than before. We have seen twelve big barrels of gold deep under the floor of the Town Hall, and if this treasure can be brought to the light of day there will be much joy and good cheer among the people, and you will be praised for your wisdom.”

These words were naught but words of deceit.

So the rulers once more gave leave, and bade workmen dig, and a multitude of people watched the opening of huge pits in the ground ; and the lords had hopes of getting rich spoil.

In the course of two or three days the hole was like unto a mine under the Town Hall. Ruin was nigh, and the lords and the people knew it not, and the gold-seekers kept digging.

The three cunning men left the City by night, and took ship for the City of Palms.

At dawn a dreadful noise was heard. The Town Hall fell, and became a heap of waste and broken beams and stones. In the midst of the wreck lay strewn the

fragments of the magic statues and of the god of the Great City.

No longer was the City a place of mastery. The spell of the god was gone. The people had loved gold, and the love of gold had brought upon them weakness and evil days.

For the wealth of a country is not its money, but its folk that honestly do the work of each day, and that live in peace and kindness, none being in want and living alone in sorrow, and none asking help in vain, and all being brethren.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from Part II. of *Mediaeval Legends*, “Virgilius the Sorcerer,” published by Nutt in 1893. In the original tale the city is Rome, and the three conspirators come from Carthage.

TURN ASIDE !

“ Mitanila ! ”

The people—people with dark skins and black hair, quickly stepped out of the road at the sound of this word, which was shouted with the accent on the last syllable, *Mitani^{lah}*.

A procession came round the corner of the street.

“ Mitanila ! ”

Every hat was taken off.

In front of the procession walked a man with a spear. Then came a group of servants—all Malagasy people (for I am speaking of the folk of Madagascar). Each servant had a bamboo pole on his shoulder from which were hung various articles—jars of water, packets, etc. Last of all, the rear was brought up by a second spearman.

The word “ Mitanila ” means “ Turn aside.” It was a warning to all citizens to get out of the way.

But why? There was no king, or queen, or lord in the procession.

No, but the articles were royal. They belonged to the Queen of Madagascar. They were signs of the royal power. They were signs of the power and majesty of the State—that is, of the kingdom and its ruler.

If a rude person got in the path of the royal servants

he would be promptly thrust aside by the spear. He might even feel its point.

Even if the Queen's bullocks were driven along the highway the Malagasy people would lift their hats—not really to the bulls, but to the State to which the animal belonged.

Everything that belonged to the Queen was treated with respect. If a box or bale contained royal property, no person might sit on it. Such an action would be regarded as an insult to the State. The facts I am telling you were told in a traveller's book about the year 1869.

Is it right to show respect to the State? Most certainly, though we need not, of course, show it in the same manner as the Malagasy people. The State represents the people, or the common weal (that is, the common good, or common health) so that in showing respect to the State and the officers of the State we show respect to the weal of the people.

Who are the officers, or servants of the State, in such a land as England, France, Germany, America, etc? They are the King, or Queen, or President; the members of the Parliament, or Senate, or Congress; the persons who work in the schools, post offices, law courts, police force, tax offices, army, navy, etc.

Does the State always do what is best for the people? No. There are times when the people feel it their duty to rise up against the State and change it, and make it a more useful power for the wealth and health of the citizens.

Thus, Oliver Cromwell rose against King Charles, George Washington against Great Britain, William the

Silent against Spain, the French Revolutionists against Louis XVI., and so on.

For all that, the State is usually the people's own work, the people's own will, the people's own weal. Let us, therefore, respect the State. It is greater than this citizen or that citizen. We should turn aside at its call, because in serving the State we serve the people. The State also is the servant of the citizens, and all who labour in school, or army, or Government dockyard, etc., are the servants of the public.

The noble teacher of China—Confucius—was at one time a State official. He was a steward under Prince Loo. It was his business to watch over the State property—animals, crops, and all. And right loyally he did his work. Once he said (so his disciple Mencius tells us):—

When I was administrator of the royal domains my first care was that the flocks and herds should be fat and thriving ; and, in like manner, when I was in charge of the State granaries, I devoted myself to seeing that the grain was stored in sufficient quantities and kept in good order. Until this was done I thought of nothing else.

NOTE.—The anecdotes are taken from Sibree's "Madagascar" and G. G. Alexander's "Confucius."

HOW THE NAUGHTY BOY ESCAPED.

Yes, he did a wrong thing. His mother said something dreadful would happen to him.

And it did not happen.

Boys who are now and then naughty (such as you, perhaps, young reader!) may like to hear how this lad got off.

He was a brown-skinned Kaffir, and I suppose his skin was daubed with paint below his waist, for he bore the curious name of Red Stomach. Besides having this very fiery stomach he had a head full of fiery ideas, and he was always getting into mischief.

"Bad boy," said his mother, "you will fall a prey to some awful monster if you go on like this."

The African lad laughed.

Near the Kaffir village there was a pool of water. Of the water of this pool Red Stomach's mother bade him never to drink. If ever he did, a horrid beast who lived near the pool would eat him.

"I am not afraid of him, mother," cried Red Stomach. "I can look after myself."

One day he felt very thirsty.

"Mother!"

"Yes, Red."

"I'm going to the pool to drink. I am very thirsty."

"No, don't go ; no, no !—"

He was gone.

He drank ; and lo ! as soon as he had drunk, a snaky and wide-mouthed creature rushed out from some bushes, with open jaws.

Snap ! Red Stomach was shooting down the monster's gullet, and in a moment he was lodged in the maw. His mother had seen his terrible end, and ran shrieking to the village.

Ah ! but hear the rest of the tale.

The monster was now uneasy. It felt the Kaffir boy rolling about inside, as if he were practising gymnastics. He must call for help.

So the monster called aloud to all the live things that lived in the pool, and when they were gathered together he addressed the meeting :

"Friends, I regret to have to tell you that I have an awful bad pain in my inside. I beg you to assist me."

"What can we do ?" asked the frog.

"No doubt you can think of a plan. If I die, there will be no one to take care of you as I have done."

Neither the frog, nor the water-rat, nor anyone else could devise any way of aid, so the monster lay down and gave up the ghost.

Red Stomach had a knife. He did not mean to stay in this dark jail. He began to hack at the walls of his prison. A hole was made. The knife went on with its work. At last out crept Red Stomach into the open day, much to the surprise of the frog, the water-rat, and their comrades of the pool.

Red Stomach ran home as hard as he could go. Stopping outside the hut to take breath, he heard his mother talking sadly to the neighbours.

"You see, neighbours, this is what comes of disobedience. Poor little Red Stomach! I saw him die. Be sure, neighbours, you bring up your boys in habits of"—

"Hallo, mother! here I am," shouted the escaped prisoner, as he jumped into her arms.

There was a great scream all round. Still, his mother was very happy, and the neighbours went home to tell a story that was more interesting than her sermon on disobedience.

Of course, you know that boys do naughty acts without meeting any dreadful fate from monsters, or lightning, or earthquakes. It is not right to put such ideas into children's minds, and, when you have children of your own, I hope you will have too much sense to talk in such a way.

* * * * *

Vincent was once asked by his mother to go out on an errand for her, and he would not; and when she still begged him, he replied rudely.

The elder son came into the room.

"William," said the mother, "what shall I do with Vincent? I can get him to do nothing for me, and he answers me in a very pert tone."

"Come, Vincent, do what mother wishes," said William, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder.

Vincent gave his brother a severe kick.

William sank into a chair. There was a look of pain in his face. Vincent saw the look.

In the mother's eyes, also, there was the same look, though she had not been struck.

Many years afterwards—ten, twenty, thirty, forty, and more—the brain of Vincent still carried the memory of the pain in the faces of his brother and mother.

From this memory he never escaped.

NOTE.—The story of Red Stomach is adapted from Mr. Dudley Kidd's "Essential Kaffir."

AND THE GARDEN WENT TOO.

There was a village in India with large grass meadows around it, in which many cattle fed. In this village lived a Brahman and his wife and little daughter.

Death came into the house, and the father and the eight year old daughter were left alone. And now the daughter worked as the house-mother. At dawn she rose to milk the kine. All the rooms were swept clean, and the furniture made bright to the eyes. She drove the cattle out to the grass till noon, and at noon she brought them back, and prepared food for her father and herself. Once again she took the cows out, and at sunset she brought them back, and then did the needful work in the house. Thus she did day after day.

"Father," she said at last, "if you took a new wife I should not have to toil so hard." •

The Brahman married again, but things were no better for that. The new wife spent the day in anointing herself with perfume and dressing, and in taking life easily, and the step-daughter had no rest. Thus they went on till the girl was twelve years old.

As she was with the cows one day she fell asleep.

A large black snake came wriggling through the

bushes and grass. Voices of men were heard approaching. The noise awoke the girl.

"O maiden!" said the snake, "I am in sore distress. The snake-catchers are pursuing me, and soon my life will be lost unless I can hide myself. Let me take refuge in your lap, and cover me with a cloth, there's a good soul."

Good soul she was indeed. The snake's trouble touched her heart, and she seized his slippery body in her hands and put him on her lap, and flung a piece of cloth over him.

"Have you seen a snake?" shouted the catchers, as they came up.

"I have been asleep," answered the girl, and the men passed on.

Then the reptile changed its form, and stood before her as a divine spirit like to a fatherly man.

"You have been good to me," said the god. "What reward shall I give you?"

"Give me a pleasant shade so that I may be happy with my cows."

The god was gone the next moment, and all about her was a garden, full of fruit trees, and with pleasant shrubs, and here and there patches of sweet grass for the cattle. In the evening she walked home with the cows.

And the garden went too; the lovely trees spreading their branches over her head, and flowers blooming on either hand. But the stepmother saw not the garden, for she had no love in her eyes.

At daybreak the daughter went forth to her work, and the garden went too.

Thus time rolled on till, one day, the King of Patalipootra hunted in that part of the land, and lo and behold ! he came to the maiden's garden, and sat under a mango tree and enjoyed the cool seat ; and the soldiers of the King tied the elephants and camels and horses to the trees. Their noise alarmed the cows, and the girl, waking from her noonday sleep, saw the cattle running, and she ran after them ; and the garden ran too !

"Goodness gracious !" shouted the King of Patalipootra, "the world is moving ! The trees are running away with my elephants and camels !"

Of course he asked his Prime Minister what was the reason of this strange event.

"I believe that herd-girl is at the bottom of it," said the Prime Minister.

So saying, he rushed after the girl, and cried :

"Maiden ! I beg you to go to the King, and we will bring your cattle after you."

The kind-hearted girl turned back, and the garden went too ; and as the King met her in the shade of her garden, he loved her and asked her to be his wife. And she, with her father's leave, married the King of Patalipootra ; and the King called her Garden-queen. To the Brahman her father, the King gave twelve villages for his own ; and then he took his wife to the royal city, and the garden went too, and branches of trees hung their green arches over the King and Queen as they rode upon an elephant amid the shouts of the crowd. The garden stayed about the palace, making the people happy.

Now the Brahman's second wife had a daughter also ;

and when this girl grew up her mother had an evil thought, and said to herself:

"If the Queen died, perhaps the King would marry my daughter, for her face is very like that of the Queen."

The Queen's step-mother said to her husband, "Take the Garden-queen a present of these sweetmeats which I have made, and ask her to come and visit us here."

So he, simple Brahman that he was, set out with a pitcher containing the sweet cakes, not thinking they were poisoned. When he reached the palace garden he rested under a banyan tree and fell asleep.

The snake-prince passed that way, and having magic eyes, he saw inside the pitcher, and perceived the danger to the good woman who had once been so kind to him, and he took away the poison without the Brahman knowing anything about it.

The Garden-queen felt great joy to see her father, and she received the gift, and gave sweetmeats to the other queens, and she and they ate and took no hurt.

The Brahman begged that his daughter might visit the old village home, but this the King would not allow.

When the step-mother found that the Queen had not died she wondered very much, but of course could not tell the real reason, but thought the poison was not strong enough.

Next time she sent poisoned pastry, and the snake-prince again removed the deadly stuff; and the third likewise. But at this third occasion the Brahman begged so hard that the Queen might see her old home

again that the King gave way, and the royal lady set out for the village; and the garden went too.

In the village home the Queen became the mother of a little prince, and word came to the King, and he rejoiced and hoped soon to welcome back his wife and her baby son.

One day, as the Queen walked near a well with her step-mother, the cruel woman pushed her in.

"O snake-prince!" cried the Queen, as she fell into the deep water.

She was not drowned. At the bottom of the well she saw the snake-prince, and she found herself again in the shade of the garden which her own kind heart had made to grow, and there for some time she stayed in safety, though she longed to rejoin her husband and to kiss her youngest child.

The step-sister dressed herself in some of the Queen's robes and took the baby and went to the palace, but no garden went with her, for it is only true and gentle hearts that can create such gardens round about.

"Where is your garden?" asked the King as he greeted the pretended Queen (who, as you know, had a face like her step-sister's).

"It has stayed behind to be watered," answered the false one; "and here is your son."

The King embraced the baby with delight.

"O snake-prince," cried the Garden-queen one evening, "let me go to my husband and child."

"Go," he said, "but return before dawn, or you will lose your magic garden."

She flew to the palace, and she glided into the royal nursery and caressed her dear little son all night, and

left flowers by his bed, and hurried away at daybreak, and the garden went with her. No one had seen her.

The King asked the false Queen where the flowers came from.

"From my garden," she replied, hardly knowing what to say.

"Fetch more of these fair blossoms," said he.

"I can only do so at night," she answered.

The next night the true mother came again and kissed the child, and brought flowers.

The third night the King hid behind curtains and watched. When he beheld his Garden-queen he leaped out and held her fast and would not let her go; and the day dawned in the east; and as the light came in at the palace window a black snake seemed to fall from the air, and it lay dead on the black tresses of the Queen.

"My snake father is dead," cried the Queen, sadly; and then she told the King all the story of the snake, the poison, the well, and the false Queen.

The step-mother was brought before the King of Patalipootra, and he would have had her and the step-sister scourged with whips, only the Queen begged him to show mercy. The step-mother and her daughter and the Brahman were banished to a far region of the kingdom.

Nor did the garden ever appear again. But that mattered little, for the Queen's good nature was the garden that went with her. And if you and I are real friends with the people about us, so that they are glad to see us and feel pleased when we are near, then our

souls are the gardens which give the charming shade
and spread the bright flowers before the eye.

Sunshine we will try to wake
In despondent faces,
Sowing seeds of love to make
A garden in our traces.

Miss E. J. Troup.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from “The Kathakoca,” translated
from the Sanskrit by Mr. C. H. Tawney.

FLOWING IN.

Kindly open the door.

It is done.

Thank you. Now, what came into the room when the door opened?

Air. A draught of air came in. And now I take a jug of water and pour out into a glass. The water runs or?"——

"Flows."

Yes, flows. The air flows in at the door, and the water flows in from the jug. Can you think of a word that means Flowing-in?

INFLUENCE.

Yes. It is a Latin word.

In Japan, you must know, dolls are much prized, and are now and then brought out at a sort of festival. At a doll's festival Mr. Lafcadio Hearn saw dolls dressed in costumes that were a hundred years old. Food was placed before them, beds laid ready, and every attention is given to their wants! Indeed, if they do not get what they want (so it is said), they cry! And if they are cared for long enough (so it is said) souls come into their bodies, and they truly live!

"How can a doll live?" asked Mr. Hearn of a Japanese girl.

"Why," she said, "if you love it enough it will live!"

Thus the girls of Japan have the idea that love and life can flow in from a human being to a doll, and give life to that which was not living. Influence can give life.

Does that seem strange? Well, suppose you have a friend who is sad, and suppose you speak happily and cheerfully to him or her? What may happen. You *LIVEN* them up! Yes, what a beautiful word that is—to *LIVEN*, to give life. Your cheerful temper has given life to another soul. And what is the opposite of life?

Death.

You shall hear an old Indian tale of an elephant, who bore the name of Damsel-face. He belonged to the King, and had a nice stall to feed and rest in, and was a quiet, well-behaved creature.

One night, some burglars crouched in a dark corner of the elephant's stall, and talked so that he overheard:—

"Dig through the wall—kill the master of the house if he resists—kill and spare not."

And so they talked of robbery, cruelty, and murder. It all sank into the mind of Damsel-face, and the same thing happened other nights until at last the influence of evil—of death—had flowed into the elephant's nature and made him plan bad deeds himself. He seized his keeper in his trunk, and dashed the poor fellow to the earth, dead. Others who came near to soothe him were also slain.

"What is to be done with Damsel-face?" the King asked of his wise minister.

"I will go and see," said the minister.

He went to the stall, looked the elephant up and down, and asked questions of the people until he learned that men of bad character had been seen loitering round the elephant's stable. Then he called some Brahmans, whom he could trust, and bade them sit at night in a corner of the stall and talk in the hearing of Damsel-face. So they talked :

"Lead the blind man over the road—pick up the fallen child—carry the sick man who has fainted by the way."

Damsel-face listened. The good influence—the influence for life—flowed into his heart. His temper was softened. He behaved mildly towards his new keeper, and the King heard with gladness that Damsel-face gave no more trouble.

Shall I tell you of the influence—for life (for I will say no more of the death-influence)—of the lady who came from Ireland to Wales? For fifteen years Monacella—such was her name—lived in a lonely place in the woods of North Wales, alone with her thoughts and her prayers, and living as a religious hermit. So runs the old legend of the seventh century. Now, one day the Prince of Powys was hunting hares, and, with hounds and bugles, he and his men raised the echoes of the hills and dales.

A hare rushed to Monacella's hiding-place, and took refuge under her robe.

"You must not touch the poor creature," said the hermit to the prince.

The hare was left alone, and the prince, struck by the sweetness and piety of the saint, gave her the land

near by, so that she and companions of like mind might build a church and convent. Ever after that the hares followed Saint Monacella about in a crowd, and the Welsh folk called them "Monacella's lambs." And even after the saint died her influence for life remained, for the people loved the hares for her sake; and if anybody saw a hare pursued by a hunter, he would shout:

"God and St. Monacella be with thee!"

And the hare would be sure to escape by the blessing of the good dead woman. Thus Monacella's influence was seen in her life-time, and also after her death.

But a certain French saint was not able in his life-time to save the folk whom he pitied. I mean St. Lupus, who also lived in the seventh century.

"Do, sir, I pray you," he said to the governor of the city of Chalons, "let these poor souls out of prison, they have suffered enough."

"No, on no account," roared the governor.

St. Lupus fell sick and died, thinking that his work had been in vain. His body was laid on a bier, or stretcher, and carried in procession past the city prison. The bearers set down the bier in front of the jail, and the captives thrust their hands through the bars of the windows, and cried in a loud voice:

"Lupus, St. Lupus, help!"

The old story says that at once their chains fell off, the bolts of the doors slipped back, the big gate opened, and the prisoners came forth with joy. The good influence acted after all, even though Lupus had passed away, and had not seen success with his own

eyes. And I wonder what is the real meaning of the tale? May it not be this—that the heart of the rough governor was touched, and the hearts of the citizens were touched at the thought of Lupus' earnest plea, and so at last they had mercy on the prisoners?

Before I close I may relate one more story of prisons.

In the year 1816, an English gentleman named Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton printed a book on Prisons. In this book he spoke of many things that called for change, or reform—the prisoners' rooms, their food, the way they were treated, the time they stayed in prison, and so on.

The book was put into the French tongue. A copy of this French translation found its way to the East, as far off as India.

In the south of India is the district or province of Madras, and here lived a gentleman who saw the French book and read it. As he read it, he asked himself questions:—

“Are the prisons in Madras what they ought to be? Could they be made better? Who is to do it? Shall I go myself and see what state they are in? Shall I ask the Government of Madras to put the jails into better condition?”.

So he went from prison to prison and saw things that made him sad, and he spoke in public of what he had seen, and persuaded the men in power to change the state of the jails for the better; and the cells that once were dirty were now clean, and dark rooms let in the light of the sun, and many an Indian captive was comforted.

Thus the good influence passed from England to France, and from France to far-away India.

Thus the influence of Sir T. F. Buxton gave life to mournful hearts in England, and the life-stream flowed on till it blessed the prisoners of Madras.

Thus your parents and your teachers pass the good influence to you.

And in turn, what will you do?

THE POWER OF CHARACTER.

The cup-bearer held a most lovely goblet in his hand. It brimmed with rich wine. With a bow, he placed it on the table before the Emperor Henry. All eyes were turned to the cup, which was made of Alexandrian glass, and brightened with coloured enamel.

Henry drank. Then he looked at the cup, and thought to himself :

“I have often wished to give my friend Odilo a noble gift. He is a rare and good man, and if I give him this cup all men will know that I think much of the worthy monk.”

Beckoning to his side two priests, the Emperor said :

“Take this goblet as a present from me to the holy man Odilo.”

They bore it with much care, and bowed before Odilo, and gave him the cup and the Emperor's message.

The cup was put on a table, and the monks who were Odilo's companions gathered round to see its beauty.

Odilo left the room for a while. The monks passed the goblet from hand to hand, admiring its pattern.

Crash!

Alas! it had fallen, and was broken. When Odilo came back he was much grieved, not that he cared for

such precious objects, but he feared lest the Emperor might suppose he was careless of the presents made to him in friendship.

Odilo and the monks went to the church and knelt in prayer.

"Bring the goblet to me," bade Odilo.

When the cup was brought to Saint Odilo, lo! it was all one again, and no crack appeared in it.

"My brothers," he said, "you must have been blind. The cup has had no damage."

Of course, this is but a legend. But you see what faith the people had in the power of the saint's character. They felt a good man has influence on all the world about him. Not, indeed, that a good man can mend glass by merely praying, but he may do what is better; he may mend the broken spirit, and heal the hurt souls, and make joy where there was sorrow.

Crowds of folk passed the window of the little house in Ravenna (an Italian city by the sea). In this house lived the poor weaver who worked so busily with his shuttle and wove the warp and the woof. A fine man he was, and he had a brave heart and clear head, and understood many things besides weaving. His name was Severus.

"The people," he said to his wife, "are going to the church to choose a new bishop, who shall be shepherd to the flock of souls in Ravenna. It needs a strong and valiant man to be bishop in these rough days."

The time was the fourth century.

"I think," added the weaver, "I will go to the church and see what happens."

"You had better stay at home," replied his wife. "Strange would you look in your working clothes among the finely dressed nobles."

"I should do no harm."

"You ought to remain here. You have quite enough to do to earn bread for your daughter and me."

But Severus still felt he must go, and the crowds were still hurrying past the window.

"Well then, go!" cried his wife.

As he was leaving the house she called after him :

"Come back with a sound box on your ear! I suppose, forsooth, you expect to be elected bishop!"

Before long the good weaver was standing at the back of the crowd in the minster. The folk knelt, and begged heaven to help in the choice of a new leader. And the old tale in the "Lives of the Saints" says that a white dove fluttered in through the great door and winged its way close to the weaver's ear.

He put up his hand to wave it away.

"No, no," he said, "I am not worthy!"

It came back, and the eyes of the people were fixed upon the scene.

"It is the sign of Heaven!" exclaimed many voices. "Severus shall be Bishop of Ravenna."

And upon the poor weaver the votes of the people fell.

A neighbour ran to the house to tell his wife.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed. "It is likely, indeed, that the man who tosses a shuttle should be Bishop of Ravenna."

With a troop of people before and behind him,

Severus walked to the modest little house. He wore a bishop's robe, and the wife saw that the report was true.

In pictures Saint Severus is shown with a shuttle at his side. The humble weaver had a force and beauty in his character that made the citizens admire and respect him.

The weaver of Ravenna was poor by birth and trade.

Sometimes the man who is small and mean in body may also be a man of strong and worthy character.

The Saxons of Transylvania (in the east of Europe) have a legend of a young fellow who had two tall and vigorous brothers, while he himself was short and thin-looking. Yet withal, he had two eyes that could see into things better than many other people could, and a brain that could put thoughts together into wise plans and purposes. But he was despised for his seeming weakness.

There came a day when the people assembled in the "King's Meadow"—the spot where a new king was always elected.

By old use and wont, a crown was laid on a hillock that rose in the midst of the meadow, and then all the bells in the town pealed at once. Amidst the clanging noise the people kept silence and watched the crown.

The two big brothers were present. They had bidden the youngest stay at home. He would not have the least chance of being chosen as lord and guide of the Saxon people.

However, after they had left home, he had slipped out and had hidden himself in a pig-sty that was built near the King's Meadow.

A murmur was heard among the multitude.

Lo! the crown had slowly risen from the earth. All eyes followed its motion through the air. Upon whom would it rest? Whose head would it adorn with its golden circle?

It floated right out of the King's Meadow. Everyone was astonished. It began to descend. It was going down into the pig-sty. Surely no king would be found there!

The crowd rushed to the fence and looked over.

The youngest of the three brothers stood there, trembling, yet full of courage and faith, and the crown lay on his brow.

"Hail, King!" shouted thousands of voices.

MUSIC.

Great fat fish, like porpoises, are sometimes seen in the waters of the river Meta, in South America. The natives call them bueos. A Spanish traveller noticed them, and a native told him these bueos were "the friends of man."

"Why call them friends?"

"They understand man's music; they love music and song. They follow a boat in which men play and sing. Perhaps they catch the sound of music when at a long distance off, and they will come swimming up at the sound.

"How do they prove their friendship?"

"They drive away the alligators who are man's foes. And so, if ever a fisherman catches a bueo in his net, he always sets it free."

In this simple way do the South American natives show what the power of music is. •

Lovely is the music of the strings of Apollo's lyre, the music of the noble organ in the cathedral, the music of the violin played by a country fiddler or skilled performer in the concert-hall, the music of the piano when touched by a light and clever hand, the music of the voice in a solo or in the glorious rush of the chorus.

Yes, but there are two sorts of music.

There is the music of pride. A man or woman sings alone before a vast crowd, and the crowd applaud, and the heart of the singer is filled with vain conceit, as he or she thinks. "It is I who cause all this vast crowd to applaud. What a charm is mine! What a magic art I possess!"

There is also the music of service, when the player or singer devotes the sweet sound to the joy and comfort of a fellow creature. Such is the music of the mother who sings her dear babe to sleep. Such is the music of the daughter who plays a favourite melody on the piano to her parents in the evening when the labour of the day is done, and weary spirits long for soothing. Such is the music of the singers (alone, or in a choir) who visit a ward of a hospital and make sweet song for the consolation of the sick. Such is the music of the merry band of young people who go to the asylum or other place where a number of aged folk live, and perform a lively cantata or operetta for the pleasure of the inmates.

An old Irish legend (told in Lady Gregory's "Book of Saints and Wonders") tells how music won back a lost heart. In very far back times, a man named Cuil married a woman named Canoclach. For some reason which we do not know the wife began to dislike her husband. She would not dwell in the house with him, but ran away. Over the heather-covered moor she fled, and through the wild wood, and along the stony paths up the hillside. And he followed, trying to win back her love.

At last she reached the seashore, and, her husband

not being in sight, she walked slowly along the beach till she was stopped by a beautiful sound. A whale had died at sea, and its body had drifted ashore, and all the flesh had been stripped off by birds of prey and the skeleton was left, and the wind whistled through the bare bones and the hard sinews, and the blowing of the wind was changed into pleasant notes and "chords" and harmony. And as the woman with the troubled heart listened to the music she fell asleep in contentment.

Now when Cuil came that way, and heard the music, and saw his wife in slumber, the thought came to him that he also might make music by taking sinews of the whale and tying them to a frame of wood, and he found that not only would the wind fetch music out of the strings, but his hand might twang them and make a song of the harp. For this instrument was the first harp. And Cuil played when his wife awoke, and peace was breathed into her sore spirit, and she loved him once again.

THE CARP.

You have watched the gold-fish in the globe of clear water. You have seen their lovely colours flash in the changing light as they swim round, gaping and staring, and perhaps (who knows?) wondering why they were put in the crystal prison!

The gold-fish belongs to a family of fish known as the carp.

It is of the carp of Japan that I wish to speak. A fine, brave fellow he is, with his three fins below and one above, and a look in his eye as if he meant to get along! And he does indeed get along—jumping over rocks, splashing through rapids, and swimming up the stream while more timid fishes swim down.

So Japanese mothers and fathers say to their boys, "You must do as the carp does: you must push your way with courage, you must go on in spite of things in the way; only courageous souls are wanted in Japan, ready to work, to help, to serve the fatherland."

Not only do the Japanese fathers and mothers talk of the bonny carp. At the beginning of the month of May every year they let the carp appear all over the city of Yokohama, and even in the air!

This sounds absurd, but I can soon explain. Models of carp, made of paper or cotton, are hung on poles on house tops for all the world, especially the boys, to see and admire. They are made hollow, with open mouths, so that when the wind blows the carp will swell out with air, and seem to be full of life and eagerness; and it will swing to and fro on the pole, and give joy to the young eyes that watch.

The scales of the carp are painted yellow and red, and the eyes are put in with round pieces, or discs, of silver paper.

Some of the flying-fish are small, some large; some will be as much as ten or fifteen feet long.

Can you not fancy that you see the crowd of paper and cotton fishes fluttering from poles on the roofs of the town and from the tops of the cottages near Yokohama? When the wind blows strong what a dancing to and fro and up and down of the lively fishes! And how the hearts of the Japanese lads leap with the motions of the carp; and how the boys laugh, and their sisters, mothers, and fathers rejoice with them!

Perhaps, over one roof, you may see four jumping fishes—one very big, a second rather less, a third still less, and a fourth least.

What means the difference in size? It tells a tale to the passer-by. There are four boys living in this house. The longest and fattest carp stands (or rather flies!) for the eldest, and so on down to the youngest. Four jolly fish bobbing up and down, and gulping the fresh Japanese breeze; and four jolly boys skipping here and there, growing and learning, and preparing to play the man for the land of the Rising Sun.

An English gentleman, named Sir Frederick Treves, (sergeant-surgeon to King Edward VII.) was visiting the City of Yokohama, and just outside the town he noticed a small house with a carp on the roof.

It was a little fish, made of common paper. Its colour was very faint, as if the person who hung it there could not afford to buy a finely painted carp. There were no silver spots for the eyes. Yet it bobbed about the same as its longer comrades. It did its best.

A Japanese mother came from the house and held up her little boy. She was not well dressed, and her face was not handsome. She was poor, the dwelling was poor, and the carp was poor.

The plain-looking mother's face was smiling as she held up the boy and pointed to the fish. She talked gaily, as if telling her son how well the carp blew itself out, and how bravely it battled with the wind from the Pacific Ocean, and how her boy would act the valiant part also. . .

Sir Frederick Treves, as I said, was a surgeon. He had a keen eye for signs of health or disease. Something in the child's look drew his attention. He gazed more closely. .

The child was blind.

The little Japanese could not see what his mother saw. Not for his eyes did the fish dance in the wind. . .

And yet the mother pointed and smiled and chatted, for she knew that, in his way, the blind citizen can serve his fatherland.

The weakest of us may serve, in some way or other, the beloved land in which we were born.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from Sir F. Treves's book of travel in the East entitled, "On the other side of the Lantern."

A PERSIAN PLAY.

Once each year crowds of Persian people come together to see a play acted, and the scenes are so many—as many as fifty—that the play goes on for ten days; and old and young, rich and poor, men and women look on with deep attention and never once seem tired, though the story is very sad and often makes them cry. It is the same play each year, and is called “Hasan and Husain.” Of the early scenes I will not speak, nor of Hasan who is poisoned by his wife in the ninth scene. So I will begin at the point where the noble Arab Husain, grandson of the Prophet Mohammed, has encamped with his one hundred and fifty warriors, and the women and children, on the plain of Karbala, by the river Euphrates. His foes had told a lie. They said if he could come out of Arabia to Babylonia they would have him for King; and now he was girt round by enemies; he and his friends could get no water, and death was certain. These things, I may say, happened in October, 680.

“Our lips are very dry,” sighed the women.

Abis offered to go out and seek water—or doom. His slave—his faithful negro slave, Shauzab—resolved to go with him. Each put a shroud, such as the dead wear, on his body, and then put on his armour,

and so went forth; and the drums of the enemy growled.

Then the captain of the enemy cried to Abis:—

“Our army counts its thousands and thousands. You cannot prevail against us. What a pity that you, like to a beautiful cypress-tree, should be cut down. Come over to our side, and honour and riches shall be yours. Your master Husain has no estate, no property, no money, and his service is not worth a fig.”

“Wretch!” shouted Abis. “You offer me riches, but we on the side of Husain are fighting in a just cause, and we are sure of a dwelling in Paradise.”

“Oho!” laughed the captain, “brave men such as you do not need armour.”

At this taunt Abis took off his coat of mail and showed the white shroud, and then, with a face that shone with courage, he rushed upon the foe, and soon he lay dead beside the body of his loyal negro.

Ali Akbar, the dear son of Husain, said to his father:

“Father, I desire greatly to walk in the garden of Paradise.”

His father wept bitterly, for Ali’s words meant that he would do battle with the foe, and endure a martyr’s death.

“I had hoped, my son, to be at your wedding, and to see your hands and feet dyed red with henna, as is the manner of happy bridegrooms.”

“I am made of earth,” replied Ali, “and to earth I will return, and my marriage will be with the grave.”

Thus he rode out to war, and the yell of the foes thrilled the ears of the folk in the camp, and Ali was

sore wounded in the fray, and he retired to the tent of his father, and lay down and said sorrowfully :

“ Father, I promised the children to fetch water from the stream, and I have brought none, and I thirst myself. . . . And now I go to see Mohammed in Paradise, and there is no God but Allah.”

Such are the words that Moslems love to say as they die.

Kasim also was slain. A valiant youth was Kasim, and he loved Fatima, the brother of poor dead Ali; and it was agreed that they should be married even in the hour of death. So two couches were set, and one was bright with flowers, and the other was black; and the black one was in memory of Ali, and the bright one was for the husband who was about to be killed. Then Kasim and his wife Fatima sang a song together—

“ O Ali, where art thou ? We see you not,
Your seat is empty, O Allah ! let not
Youth suffer such woe as Ali suffered.”

Kasim fought with the foe, and shrill was the sound of the deadly steel, and savage the cry of the warriors, and the bridegroom staggered back to the camp, and saw his wife for the last time. He saw her, he waved his hand, he turned back to the fight, and he breathed out his life.

One by one the comrades of Husain were slain, and Husain was left alone with the women and children.

Now, when Husain, clad in armour, charged the foe like a raging lion, they fled before his face and were

scattered. Then came he to the river Euphrates, and dipped his hand in the stream to scoop up water to drink.

"Stay!" cried a voice from some unseen person. "Can you dare to drink, O Husain, when the enemy are in the camp of Karbala, and even now plunder the tents, and lay evil hands upon the women?"

At this Husain dropped the water, and, thirsty as he was, he waited not to drink, and he made all haste to the camp, only, indeed, to find that the alarm was false, and that the foe had not yet entered the camp.

Husain looked at the women.

"These are my army," he said, with a sad smile, as he prepared to go to the field.

The very angels in Paradise were stricken with grief as they saw the noble Husain, and they sent the swift-winged Futrus to give him aid, and destroy all the foe.

"We can slay them," said the angel, "with just the tips of our wings."

"Nay," answered Husain, "do you not see these brave youths who were my companions all slain? Not if the crown were set on my head, not if the world were given me for a kingdom, not if Alexander the Great were my slave, not if Solomon the Wise were my doorkeeper, would I wish to stay on earth now that my friends are gone."

He said farewell to the women, nor did he speak less kindly to the aged negress who had nursed him as a baby.

"Master," she said, "I have grown old in your

service. Forgive me, I pray you, for any fault I have ever committed."

"Well have you served me and my family," he replied. "Black is your face, but your heart is pure white. Many are the thanks I owe you; and pardon me, I beg you, for any unkind deed that I have ever done towards you." .

Husain, alone, undaunted, and knowing that his hour was come, dashed among the foe, and received many a deep wound from sword and arrow. He came back to the camp, dismounted from his horse, made a little heap of earth, laid his head upon it as a pillow, and the enemy followed and stoned him with stones, and he died, murmuring the names of those whom he loved.

Two only of the women escaped. The rest were carried away to the city of Damascus, and there, in ragged garments, and with ropes round their necks, they were placed in a half-ruined building. And the heads of the heroes of Karbala were stuck on spears and stored in a chamber in the palace of Yazid, prince of Damascus.

The girls of the city came to see the prisoners in their misery, and pelted them with stones.

One day, the daughter of Prince Yazid begged her father to let her visit the prison, and he gave his consent, but bade her dress in her brightest array so as to mock the captives by her splendour. So, with her maids, she tripped towards the ruin, and they jingled their tambourines.

"See," laughed the princess, "a crown is on my head, a ring is on my finger, and gold sandals on my feet."

"Alas," sobbed Rukayyah, the daughter of Husain, "my feet are bare, and I have no father."

"See," laughed the princess, "my hands are red with lovely henna, and a gold necklace is on my neck."

"Alas," sobbed Rukayyah, "blood is on my hands, tears in my eyes, and a rope round my neck."

There was silence.

The heart of the princess was touched. She felt sorry for the light words she had used.

"Forgive me," she said in a faltering voice. "I ought not to have mocked you. Let me rather serve you. Tell me what I can do for you."

"Go to your father," replied Rukayyah quickly, "and ask him to give you my father's head."

The princess obeyed the prisoner's wish, and the head was brought, and Rukayyah gazed upon it in affection and cried :

"I am so pleased to see thee, O beloved father."

And she lay down and died.

Now, it came to pass, after these things, that the heart of Yazid was softened towards the captives, and he set them free, though more troubles yet awaited the sorrowful women.

The closing scene of the Persian play is the Day of Judgment, when the angel Sarafil blows his trumpet, and all the dead awaken, and the soul of Husain is among them. The angel Gabriel gives the key of Paradise to the Prophet Mohammed, and the Prophet gives it to Husain, and Husain unlocks the gate of Heaven, and whosoever has shed a tear at the sad fate

of Husain, or mourned for his woes, may go into the mansions of the blest.

And who could hear the tale and not feel pity ?

NOTE.—The text of 37 scenes of the drama is given in Sir Lewis Pelly's "Miracle-play of Hasan and Husain," published in two volumes in 1879.

THE TWO CAIRNS.

A big pile of sticks and stones rises on an island in the Torres Straits, between New Guinea and Australia.

The black folk of that warm region pass by this cairn, and salute. It is the grave of a great chief, who fought many a brave and manly fight and was good to his people. He is honoured by the community.

I shall now tell you of another man and another cairn.

The men of the village of Ergau said to the women :

“Go and take some biiu to the folk of Ergau.”

Ergau was another village. You had to go over the hills to get to it.

Biiu is a sticky kind of cake made from the mangrove tree.

The man Goba stood up and said :

“Nay, let not the women go ; I will do this business for you.”

So they gave him a parcel of mangrove-cake, which he was to exchange for turtle-meat at the village of Ergau. Turtle-meat is the flesh of the great reptile, which, covered with a shield, swims in the ocean by means of his four flippers.

Goba walked away, and climbed one hill. Then he sat down and ate all the cake !

When he arrived at Ergan he received a nice lot of turtle-meat from the fishermen.

"Take this to Wakaid," said they, "and sell to your people, and bring us back some biu."

He set out, and climbed one hill, and sat down and ate all the turtle-meat. He told the Wakaid folk that the men of Ergan had no meat to sell, but he had left the biu with them; and he went to bed, and slept soundly.

Next morning he took another basket of mangrove cake, ate a good deal of it on the way, kept the rest covered up, and told the men of Ergan he had no biu that day, but would take some more turtle-meat. They trusted his word, and he departed with plenty of turtle, and on the road he had a feast of meat and cake.

A third time he did the like, and he even got a hollow bamboo filled with tasty oil of turtle, and this he used as a relish with the biu. He was having a jolly time.

But the next time two men of Ergan followed him and watched him, and saw what he did as he sat by the wayside. He little knew that two pairs of keen eyes peered at him through the thick bushes. The spies returned to their village and told how Goba had acted the traitor to the people of two villages. And Goba went home and slept a sound but selfish sleep.

Again did Goba eat the biu, and again he took turtle-meat for nothing, promising to come back with a load of biu, and again he gorged at the roadside.

The men of Ergan crept through the bushes. They

had clubs and stones in their hands. Goba was stuffing himself with the fruit of other people's hard labour.

As he slept they fell upon him with stout blows. He awoke and shouted.

They paused to tell him why they treated him thus, then they slew him.

Over his body they raised a large heap of sticks and stones. This was the cairn of dishonour. It showed the people's hatred of meanness and greed.

Two young men of the Ergan tribe went to the village of Wakaid to tell the folk there what had happened.

And the people of Wakaid answered and said :

"It was well done."

And so Goba was disloyal to two communities, or societies—the community of Ergan and the community of Wakaid ; and the wrath of the people whom he had wronged brought upon him shame and death.

NOTE.—Adapted from a legend published by Professor A. C. Haddon in "Folklore," 1890.

THE MAMMOTH.

A thin and sickly child sat on a doorstep in a back street where the light of the sun seldom came. Dirty were its garments, ill-fed was the body; the tongue could not speak happy and joyous words, and none gave it toys and picture-books.

Yet precious is every child in the world.

A man with bent back, and slow feet, and blear eyes, and hands stiff with rheumatism, and hair whitened by seventy years, saw the landlord lock the door of the house where he used to live. He could not pay the rent, and he was alone and friendless.

Yet precious is every man in the world.

A woman, with tousled hair and ragged clothes and torn and patched boots, and a face that never smiled, walked down the street, and saw the shadows of Christmas trees and leaping children thrown on the blinds of the windows. And she had no home.

Yet precious is every woman in the world.

* * * * *

In the snows of Siberia a traveller, named Harry de Windt, rode with two comrades in reindeer sledges. He was on a long journey from Paris, in France, to New

York, in the United States, all by land, except that he would cross the icy passage of sea between Asia and America.

At a post-house on the way—just a rude wooden shelter—the traveller met a man who was carrying a very curious load in twenty sledges.

The man was Dr. Herz, and the load was a dead mammoth, cut up into many pieces!

A mammoth, you know, is an elephant that lived in olden days in the cold parts of the earth, and had hair all over its body as a cloak from the bitter frost. It was much larger than the elephants which we know to-day. Herds of these animals roamed the plains of Northern Europe and Asia. Now and then it happened that one died in such a way that its body was wrapped all round with snow-drifts, and got frozen at once, and remained in the case of snow and ice which never melted for hundreds and thousands of years. Flesh which is kept cold will not decay. And so from time to time hunters in Siberia have come upon frozen mammoths whose meat is still good enough to eat; and thus they can not only obtain ivory from its tusks (which is what they are chiefly in quest of), but flesh from its bones for dinner!

Doctor Herz, however, was not a hunter, but a man of science who studied the ways and facts of the animal world; that is, he was a biologist. It was his great desire to find a whole mammoth and bring it to a museum in Petersburg in Russia, to be looked at with wonder by all who passed by.

He had succeeded. At the bottom of a cliff he had found a mammoth bedded in a large block of ice. It must have fallen off the top of the cliff while cropping the tall grass and bushes, for pads of vegetable stuff were still to be found in its mouth; and its two front legs were broken. Immense were its long curved tusks, and, when alive, it stood about twenty feet high. Dr. Herz had carefully broken away the ice, and, as he could not put the whole of the big beast in one sledge, he had it cut into pieces or sections in such a way that he could put them together again, bone to bone, and muscle to muscle. The flesh was still pink and fresh!

Across the ice and snow, and through the vast pine-woods of Asia, this man of science was travelling with his reindeer sledges, his dogs, and his troop of native drivers and servants, and full of hope that he should bring his prize in safety to the Imperial Academy of Science in Petersburg, the capital city of Russia.

He and Mr. De Windt had a short talk. Each had a goal to make for: one to New York, the other to Petersburg. They bade each other good-bye, and hastened on.

The doctor had his triumph. The mammoth now stands in all its glory in the museum of Petersburg.

* * * * *

Yes, it was right to go to all this trouble to secure the mammoth; quite right.

But think! How eager we are to take care of a dead beast as a most precious object!

And we are not so careful of the precious lives of children, men and women!

NOTE.—The anecdote of Dr. Herz is taken from De Windt's "From Paris to New York by Land," published in 1903.

THE MAN IN THE GROTTO.

A wild spot. Cliffs rose high. Waves, with a low murmur, rattled lightly over the pebbles and the sand. Sea-birds flew.

Three men came on the scene—an elder man with wise eyes, and a younger man, both wearing the tunic of gentlemen, and sandals on their feet. The third was a servant.

“So now we are on the shore of Lemnos,” said the elder. “It is ten years since I came here, carrying poor Philoctetes (Fil-ok-tee-tees). His cries of pain were grievous to hear; the smell from his foot made one sick.”

“What had hurt him?”

“A snake that guarded the treasure of a god had bitten his foot. The poison caused a wound that smelt so badly that the Greeks could not bear to have the man in their camp. They bade me bring him to Lemnos and leave him there. Be careful, Neoptolemus (Ne-op-tol-emus). He may see you, but he must not see me. Look for his grotto. It is a cave that has two ways in—one facing the sunny side in winter, the other facing the cool side in summer.”

The younger Greek walked forward a little. All of a sudden he called out :

“Here is the grotto!”

The elder man, whose name was Ulysses (You-liss-ees), crouched behind a rock, and said :

“Speak softly ! Look in. Can you see him ?”

“No. I see a bed of dry leaves, a wooden bowl, a few sticks to make a fire, and a band of linen as if to bind his wounded foot.”

Ulysses beckoned to the servant.

“Stand at yon point,” he ordered, “and if you behold a lame man approach, give us the signal at once.”

The servant retired.

“What do you want to get from this unhappy dweller in the grotto ?”

“The arrows of Hercules (Her-ku-lees).”

“What ! the arrows of the God of Strength ?”

“Yes.”

“What for ?”

“Without them, and without Philoctetes to shoot them, we Greeks can never conquer the proud gates and towers of Troy ; but with him all will be well, and his arrows, which the God of Strength gave him, will slay prince Paris and many another mighty captain of the Trojan host ; and Troy city shall fall into our hands and the glory shall be ours for ever. And you, my friend, must obtain the weapons from him, and also persuade him to go with you to Troy. Our ship waits.”

“Why not ask him yourself ?”

“Because he hates me. It was I who brought him here against his will, and left him alone ten years ago. You must tell him you are the son of the famous

Achilles (Ak-ill-ees), and that will be true; but he must know no more of the truth. Tell him you want his arrows to make war against the Greeks, because they would not let you have your brave dead father's arms and armour."

"It goes against my heart to deceive the lame man."

"You must deceive him."

"Why not persuade?"

"He would not listen."

"Why not force him?"

"He has the deadly arrows, against which we are powerless."

"I should blush in telling the lie."

"But do you not wish the Greeks to capture Troy?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then I tell you plainly, Neoptolemus, there is no other means but this. We must have this man and the arrows."

"Very well, I will do as you say."

"Good. I will keep out of sight. But, if you are long in the business, I will send a man as my spy to see what is happening; but you must pretend not to know him."

Ulysses vanished.

Some of the ship's crew hurried up. We will call them the CHORUS.

CHORUS.—Sir, may we help you find the man you seek?

NEO.—He dwells in a cave.

CHORUS.—Which is the way?

NEO.—Yonder are the two doors of his dwelling, and its stony floor is his bed.

CHORUS.—And where is he ?

NEO.—Gone, I doubt not, in search of food. In spite of his lameness he must needs help himself, for he has no companion.

CHORUS.—Alas ! how many ills does the race of man endure.

NEO.—But such is the will of the gods.

CHORUS.—Hark ! we heard the groan as of some wretched soul in distress. We catch the sound of a footstep. He comes ! And as he comes he sighs.

Philoctetes limped towards the cave, and met the young Greek and his comrades.

"Welcome, strangers," he cried, "to this lonely island. If I judge rightly by your dress you are from Greece, my native land. Do not shrink from me and my affliction.

"It is true," answered Neoptolemus, "we are from Greece."

"It is joyful to me to hear the sound of a Greek tongue after ten years of awful silence. And who are you, I pray ?"

"The son of famous Achilles."

"He was my friend. And whence come you ?"

"From Troy."

"Troy ? I was one of the captains who sailed from Greece to Troy, and I do not recollect that you were with our company."

"Were you indeed one of the Greeks in that great army who went forth to punish Paris for taking away the Lady Helen ?"

"I am Philoctetes, to whom the strong god gave the deadly arrows. But when I was bit by the serpent,

and the Greeks desired to be rid of me, Ulysses and his people brought me here as if for my good, and I slept, worn out with the pain; and when I awoke I was lying alone on this shore, and neither man nor ship was in sight. Since then I have gained my food as best I could, hunting the wild creatures; drinking from the springs, or, in the days of frost, breaking the ice on the pool; and kindling fire by means of the stricken flint. Once or twice, passing voyagers landed, and saw me, and pitied me, and gave me a little food, a little clothing; but none would take me with them as I besought.

"Much do I feel for you," said Neoptolemus, "for I also have been ill-used by King Agamemnon and the crafty Ulysses."

"In what way?"

"When I heard that my father Achilles was killed in the wars, I hastened to Troy and claimed his arms and armour. But no! I was told that all were given to Ulysses. And when I spoke in anger at this wrong he told me that I had not been in the Greek fleet when it sailed for Troy, and therefore I had no right to my father's shield and spear. Therefore I hate Ulysses and his friends, and I love all who hate them."

"Where was bold Ajax?" asked the man of the grotto. "He would have helped you."

"Ajax the bold is dead."

"And where was noble old Nestor?"

"He is burdened with sorrow, for he has lost a beloved son."

"And where was the mighty Patroclus, the comrade of Achilles?"

"Dead."

"And is that fool, Thersites, the humpback, the clown and coward, still alive?"

"He is."

"Ah, and so the brave and generous die, and miserable wretches survive!"

"It is true, and, now I must bid you farewell."

"Oh," cried Philoctetes, in a wailing voice, "do not leave me on this dreadful island! Take me in your vessel. Land me on some spot where I may see the faces of men—your own home, or the place where my father lives—if indeed he still lives—anywhere but here! Remember how misfortunes arrive to all. They may come to you in time. Pity me now, as you would wish to be pitied yourself."

CHORUS.—Pity him, sir, lest the gods be wroth with you.

Neoptolemus paused. His heart seemed touched.

"Yes," he said, "I will take you with me."

"O happy moment," cried Philoctetes. "Let me take a last look at my cave."

Just then two men approached. One looked like a merchant. It was the spy.

"Sir," said the spy to young Neoptolemus, "my companion told me you were on this island. I happen to have been driven here by an ill wind. It may be of interest to you to hear the news from Troy."

"Most truly."

"A fleet of ships is on its way to fetch you back. But stay—"

His voice dropped to a whisper.

"Who is that lame man with you?"

"The famous Philoctetes."

"Ha! then escape out of his way."

Philoctetes had noticed the whispering

"What secret is this," he asked.

"I do not know," replied Neoptolemus, "but the stranger may speak out."

"I dare not say so now," said the spy, who was all the time deceiving. "The Greeks would injure me."

"Fear not," returned Neoptolemus. "Both I and my friend here hate the Greeks, who are besieging Troy."

"Then I will tell you. The wicked Ulysses has heard from a soothsayer that Troy will never fall unless Philoctetes is brought back from this island. If you wish to keep Philoctetes from the hands of Ulysses, fly at once."

The Spy hastily disappeared.

"Quick!" cried the man of the grotto, "let us escape before Ulysses comes."

"The wind is against us."

"No matter; every wind is fair when we flee from that which we hate."

"Then bring your treasure, if you have any."

"One moment! I will go into my cave and get the herb that soothes my wounded foot, and my bow and arrows."

Presently he came out with a great bow, and a quiver full of arrows.

"May I see those weapons?" asked the young man.

Come into the cave with me, and look at them, my friend," said the lame man.

They went in.

CHORUS.—Sad has been the lot of this poor prisoner of the isle! Beaten by all weathers, always suffering

the ache of his wound, gaining but scanty meat from the fowls of the air, he has not known joy for tén long years.

But now, behold the joyful captive freed ;
A fairer fate, and brighter days succeed ;
For he at last hath found a friend
Of noblest race, to save and to defend,
To guide him with protecting hand,
And safe restore him to his native land.

The sound of the Chorus ceased. The lame man emerged from the grotto, leaning on the arm of Neoptolemus.

“What is the matter ?” asked the young Greek.

Philoctetes raised a terrible cry.

“What is it ?”

“I die, I perish ! Oh, that you would get a sword and lop off this painful limb.”

“Hold on to me. I will assist you.”

“Oh—oh !”

The groans of Philoctetes echoed among the caves and cliffs, and the startled sea-gulls whirled round and round. Presently he seemed to grow faint.

“I feel sleepy,” he said. “My son, if, as I lie here, our foes surprise us, shoot with this bow.”

He gave the bow and arrows of Hercules to Neoptolemus.

“The pain again !” he shrieked. “Oh, that I could go where my Master went—the mighty Hercules ! I saw him mount up, from the blazing funeral pile on mount Eta, even to the mansion of the gods.”

The wretched man sank to the earth near the

entrance of the grotto. Drops of sweat shone like dew on his body. He slept.

CHORUS : Sleep ! thou patron of mankind,
Great physician of the mind,
Who dost not pain nor sorrow know,
Sweetest balm of every woe,
Mildest sovereign, hear us now,
Hear thy wretched suppliant's vow ;
His eyes in gentle slumbers close,
And continue his repose ;
Hear thy wretched suppliant's vow,
Great physician, hear us now.

The song of the Chorus, praying to the God of Sleep, died away softly. For a while there was silence, then the man of the grotto opened his eyes.

"I thought you would die," said Neoptolemus. "Shall my men"—(pointing to the chorus)—"carry you?"

"No; lend me your hand."

They entered the cave and rested awhile. As the young Greek looked upon the worn and pain-drawn face of Philoetetes, he began to question himself. Was he acting rightly in deceiving this poor sufferer? His conscience smote him. Neoptolemus heaved a deep sigh.

The lame man looked up anxiously.

"You find me a burden? You wish to go without me?"

"No; but I am in distress."

"Speak."

"You are going where you do not wish to go. We shall take you to Troy."

"Troy!"

"Yes, but to conquer Troy."

"I am deceived. I am betrayed! Give me back my arrows!"

"I may not do so. The safety of the Greeks demands them."

"Vile wretch!" shouted Philoctetes. "You have robbed me of my precious bow. Restore my arrows! Do you not hear? O mountains, rivers, rocks, beasts—to you I call! for men will not heed my voice."

The young man stood out of the lame man's reach. His teeth were firm set, his brows bent, but his eyes were eager and uncertain.

"Ah," cried the lame man with a broken sob, "I must go back to my cave to die, for now I have not my arrows to gain me my daily food."

"Let us go," said the Chorus.

Neoptolemus stood in doubt. First he glanced towards the ships, then at the trembling tenant of the grotto.

Then he held out the arrows.

"Halt!" cried Ulysses, who rushed upon the scene.

"Ulysses!" cried the young man.

"Ulysses!" repeated the sufferer. "It is you, then, that plotted against me?"

"It is true."

"O Vulcan," cried Philoctetes, "O God of Fire, Master of Lemnos, do not let me be torn from your sacred isle by mine enemies—"

Ulysses pointed to the sea.

"That way is your way."

"I say no!"

"I say yes!"

"I am not a slave."

"No; nor do I want to enslave you. Your place shall be with the captains of Greece, and you will have the honour of causing the fall of Troy."

"Never! I will dash out my brains against this rock first."

He was about to fling himself against the jagged face of the cliff.

"Seize him," ordered Ulysses.

The sailors gripped him in their strong hands, and he shook like a captured deer.

Wild rose the lament of the man of the grotto:

"Evil man, you have led this youth into the sin of lying. His heart misgives him. He repents of the wrong he has done me. Why should I be treated thus? I served my country. I gave seven good ships to the fleet that sailed for Troy. O ye gods, look upon my grief. Punish the guilty men who do this wicked deed. If I could but see them perish I would bear my pains willingly."

CHORUS.—Brave soul! His sorrows cannot break his spirit.

"Stay here, then!" said Ulysses in a tone of scorn.
"We will shoot your arrows ourselves."

"Alas!" moaned Philoctetes, "and so my deadly foe will win victories with my arms."

Ulysses beckoned to his young companion, and they went away together, leaving the Chorus standing in a group sadly watching the despair of Philoctetes.

"And so, poor wretched cave," cried Philoctetes, looking into the dark grotto, "I must creep into

your shelter and die. I have no weapons to defend myself, or to procure my food in hunting. O that the tempests of the sea would carry me away to some distant spot—anywhere but here ! ”

CHORUS.—“ It is the will of the gods.”

“ I imagine Ulysses,” cried the lame man, “ on the shore of Tröy-land, waving my arrows in triumph. O my arrows, dear arrows, you have changed masters indeed, when you change from Hercules to Ulysses ! ”

CHORUS.—“ We advise you to go with us to Troy.”

“ Never ! ”

CHORUS.—“ Farewell ! ”

“ Stay, O stay, my friends. Do not leave me alone again. Give me but one thing ; I only beseech one boon.”

CHORUS.—“ What is it ? ”

“ A sword, a dart, a weapon to slay myself.”

So saying, the lame man limped into his dismal cave.

Ulysses returned, following swiftly after Neoptolemus.

“ Where are you going ? ”

“ To wash away my crime, Ulysses ! ”

“ What crime ? ”

“ I betrayed this unhappy man. I have robbed him of his weapons, and I dare not keep them.”

“ You are mocking ! ”

“ I mean what I say.”

“ You dare not do it.”

“ Who will stop me ? ”

“ I and all the Greeks.”

“ I fear neither you nor all the power of Greece when I am doing right.”

"Beware of my sword!"

"I also, Ulysses, bear a sword!"

Ulysses paused. He must not slay the son of Achilles, the hero who was beloved by all the Greeks. He retired to think and to scheme another crafty scheme.

"Ho, Philoctetes!" shouted the young man.

The lame man hobbled out.

"Who calls?"

"Have you resolved to stay in Lemnos? Or will you go with us to Troy?"

"Talk to me not of Troy."

"Your mind is fixed?"

"It is fixed; and I cry curse upon the Greeks, upon Ulysses, upon you!"

The young man held out the bow and arrows.

"Take them," he said simply.

Great was the joy of Philoctetes; and great was the wrath of Ulysses, who returned just in time to see the weapons pass from hand to hand.

"Ha! is that you, Ulysses?"

"It is; and I shall take you forthwith to Troy."

"Beware! beware of my aim!"

"Hold!" roared Neoptolemus.

"Let go my arm!"

"I will not! Lower your bow! Remember, I gave you back your arrows."

"Ay, so you did. You are the noble son of a noble father."

"Now, listen to me," said Neoptolemus, in a persuasive tone, "you have suffered ten years from your dreadful wound. Never, while the sun rises

and sets will you recover, unless you go to Troy. There alone can you be healed. There will the skilled physician cure you, and release you from the long pain; but, mark me! only at Troy."

"And are you my friend, and yet advise me to join the company of men who took from you your noble father's arms? Did you not promise to carry me back to my native soil?"

"I did. Then let us leave this hateful island."

"And go whither?"

"Where your wounds shall be healed."

"Never to Troy."

"So you would remain here in misery?"

"Let me suffer, if suffer I must. But oh, my friend, you have it in your power to take me home."

"I will do so."

"Oh glorious word!"

"But the Greeks will never forgive me for aiding you!"

"Fear naught, Neoptolemus, I have the arrows of Hercules to protect you."

A clap of thunder was heard. Sailors and all gazed upwards.

And what did they behold? The god Hercules himself descended from heaven. Mighty his figure, broad his chest; the lion's skin hung over his shoulders, the huge club was clasped in his hand, the snake curled about his feet, the light shone radiant like the sun over his immense locks.

"Listen, Philoctetes!" said the god of strength. "Ere I could rise to the mansions of the gods I had to bear much pain. Thou, too, must suffer:—

Thou, too, like me, by toils must rise to glory,
Thou, too, must suffer ere thou canst be happy.

I bid thee depart to Troy. There shalt thou be healed of thy wound. Thy arrows—my arrows—will deal out death among the Trojan chiefs, and by these shall Paris the evil prince be slain; and the spoil that thou winnest in the war thou shalt bring to Mount Eta, whence I ascended, to the skies. So Zeus, the Heaven-father, commands.”

Then Hercules turned to Neoptolemus :

“Without Philoctetes thou canst not conquer. Without thee he cannot reach Troy. Go, then, like two lions to the fray. Go and subdue Troy, and having vanquished your enemies, remember to worship the gods.”

• “I will obey,” said the young man.

“I also,” said the man of the grotto.

“The breeze blows fair,” was the last word of Hercules. “Depart.”

In another moment the bright god had passed beyond the clouds.

“Farewell, O cave,” said Philoctetes, with a happy smile; “farewell, maidens of the ocean; farewell, the murmur of the waves upon the beach, and the roar of the breakers in the time of storm. Fountains, farewell. Sea-girt isle of Lemnos, farewell. Zeus, the Heaven-father, has commanded me to quit the place where I have spent these ten long years.”

CHORUS.—“The breeze blows fair. The sails fill out. O, nymphs of the ocean, attend to the prayer of your servants, and grant us good voyage to Troy.”

NOTE.—This story is founded on the drama of “*Philoctetes*,” by the celebrated Greek poet, Sophocles (born 495 B.C., died 406); and the translation occasionally quoted is that written by Thomas Francklin, and reprinted in “*Morley’s Universal Library*.” The same cheap edition contains the beautiful play of “*Antigone*.”

ON THE FLYING LION.

At the gate of the castle on the rock stood husband and wife. Walls twelve feet thick rose towards heaven, and looked over the vale, the woods, and the noisy river below. The castle of the Falcon (Falkenstein) is now a noble ruin in the midst of the Black Forest.

The wife was Ida, the husband Kuno. On the breast of his tunic was marked a large red cross. Kuno was a Red Cross Knight, and he was going to fight the dark-faced Saracens in the Holy Land. Years might pass before he rode back to his home in the Black Forest.

Kuno broke a golden ring in two parts, and gave one to Ida as he kissed her, and kept one half himself.

"Farewell, Ida," he said, as he kissed her. "Keep the thought of me always in your heart. But if I come not back in seven years, you will be free to take another husband, to protect you and care for you."

A clatter of horses' hoofs echoed in the valley as the Red Cross Knight and his men rode down the zig-zag path to the high-road. Ida watched them. She saw the feathers of their helmets nod in the light of the sunset. The sky turned purple, and then very

dark, and the forest was black with night—black as its name.

Across the hills rode Kuno, over wide rivers, and he passed the sea; and the hoofs of his steed pawed the soil of Asia Minor, and thundered among the cedars of Lebanon, and dashed along the white limestone dales of the Holy Land.

From the top of a hill Kuno and the Crusaders saw the towers of Jerusalem, and knelt and kissed the earth; and they rose up, and on all sides flashed the lightning ray of thousands of swords, and the voices of a host shouted, "Save the Holy Tomb."

Red were the stones in the streets of Jerusalem, red with the blood of Christian and of Saracen. Over the Holy City flew the banner of the Cross.

And not many days afterwards Kuno was seized by Saracen hands. He stood one day in a marketplace amid a crowd of captives who were being sold into slavery. A slave he toiled, carrying and pulling, digging and building. At night he lay on a bed of straw. Oft fell the bitter tears on the straw as the Red Cross Knight thought of the old castle, the Black Forest, the lady at the gate, the broken ring of gold.

Seven years had glided by.

In the light of the moon one night he beheld an old man.

"Would you return home if you could?"

"I would, indeed, O stranger!"

"I will help you if you will promise one thing. I will give you a fine beast to ride if you will promise not to fall asleep as you ride. If you sleep you shall be my slave, body and soul, for ever and for ever."

The old man's form was gone. Kuno fell into slumber. His soul seemed to rush to the castle in the Black Forest. He made haste into the chapel. He saw Ida about to give her hand in marriage to another knight. He awoke in pain and horror!

Next night the old ghost again appeared.

"Will you ride the sleepless ride?"

"I will."

"Then sign your name to this written deed."

The aged stranger held out a sheepskin roll.

"Alas!" said Kuno, "I can use the sword better than the pen; and there is here no ink."

"Write with your blood," said the ghost, "and make a mark which will serve as well as a name."

Kuno scratched his skin, dipped a steel blade in the crimson flow, and scrawled a red cross on the parchment.

The old man twitched his face as he saw the cross. It was a sign he did not like. He rolled up the parchment and vanished.

The next moment a big lion had entered the poor slave's chamber. It knelt gently, as if ready to take Kuno on his back, and he clutched the mane. From the room the lion stepped forth. It rose into the air. It flew among the clouds. It flew over mountains and cities, over castles and mosques, over fields and woods, over seas and lakes, over Asia, and over Europe, hours and hours and hours and hours, by day, by night; and oh! how he longed to sleep. And the lion flew on; and Kuno's eyes were dazed, and his poor head swam. He felt for the broken ring inside his vest. He wished to wake, he wished to sleep.

A blow on the head roused him. It was made by the sharp beak of a white falcon. The white bird flapped its wings about his face. Again he would have slept; again a blow, again a flap of the wings; and so on till the grey light chased away the night, and at dawn Kuno dropped from the lion's back upon the grass before the old castle. The lion passed from view. The parchment roll fell from its mane as it fled, and scattered into many pieces. The white falcon perched on the topmost tower of Kuno's old home.

The Red Cross Knight hurried to the gate, entered the courtyard, and there saw a gay company of men in armour and ladies in bright costumes.

"Who are you?" asked some, as they observed the worn traveller in the ragged dress.

"One who has borne sorrow and slavery in the East."

"You are a pilgrim. In that case, the lady of the castle will take a joy in seeing you. Her husband—her dead husband—was a Pilgrim in the Holy War; and she will not forget him or his comrades even on her wedding day."

"Her wedding day! Do you mean to-day?"

"Yes, to-day. The table is already spread with the feast; and there will be room for you, good pilgrim."

"Whom is she to marry?"

"The Knight Berthold, cousin of the lost Kuno. On Kuno's death he takes the castle, and he declares that by old custom he must needs marry the mistress."

"And is she willing?"

"No; she looks unhappy and pale. She would rather be a nun in a convent."

The Lady Ida and her train of servants walked through the feasting hall.

"Lady," said the long-bearded pilgrim, stepping forward. "Pardon my speech, but I am a pilgrim from the Holy Land, and, as one who fought where your husband fought, I beg that I may drink to your health."

She poured wine into a cup, and he drank. As he handed back the vessel he dropped into it a piece of twisted gold.

"This," he said, "is my gift to the bride."

She gave a cry. In the cup lay half a golden ring. She thrust her hand into her bosom, and drew forth a like piece of gold, and put the two pieces together.

"They make one ring!" she shrieked for joy. The two halves had, in the magic of love, united themselves, and could not be broken in twain again.

The pilgrim was kneeling at her feet, and he looked up into her face, and she knew that he was Kuno, and he sprang up, and they embraced each other in happiness, and there was a merry feast that day, but it was not a wedding feast.

"This castle," said Kuno to his wife, "shall henceforward be called Falkenstein, for it was a falcon that saved my life. Had not the white bird kept me from sleep, I should have become the slave of the evil spirit who frowned so deeply when I made the sign of the cross."

He told her all the tale of his wanderings, his wars his slavery, and his ride on the flying lion.

Glorious reunion of the ring! May all the broken parts of mankind be joined together in like manner.

May the Saracen and Turk be joined with the Christian, and make war no more.

May the East join with the West, and yellow Asia with white Europe.

May black Africa join with her kindred in Europe and Asia and America.

May Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Spain join in one strong and happy West.

May the Boer join the Englishman, with never again a clash of arms, or the sound of cannon.

May China join Australia, and Japan join Russia.

May the rich join the poor as one people and one brotherhood.

May all nations on earth join in the golden ring of Humanity.

NOTE.—The story of Kuno and Ida is adapted from the version of the German legend as given in Seguin's "Black Forest: its People and Legends."

THE KITE.

The little angel in heaven, chubby-faced and flapping its happy wings, was singing a song.

All of a sudden it stopped.

Why did the cherub stop singing?

Because something had happened on earth, and this something had hurt the angel's heart. A stone had been thrown at a lark just as the happy bird was singing, and the stone had wounded the lark's wing.

Earth is low, the sky is high, but the cherub is touched by the pain of a bird on earth. So William Blake the poet says:—

A skylark wounded on the wing,
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

And suppose a man has a dog, and does not take care of the poor animal, and lets it lie in its kennel sick and hungry. And suppose a land were filled with such men, who had no warmth in their hearts for the animals who are such friends and helpers to us, could the country—could the State—be happy and, could it thrive? No, such a State must come to an evil pass, for he who is cruel to a dog is not likely to be kind to man. And so Blake says again:—

A dog, starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State.

An old priest lived in a temple of Buddha in Japan, and the temple stood on a hill some way from the town of Kyoto.

One day, the Buddhist priest had been to the town on an errand, and he was now returning. He heard a noise of shouting.

"Hit it again! Strike again!"

The voices were the voices of boys. What were they hitting? The priest hurried forward to see what was the matter. A number of boys, sticks in hands, were beating something that had been caught in a trap. It was a bird that had sharp claws, long tail, long wings. It was a kite.

"Why are you doing this, boys?"

"We want to get its feathers."

"Don't hurt it, boys."

"We want the feathers."

"Stop! I will give you a gift if you will let the bird alone."

So saying he handed a pretty fan to the biggest boy. The boy was pleased with the fan, and went off, calling the other boys to follow him. Then the old priest knelt down, and unloosed the kite from the snare, and let it go. The bird waved its long wings, and shot upwards in joy and flew towards a grove of trees.

The priest walked on towards the temple. As he passed the grove of bamboo trees a shaven-headed monk, in a yellow robe, stepped out from the shadow and said:

"I beg to thank you for your goodness. You saved my life."

"I did? What do you mean?"

"I was the kite. I am now in my human shape, but I must take the form of a kite again. I wish to repay your kindness. Is there anything that you wish for?"

"An old man of seventy has few wishes."

"Think."

"Well, yes. There is one thing I should dearly like. Often I have had a longing to go to the West, and find myself in India, the land where our dear Lord Buddha taught the law of Right Doing, and I should like to be back in the old days, and hear the voice of the Blessed One preaching to the people."

"Wonderful as it seems you shall have your wish. Follow me to yonder pine wood."

When they stood under the dark pine trees, the monk (who was also the kite) said :

"Shut your eyes. Presently you will be in India, even on the Mountain of the Vultures; and you will hear the voice of the Blessed One, even Buddha. Then you may open your eyes. But do not let your feelings carry you away. Do not call out to the Blessed Buddha. Make no sound. If you do, you will hurt me."

"I do not want to hurt you," replied the old priest.

The sun was going down over the sea of Japan and China. Deeper grew the shadows of the grove of pines. The priest's eyes were closed. Presently he heard a soft, clear voice, saying :

"O people, there is a way of life that gives peace to

the mind, and makes men wise. And this way is the way of right thoughts, right speech, right deeds. This is the Good Law."

The old priest opened his eyes, and he saw Buddha sitting on a throne on the Mount of the Vultures; and the face of Buddha was a face of love and truth. Round about him were a host of men and spirits—spirits of the Sun, the Moon, and the Heavenly Winds; and all these men and spirits sang praise and said:

"The law is good and beautiful, even as the white Lotus-lily that lives in the water."

Flowers fell from the air upon the Blessed One and his companions. On the trees of the mountain grew, not fruit, but gems that sparkled with a wondrous light.

Into this glorious company had the old priest of Japan been allowed to come, because of his kindness to a wounded bird. For it is through kindness of heart that we become members of the noble army.

And so happy was the priest that he forgot his promise and he called aloud:

"O Blessed One!"

The earth shook and all the scene was changed in the twinkling of an eye. Gone was the dream of India, gone was the Vulture Hill, gone were the shining trees and the fair flowers, and hushed was the voice of Buddha; and the priest stood once more in the grove of the pine trees on the way to the temple. He went on his road home.

The monk appeared.

"Ah, sir, you forgot your promise."

"I did. I am sorry; but I felt I must speak when

I saw the Lord, and heard the Good Law, which is beautiful as the Lotus."

"But you have hurt me."

"What has happened?"

"My wing is broken—I cannot fly."

So saying, the monk suddenly passed from sight, and the old priest saw him no more.

It seems a sad end to a pretty tale; but still, it shows us how a good soul, like the old Buddhist priest, may do harm to other folk by being careless, and by forgetting.

Yet the fine part of the story remains also. The man who was good to a kite was made a member of the great company of the Good, because the heart that would show mercy to a stricken bird would feel pity also for any other creature—human or animal—in distress. This is a Good Law indeed, that we may join the noble army of Humanity, not by the grandeur of our name, or our house, or our purse, or our power, but by our fellowship with our comrades—men, women, or our animal friends.

NOTE.—The tale of the Kite is adapted from Lafcadio Hearn's "In Ghostly Japan."

THE YOUTH.

"Have you fixed the day, good sir?"

"Yes; it will be a safe day."

"Lightning will not kill?"

"I think not."

"Nor houses take fire?"

"It is not likely."

"Nor folk drown?"

"There is no sign of it."

"Nor wild beasts devour men?"

"No."

So, the mother and father, having heard from the star gazer that the happy day is chosen, go home to tell their boy—aged perhaps 13—or girl, aged perhaps 11 (it must not be 12), that the glad time is near.

The land where these people live is Siam, where the river Menam rolls across the plain to the China Sea, and floating houses stand at the sides of the great stream for miles near its mouth, and the boats seem as many as the stars of the sky.

Each Siamese child has the head shaven, except a tuft of hair at the top; and this tuft is coiled in a knot, and a pretty pin is stuck through it, or flowers are fastened to make it look gay. And no hand but the hand of love and respect may touch it; and he who

should touch a child's tuft or head without just cause will be met with the cry :

"How dare you !"

A day dawns when the tuft of hair shall be cut, and though (unless the youth is to be always a priest) the locks may grow again, yet for a while the head will be quite shorn. And, strange to say, all boys in Siam must needs be priests with shaven heads for at least a while, and then they go back to the common life. The girls are treated the same as their brothers. I will now tell how a boy goes through the day when the top-knot is cut, and a new path of life lies before him, and he passes, as it were, the first step from the Boy to the Man.

The house is cleaned in every nook. In the hall, where the family and friends will meet, there are curious things to be seen :—

A gilded image of the great teacher Buddha, guarded by wax candles.

A table bearing bowls of water, etc.

A sea-shell, razors, and a golden pair of scissors, and a silver pair and a copper pair.

A throne with a pointed roof over it, and hung with white and gold cloth ; and there are shelves in the roof, and on the shelves are little dishes that hold sweets.

A thread of cotton runs all round the house, and into the hall, and ends in a little ball. This thin thread is as good as a wall of steel, for (so the Siamese think) it keeps out harm from the youth whose tuft will this day be shorn.

O ! would that a thread might so shield all homes

in East or West from all that can hurt child or man!

The floor is laid with mats. A platform, covered with a white cloth and pillows, is placed for the monks to sit on.

The monks come—3, 5, 7, or 9 (not 2, 4, 6, or 8).

Gong!

This deep boom is heard as a monk enters about three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Gong! gong!

A second monk comes in, and so on. The monks take tea on the white dais. Folk squat on mats. A band plays.

Look! From an inner room walk two grave men, dropping flowers and rice in sign of brightness and plenty. Another man blows a trumpet, a fourth beats a drum.

There he is! The boy walks in, clad in a rich robe, and bangles circle his wrists, and gold rings are on his ankles, and in his hand he carries written spells that bid all evil stay away; and all eyes are turned in kindness towards him as he walks to the dais, and bows three times to the monks, and then, with bent body and forehead to the floor, remains still till the holy work of this day is done.

A monk takes hold of the end of the thread—the little ball—and ties it to the boy's tuft.

Solemn is the chant of the monks as they sing—

May each of us here be kept this day from all that kills, from theft, from what is foul, from lies, and from drink that gives madness to the brain.

Gong, gong, gong!

The boy stands. Flowers are thrown, the trumpet blares, the drum beats, and the band plays, and voices are raised in glad shouts as he leaves the hall—the tuft still uncut; and people prepare for the evening's feast, when a play is acted that keeps the folk staring, and smiling and laughing for hours. This day and this night shall be a time of joy, for the Boy is stepping towards Manhood.

Two days afterwards, while it is yet dark before the dawn, the monks come to the house, and not a sound is heard as they walk in, for they do not wish to let the bad spirits know what is going on. In silence they eat. No gong booms. No band plays. No folk shout. The sun rises, and its rays fall through doors and windows. The priests lead the boy into the hall, before the eyes of his friends. A song is softly sung. The twisted hair on the top of the lad's head is parted into three. With golden scissors one part is cut, while gongs roll out their brazen noise. Two of the oldest kindred of the boy cut off the other two portions. The three twists of hair are dropped into a bowl. A barber shaves the short hairs that are yet left, and put them in a second bowl. Water is thrown on the boy. He changes his dress to one of gay hues, and gives to the monks rice out of a silver basin, and sweetmeats and fruit out of trays.

All is not done yet. The people of Siam believe the Good Spirit (Kwun) may be charmed by gentle words into the boy's heart, to dwell there, and make an honest, true man of him. A roll of bright cloth is given to the lad to hold tight to his breast; and candles are

lighted, and put out, and lighted again; and the boy drinks cocoa-nut milk; and a cord is tied round his waist. And when he sleeps this night he still clasps to his breast the holy cloth, and the next night also, and a third night, and then it is thought by his friends that the good Kwun is lodged in the heart of the young Siamese. The hairs that were last shaved off are put into a boat made of leaves, and floated away on the river, and so carry off all the evil things that were in the boy's soul; at least, so his friends hope. The tufts are sent to a temple.

Such customs need much money if carried out in the fullest way, and the poor folk of Siam cannot afford the expense. But they are not forgotten. The Government provide for lads whose parents are needy, and, at certain times, crowds of Siamese lads have their tufts shaved at once, though not with all the grandeur I have pictured in the example just given.

In this manner the people of Siam prove with what deep love they watch over the passing of Boyhood (or Girlhood) and the coming of Manhood (or Womanhood). The child is looked upon as a person of value. And is not that right? Is there any thing in any land that is more precious to the people and the State than the children?

How much, then, is it to be wished that in all countries—in England, France, Germany, America, etc.—every child should be watched over with the same kind thought! We should not then see forlorn and unhappy boys and girls in our streets, who have no home that is worth calling home, and no friends that

are . worth calling friends. The folk of their village or city would flock round them at the age of the change to Manhood and Womanhood, and give them their greetings, and lead them to positions where they could be useful to the world.

I would like to name the nine points at which every person who is born, and who lives to a good old age, should be surrounded by the loving thoughts of friends and fellow-citizens.

1. When he or she is an infant just joining our great family of mankind.
2. When he or she (like the Siamese boy) is passing from childhood to the older life.
3. When he or she, at the age of 21, is enrolled as a citizen of the father-land.
4. When the young man takes up a useful employment, and is ready to support a wife.
5. When the man and the maid are married.
6. When the citizen reaches the prime of life at 42.
7. When the citizen gives up daily labour for a livelihood at about the age of 63.
8. When the citizen dies and is mourned by friends and kindred.
9. When, at some time after he or she has passed away, a picture is hung up in memory, or a monument built, or some special thing is done to keep the name of the dead in happy remembrance.

We want all to be thought of. Not the poorest should be left out. In Siam the gong sounds for each and all. For each and all the songs are sung. For

each and all the flowers are strewn. For each and all the tiny boat of leaves floats on the great river.

NOTE.—The facts as to the shaving of the topknot are drawn, by permission of the author, from Mr. Ernest Young's "Kingdom of the Yellow Robe."

THE FIRST COOK.

Once upon a time a Persian chief, with a number of followers, was climbing the side of a mountain.

A shout of horror was heard. The men were pointing to a dark monster, like a dragon, which rose from behind some rocks; its eyes of a blood-red colour, its mouth belching forth clouds of black smoke.

The chief, whose name was Husheng, picked up a stone, and threw it with all his might at the dragon. The stone did not hit the monster, but it clashed against a rock, and sparks flew in a shower.

From these sparks a fire spread among dry grass and trees until a roaring flame leaped all over the hill and licked up the dragon itself, and soon only the ashes of the beast were left.

"This glorious light," cried Husheng to his people, "comes from Heaven. Bow before it and render worship to the God who sent it for the joy of mankind."

That same evening a great bonfire blazed in the chieftain's camp, and he made a big feast for all his tribe. The food was cooked in the fire. Never before had men eaten roasted meat. All their food had, up to that day, been raw.

The chief, Husheng, was a man of art and wit, and

many fine gifts he gave to men. He taught the way to make iron soft at the blacksmith's forge, so that it might be beaten into tools and weapons. He taught how a channel might be dug from a river, and thus carry the water to a village or town or field which the river by itself would never have reached. He taught how to hunt the sable, the squirrel, and the ermine, and use the fur of these little animals for beautiful robes and hats. He taught how to bake bread. And he reigned over Persia forty years.

The tale of Husheng is, of course, but a legend. But it is well to seek the meaning of the tale. The Persian poet, Firdausi, who tells the story, had picked up this very old myth which had been repeated from father to son for hundreds of years. It points to an age when first men wandered on the earth and first learned—either by beating stones over dry leaves in order to kindle them by sparks, or by rubbing certain kinds of sticks together, as savages have often done—to create the wonderful thing called fire. Not till fire was invented could food be cooked by boiling, roasting, or baking. Some man had first to find out the secret fire; just as some quick-witted man first made canals, first used the fur of beasts for clothing, first softened iron for the making of blades, or daggers, or rails, or chains. The Persians called him Husheng, and remembered him with grateful thoughts.

The Greeks called the fire-maker Prometheus. They believed the good Prometheus loved mankind, and, taking pity when he saw them shivering from cold, he brought fire from heaven (where the stars and the sun are the great fire-store), and gave the shining

gift to poor mortals on earth. The same generous hero taught men how to use the juices, leaves, stems, etc., of plants for food or healing of wounds, etc. He taught how to tame animals. He taught how to count, to add together, to subtract—beginning, as children do, with the fingers. He taught how to observe the sun, moon, stars, and plants, so as to know the times of the year, and reckon when spring was due, and when the longest day was coming, or the shortest, or the time for seed-sowing, or when the rivers usually rose in flood.

No such person as Husheng ever lived, or Prometheus. But the useful arts of counting, tanning, cooking, and all the rest must have been gradually thought out by the brains of the early men and women of our race. Though we do not know their names, we know their works. Long since they died, yet they live in the good they invented. We owe them a debt. Let us always bear in mind our debt to the past.

FIGHTING THE WIND.

"'Tis a wicked shame!"

"O, wretched wind!"

"Death to the wind of the south!"

"To arms, comrades!"

With these yells and shouts the Africans seized their spears, knives, clubs, bows and arrows. The captains pointed to the south, and shook their fists towards the sky.

"Lead us on," cried the host of warriors.

Why was all this outcry? The south wind had been blowing from the great African desert into the land of the Psylli tribes. So dry was this wind that it had dried up all the water in the tanks and cisterns. Not a drop was left to drink. Great was the rage of the people against the wind. So they had made up their minds to go to war.

The battle began. On one side were the Africans; on the other the hot blast of the Sahara desert. Arrows shot into the air. The south wind caught up sand—heaps of sand—and blew it upon the foe.

"Death to the wind!" cried the army.

And the wind let the sand fall, and fall, and fall, till the sky was dark with it, and the men were choked by

the hot, foul air, and they sank and rose not, and the sand covered them as they lay dead.

So the south wind was the victor. The Africans had been beaten by the forces of Nature.

Now, in Africa in those same days of old, there lived a tribe called the Atrantes. A hill of salt was in their country, and, though water was found in the pools, it was not sweet and clear, and hard was the struggle of the folk to live in such a dry, salt region. The sun shone very hot, and the Atrantes people hated his burning rays.

"Perhaps," said one, "the sun will fear us—strong warriors that we are—if we raise our war-cry and curse him when he is high in the heavens."

They agreed to carry out this plan, and at noon, when the Lord of Day blazed in fierce light, they shrieked :—

"Vile sun !"

"Miserable fire !"

"Cruel flame !"

"Brutal and horrible tyrant !"

"Begone !"

At night the sun sank in the west and the Atrantes were glad, thinking he would take warning and come with less heat next day.

But their hope was vain, and, curse as they would, they could not conquer the power of the sun.

So the sun was master. The Atrantes had been beaten by the forces of Nature.

We will come nearer to our own time. We will go to the far north. Cold, cold is the air. White, white is the snow. Thick, thick is the ice on the streams.

Fierce, fierce are the bears. Swift, swift is the race of the seals in the sea. The small folk who live in this land of frost are the Eskimo. Before the men of Europe came to their shores, and before they could buy wood and iron and other goods from the strangers, the Eskimo had to wage war with Nature all alone.

They were not beaten.

With sea and frost, with snow and storm, they fought, and were brave in the fight. Most brave were they in the war with the sea. This is how they fought.

On the beach stand a crowd of Eskimo, clad in seal-skin, deerskin, dogskin, birdskin. They watch the waves. With a cry of joy they point. Trunks of trees—fir trees—float on the water, having drifted all the way from the shores of Siberia. Some of the fir wood is white, some red. The men take shares in the drift wood, this precious gift from the sea. Each will now build for himself a canoe, or kaiak.

Watch one of the Eskimo. He divides a log of drift-wood into rather thin slips, some long, some short. He fastens these together in a frame about 18 feet long, sharp-pointed at each end.

One day he calls some women—his wife, daughters, sisters—to cover the kaiak with seal skins. They have spent much time in making the skins ready. When the dead seals were brought home to the Eskimo village by the hunters, the skins were stripped off and given to the women to “dress.” The skins were scraped with mussel-shells, the hairs plucked out; and in winter the skins were buried under snow and in summer they were hung up to dry.

With much chatter the women have come with the dried seal skins. They fit them on to the new made canoe, and stretch them smooth, and sew them until every part is covered.

"Look!" cries the man in anger, as he points, "this skin is loose; it is all in creases!"

The woman who sewed that part of the cover is ashamed. She hastens to alter the skin so as to make it "taut," or tight.

Now the covering is done. The women sit down and drink cups of coffee which the canoe maker pays for. Of course, he has bought the coffee from traders from Europe or America.

In the middle of the kaiak is a hole, just large enough for a man to sit in. A fat Eskimo will make himself a larger one than his thin neighbour would need! A bit of bearskin makes a soft seat. The Eskimo puts his darts, harpoons, and other such weapons for killing seals, walruses, etc., through rings that are fastened along the canoe.

The kaiak is made. In the hole sits the owner. He wears a skin jacket, and the bottom edge of the jacket is fastened to the kaiak, as if the man and the boat were all one creature! He plies his paddle. It has a blade or broad part at each end, and he dips the paddle into the sea right and left, each side in turn.

Our Eskimo first paddled his canoe at the age of six. First he learned to fish near the shore. Now he goes out over the sea long distances.

Ha! the canoe has turned over! Will the Eskimo be drowned? Is he not fastened so that he cannot leap out and swim?

Lo! he has righted himself, and goes paddling merrily on as if nothing had happened.

A storm roars. Waves rise higher and higher. The Eskimo's paddle flaps from side to side like the swift wings of a bird. The kaiak seems to fly over the tumbling waters. He reaches the shore, unfastens his jacket, lifts his canoe on to his head—for, long as it is, its weight is small—and hurries to his hut.

The weather is fine. He is off again. A bird flies overhead. A dart aimed at it pierces its breast, and the Eskimo hauls it in by a line.

He and his comrades reach a place where seals swim. The seals pop up their black heads and great shiny eyes above water. Harpoons fly; seals struggle; water splashes; blood spots float on the sea; and when the hunters go home, some drag one seal in tow, some two, some perhaps even three.

Great is the joy of the women and children when the hunters come back well laden with the spoil of the sea. They run to the beach and watch the home-comers, whose kaiaks shoot quickly up the sand of the shore.

Thus do these sons of the snow-land fight with wind, wave, frost, ice, and the wild creatures of the ocean. We must wonder at their skill in making their weapons and kaiaks. We must admire their courage in facing all the perils of nature.

And men all over the world do as the Eskimo does. Step by step they gain in the fight with dangers and fears.

They conquer the wind, using it to blow the sails of

their windmills, or driving their steamships right against its blast.

They conquer fire, and make it serve them in the household grate or the engine, to boil their water, cook their food, melt their iron, and warm their dwellings.

They conquer water, and bid it work their water wheels, and carry their ships, and quench the perilous fires.

They conquer light, and make it spring from the electric lamp or the gas pipe, or force it to impress their portrait on the glass plate of the photo.

They conquer the air, and ride to and fro in balloons and air ships.

They conquer the world of plants, causing the corn and the fruit trees to grow in such places as they wish, and even bringing forth in their gardens new kinds of lovely flowers never seen before.

They conquer the animal world, driving away the deadly beast of prey and the horrid snake, and drawing into their service the useful dog, horse, ox, elephant, camel, etc.

Thus man—once a poor wretch who fought the wind in vain, and cursed the heat of the sun, learns little by little the forces of nature, and trains them to obey his hand.

Well done, O men ! There are still hard and cruel things in the world. Much you have done, much you have won ; much is still to be done ; and you will win much more !

And in this great fight, well will it be if you

work, not alone, but side by side with your brother man.

Brotherhood!

NOTE.—The African anecdotes are taken from Herodotus; the particulars as to the kaiak from Nansen's "Eskimo Life," translated by Mr. Wm. Archer.

WHY THE KING STOPPED THE CRAWLING.

"Stop, stop! Don't cross the bridge!" cried a Siamese man to his friend.

"Why not?"

"A nobleman is passing underneath."

At once his friend made a halt. Both stood in an attitude of respect till the great man in the silk dress had come out at the other side of the bridge. Then they crossed.

Such was the way of the folk of Siam, in the East of Asia.

Also, if a man happened to be in an upstairs room, and he knew that a gentleman (that is, a man of higher rank) had entered the room below, he must not walk across the chamber, lest he should seem to trample a noble person underfoot.

If a common man met a man of fine quality (as the folk supposed), he would crawl on the earth or bend his body very low towards the ground.

If the King of Siam travelled in the public road, strange was the scene. Poor people, rich people, nobles, servants—all would crawl till the blessed being had gone by.

In the year 1874 a change took place.

One day the princes and lords of Siam were bidden by the order of the King to appear in his presence in the large hall of the palace.

The palace was in the city of the waters, named Bangkok. It is often called the "Venice of the East," because, like Venice, many of the streets are waterways, and people row up and down the canals. The houses stand on pontoons or rafts, and rise and fall with the tide in the great river Menam. If the house-master is a shopkeeper he lays out his wares—fruit, silk, toys, tiger skins, live monkeys, parrots, lamp oil, etc.—on a platform by the edge of the water. As you come along in your canoe or barge or house-boat you can stop at the shop and buy.

Well, the King's palace is a grand building, tipped with many glittering spires. Here a crowd of all the choice folk of Siam were gathered.

"The King comes!"

At once, like corn bending in a field before a strong wind, all the lords and captains and rich grandees fell to the floor and bowed their heads.

The King of Siam sat on a throne that shone with gold and gems.

At a word from the royal master an officer of State read aloud from a paper which he held in his hand. It began by saying that, since the King had been chief man in Siam, he had wished to give good things to his folk and take away evil. Or, in his own words:—

Since his Majesty ascended the throne it has been the royal purpose to cherish the State and augment the happiness of the greater and lesser princes, ministers

and nobles, the clergy, the Brahmins, and the masses of the people, all over the kingdom. Whatever is oppressive and burdensome it has been the royal purpose to remove from the people and abolish from the State.

And so the paper went on to say that he no longer wanted his subjects to crawl before his face. That was a custom of old days. Their forefathers had thought it a very proper thing to touch the earth with their foreheads when the King appeared. But it was a hard custom. It gave much discomfort, and perhaps pain, to the people. No longer need the Siamese go on all-fours before royalty. But what were they to do to show their respect? They could stand when they saw the King. They could bow the head. That would be enough. From this day forward none need crawl in the King's presence, and he wished that no prince or lord should expect his own servants to crawl before himself.

The reader ended.

As soon as the voice had ceased there was a rustle of silk garments, and the whole of the crowd stood upright.

Such a thing had never happened ere this day in the Kingdom of Siam. The courtiers looked at each other as if they looked for an earthquake to bring down the palace and its golden spires in ruin, or for a flood of the river Menam to sweep over the land and carry death to all living creatures.

But all was well. The King's face was calm. Not a soul was hurt. And since that moment the princes have faced their King as we in Europe face each other. They, like ourselves, bow the head to worthy persons, and then hold themselves upright.

It is true that some of the Siamese princes had no liking for the new rule. They thought the new ideas were a danger. They believed that, if the common folk were not made to crawl, there would be much trouble and sorrow and riot in the State. So they would insist on their servants crouching *as if they were dogs or cats. Such was the case as late as 1898. I hope that by now the old custom has gone for ever.

The Siamese, indeed, have the sense to give up an ancient mode when they see the new is better.

When an electric tramway was first run in the streets of Bangkok the citizens stared with puzzled eyes, and crouched and crawled as the cars sped along, and murmured :

“These are the devil’s carriages !”

But they got over this feeling in less than a week, and crowded into the cars and enjoyed their rides.

The old order yields place to the new.

Mankind makes progress.

NOTE.—The particulars as to Siam are drawn from Mr. Ernest Young’s “ Kingdom of the Yellow Robe.”

ALEXANDER'S MAGIC TRAVELS.

Alexander the Great, capped with gleaming helmet, and bearing the sword of war in his hand, marched with his Greek soldiers as far as Egypt, and became King of many rich lands, and at last died in the city of Babylon in the year 323 B.C.

That is what history says.

But, in the fancy of the Persian poet, Nizami (who died in 1202, at the time when John was King of England), Alexander did things and saw things which history never speaks of. And though these things did not take place, they are good to tell and to hear. So now I will unfold the tale of Alexander's magic journey.

* * * * *

A hundred thousand men and four thousand camels were the host that went with the King, and with this vast band he reached Spain. Then they went on board a fleet, and made sail to the west of Africa, and set foot on land at a place where the sands of the shore shone like gold. At the end of a march of eight months through a wide waste, they came once more to the sea, and here the beach was thick with big yellow stones that sparkled. And any man that looked at the shiny stones must needs laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh,

laugh till he died. Alexander bade folk put bandages over their eyes, and then pick up loads of glittering shingle and the yellow sand, and bear them to a spot where he had a high fort built; and this fort had the name of the City of Brass, and death fell upon any person who climbed its wall.

"Now will I see the springs of the Nile," said the King.

Men and camels set forth, and went over desert sands, and up and down hills, and between high cliffs, in glens, till they made halt at a green glass mountain, and out of this mount flows the water of old Father Nile, the stream of Egypt.

Two men, sire and son, were sent up this hill to view the land beyond. The father got to the top of the peak, and looked, and wrote on a paper what he saw, and he dropped the paper to his son who waited at the foot of the tall crag. The son took the letter to the King, who read these words:—

O King, hard and steep was the path to the top of the mount, but now I am full of joy, for I can see the good land, where birds sing in gardens, and the air is soft, and fruit is ripe on the trees, and this is the Paradise where I mean to stay.

"My folk must not see this happy land," said the King to himself, "else they will all want to dwell there, and I shall have no army."

So he drew the host away from the green glass hill and came to the caves where wild men lived who knew naught of the use of fire, and their food was raw fish. Some of these cave men guided him to the shore

of the sea of the east, where he had a fleet of ships built, and so he came over the ocean to the south of the hot land of India. The hundred thousand men climbed up stony roads on the side of a mountain, and reached the edge of a deep pit or vale. On gazing down into the vale they saw the floor of it strewn with stones that sent out rays of light, red, gold, blue, and green.

"Diamonds!" they all cried

None dared go down, because deadly snakes were there.

"Kill a thousand sheep," said the King, "cut them up, and throw the pieces of flesh down."

Fierce eagles flew into the pit to seize the flesh, and the stones stuck to the meat, and as the birds rose up over the heads of the soldiers they were shot and they fell, and the people gathered up the diamonds.

Then the host turned to the north of India, and marched to the city where was an image that had two gems in the place of eyes, and the King was about to take these gems for himself. The priests of the temple prayed him to stay his hand.

"Sir," they said, "ages ago, two birds perched upon the roof of this house and left these two lovely jewels, and flew away. Our fathers put the gems in the eyes of the image, and we beg you, O King, to leave them there until heaven, who sent the birds, shall take them back again."

The King let the gems remain, and the priests gave him half the riches of their store.

Next, Alexander passed to China, and the prince of China spoke to him as a friend, and the King took 10,000 men, and together they journeyed to the sea-shore. A sailor that knew the secrets of the deep, deep sea, led Alexander one night to the rocks where the brides of the ocean were wont to play. The moon shone full on waves and land, and the King saw the mermaids rise above the water, and sport with each other amid the rolling billows, and, as they swam, they sang a sweet song; and the pink dawn broke in the east, and the song of the maids of the sea was heard no more.

With a few sea-faring men, and with a Sage, who could give wise advice in times of peril, Alexander took ship to the east.

"No further may we go," said the pilot, as they dropped anchor at an isle. "For this is the end of the world."

So Alexander set up a pole on the top of the hill in the island, and on it he fixed a hand made of copper, as if to warn all who ventured that way and tell them that it would be death to go beyond.

From the isle of the Copper Hand they sailed for ten days, and came to a dead stop at sight of a whirlpool in a passage of the sea. The water swung round and round and round with a hollow roar.

"What shall we do?" asked Alexander of the Wise Man.

"Let us go on land," said the Sage, "and build a man and a drum."

So they got on the land, and on the summit of a hill they made the shape of a man, and on its knees they

made a drum. The Sage put a stick in the hand of Alexander.

"Strike the drum," he cried.

The King beat the drum just as the ship was sailing into the whirlpool.

"Boom, boom, boom!" sounded the drum.

"The monster of the whirlpool is scared away," shouted the Wise Man.

Just then they heard the sailors cheering as the sea became smooth.

Alexander and his companions walked down to the beach, and went aboard, and so arrived again in China.

Having bade good-bye to the prince of China, the King and his army marched for a week through the Silver Country. The ground was nothing but silver sand, and the streams and lakes were of rippling quicksilver. There was naught to eat and naught to drink, and men and camels were in sore distress. Glad, very glad were they to reach a place where they could walk on the brown earth and quench their thirst with water.

The land they next visited was in a state of misery. Robbers of the tribes of Gog and Magog came so often to plunder the homes and the fields that the folk must needs climb trees and live amid the branches like apes of the woods. And Alexander, in kindness of heart, built a high wall about the country, too high for the Gog and Magog thieves to climb; and the people came down from the trees and dwelt in peace.

Now came the King and his host to the City of

Friends, and well would it be for all the race of Man if the earth—yea, even the whole earth—were as this city was.

No thieves laid hands upon any of the things in that town, and its land. None stole oxen or sheep, or a frog from a pond, or an ear of corn from the field. No bolts were set upon the doors, nor bars to the windows. There was no need to put watchmen in the villages, nor soldiers in towers of defence. If plague or storm hurt any soul in that place, his neighbours ran to his help, and gave him coins from their purses, and food from their stores; neither did any man wish to have more wealth than his fellow citizens. If one wept, none that saw him laughed. None spoke evil of others behind their backs. If a dispute arose between two of the folk, the others made haste to gather round and say gentle words and restore the peace. The beasts of field and forest dwelt in friendship with man, and if food ran short in the open land of the wilderness, the wild sheep and the wild deer and the wild ass trooped into the City to seek aid from human beings. The folk ate and drank without greed, and lived to a great old age in sound health and in calm spirit.

No more did Alexander wish to see of the wonders of the world. He led his host back to Babylon, and then fell ill, and died. And they put his corpse in a box of gold, and they let his hand hang out, and in it they put earth, to show that the mighty King could not take with him the riches he had won, since he was but a child of the earth, and to the earth would return.

Thus had he seen marvels and magic in his travels,

but, of a truth, he never saw anything so fair and so noble as the City of Friends.

NOTE.—The story is adapted from the “Alexander Book” of Nizami, as described in S. Robinson’s “Persian Poetry,” privately printed in 1883.

ARE WE ALL HERE ?

Sheep bleat as they climb the path up the mount. A crowd of men come from all sides, and all go one way. All go to the top of the hill where trees lift their tall heads to the April sky. In the midst of the trees stands the house of the great god, Jove, or Jupiter, Father of the heavens, and King over all gods.

This is the Alban Mount. Our minds take a far flight back into the times of old—hundreds of years before the days of the faith of Christ—when the walls of Rome were new, and the stones of its strong forts were fresh hewn from the pit.

From the foot of the hill the land is seen to stretch mile upon mile—fields, meadows, woods—in part flat, in part rough with mountains. Yonder, sixteen miles away, you catch sight of houses on a group of hills that look upon a river. That is Rome, and the stream is the Tiber; and the stream flows west over the low marsh land to the great Midland Sea. Other towns, but not so large, appear here and there in the wide scape. Near the spot where we stand the waters of the Alban Lake flash in the rays of the sun. And not far off is a small sheet of blue water, the Lake of Nemi, and on its banks the trees grow thick, and in the shade of the trees is the house of Diana, and this grove of

trees and this holy house are guarded by a priest. Now, an oak tree holds out its twisted boughs in the grove, and the priest and the oak are close friends, very close friends. And strange to say, the life in the tree is precious, more to be prized than gold; for its life keeps other lives going—the lives of the sheep and the cattle, and the swine, and the corn on the farms of the Latin folk and Roman folk in all the country round. But the priest must not grow old and weak. No, for if he does, the cattle will not thrive, and the corn will not ripen. So it is the will of the people that a young man shall steal into the grove and pluck a golden bough from the oak tree (perhaps a piece of mistletoe), and then rush upon the old priest with lifted knife and slay him. And then the aged man's good work is done, and he is buried; and his slayer is the new King of the Woods, and the new priest of the holy oak.

But I must not stay to tell tales of the grove of Nemi. We see the people march across the plains; we see them as they approach the temple of the Latin Jove, driving the sheep, and carrying cheeses, and vessels of white milk.

“Make way, make way!”

Why this cry? Who is this that rides on the proud horse, and whose helmet gleams in the light of the morn? It is the Consul of Rome, and the men who walk before him carry each a bundle of rods to beat ill-doers and an axe to behead felons. He has a task to do that none but he may touch. Men are here from thirty Latin cities, but none of them is fit and meet for this office but the consul of Rome.

Hushed are all voices; still are all folk. The Consul

takes a pitcher of milk, and pours out on the ground, before the house of Jove, a stream of the white liquor. The priests of the temple take the gifts of cheeses, milk, and sheep from the people of the Latin towns.

Silence again. All eyes turn to the men who lead forward an animal, white as pure snow. It is a young cow. This snowy heifer has never been put to the drawing of the plough over the corn field. She has never felt the yoke of wood on her neck, and never felt the stab of the goad. Her life must be given for the good of the people.

She is led to the Consul. He lifts a bright knife. With a thud the fair creature falls to earth, her blood making red spots on her white skin and on the ground.

Flames rise. Smoke curls up on the top of the Alban Mount. From afar off—from the walls of the Latin towns and from Rome—women and children watch for the blue column of smoke, and they say :

“The burned offering is on the altar and great Jove will bless us and our houses and our fields, and will give help to our men who go forth to war this year.”

“Let us go in,” says the Consul.

A number of men pass in—only thirty; the rest of the people stay outside. They sit at a table, and dishes are borne in bearing large joints of smoking meat from the altar of sacrifice. With great care the flesh of the white heifer is cut into portions, to be dealt out to the thirty men from the thirty Latin towns.

“Are we all here?”

They look at each other.

"Our friend from Lanuvium?"

"Here I am."

"Where is the man from Pedum?"

Just then the man from Pedum hurries in, much out of breath with the climb up the Alban hill. The consul frowns, as if he felt that the feast was not quite so happy as it might have been.

"Who comes from Corbio?"

"I, sir."

"And who from Tusculum?"

"I am the Tusculum man."

All the thirty chosen men, or deputies, are present.

"Let us eat, brothers," says the Consul of Rome.

With grave faces they eat the meat of the sacred heifer. They who sit at this table in the temple of Latin Jupiter are friends.

More than once, since April last year, some of these guests at the feast have fought each other in hate and passion. But this is the holy time, when all the Latin tribes swear to aid each other, and make a league of peace.

They rise from the table and go out in front of the temple, and the murmur of the vast host is stayed. A man with a loud voice calls out the words of brotherhood:

Know all ye folk that there shall be peace between the Romans and all Latin tribes as long as the heaven and the earth shall last; they shall not wage war with one another, nor bring foes into the land, nor let enemies march through; and each shall aid the other when foes attack, and whatever is won as the spoils of

war shall be justly shared among the brethren of the League.

A buzz of voices breaks out. Now it is time for play, and there is a sound of merry-making as folk sport in the race, in boxing, wrestling, throwing heavy weights, jumping, etc.

And what are those people doing among the trees? They are tying curious little dolls on the boughs; and soon hundreds of wooden or straw puppets hang amid the green leaves, and swing in the breeze. The puppets are signs of life, just as you and I are alive, and we seek to ward off sickness and death. And so the small figures on the trees of the Alban Mount guard against the bad spirits that lurk near the dwelling places of men and cattle. They are charms.

The feast lasts for some days, and while it goes on no war will be made by one Latin town upon its neighbour. There is a truce or season of peace.

* * * * *

Once, while the Latin folk were gathered at the holy Mount, the sky was overcast with ragged clouds, and the lightning flung its crooked fire over the temple; and the people, hiding in the grove, told each other, with pale cheeks, that Jove the Thunderer was wroth, and no feast could be held that day; and so everything had to wait till the sky cleared, and a fine day made all hearts glad.

And at another time a man was missing at the feast of the white heifer. When the names were called, and this name was reached:—

“Lanuvium!”

there was no reply. Though the meat was ready,

and the guests seated, nothing more could be done. Everything had to wait till a day when the man of Lanuvium was present, and the band of the Latin brothers—the Latin League—was present in unbroken order.

Such was the custom of the old Roman days before Rome was yet the chief city of the world. And even after the Romans carried their eagle-standards across the seas and Alps, and even after the Latin towns had given up their power to the Romans, the Latin Feast was still kept up every year for hundreds of years, and right on till the end of the third century after the birth of Christ. Though, as time went on, and some of the old cities fell to ruins, it was hard to find a man who could answer for them in the roll call on the sacred hill.

And the day will come when men will hold the Feast of Humanity, and the chosen folk—the deputies, will come from the four quarters of the globe and answer to their names in some mighty hall, where music shall sound the hymn of peace, and each heart will beat in friendship, but the blood of no sacrifice shall be shed. And the voices will be heard:—

“France?”

“I am here.”

“India?”

“The Indian is in his place.”

“Canada?”

“Behold me!”

“Peru?”

“All is well with Peru.”

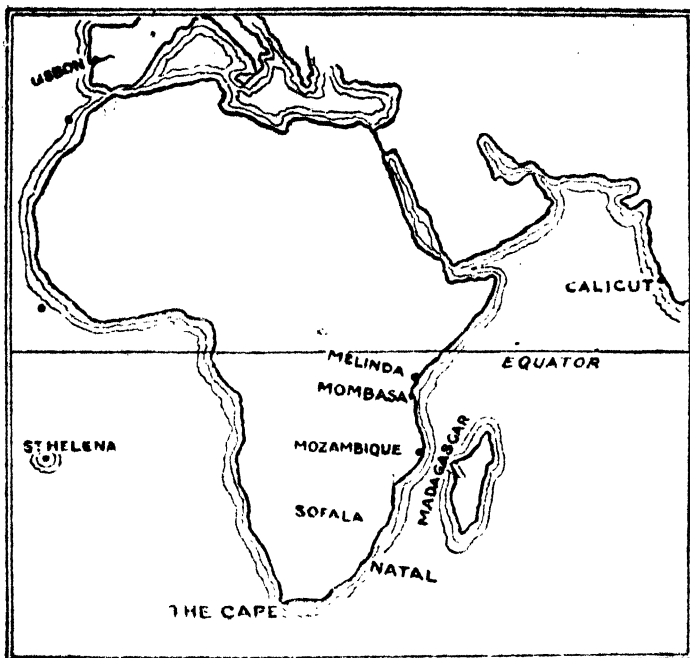
“Japan?”

"I greet you in the name of Japan."

"Germany, China, Spain, Persia, Italy, Abyssinia, Holland, United States, Egypt, England, Turkey, Wales, New Zealand, Scotland, the Australian Commonwealth, Brazil, Russia, Ireland, Poland?"

Oh, I cannot say them all; but I know they are all here to speak the promise of peace on earth, goodwill towards men.

NOTE.—For sources of information, see Mommsen's "History of Rome," volume 1, W. Warde Fowler's "Roman Festivals;" and Frazer's "Golden Bough."



ROUND THE CAPE.

THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS OF THE SEA-ROUTE TO INDIA.

Down went the sun in the waves of the west. Stars shone clear in the sky of Portugal.

Brave Portugal! Land of the rolling stream of Tagus; land of the vine, the olive, and the silkworm; the land that gave one of its kings as husband to the daughter of the English John of Gaunt; the land whose sailors were the first to sail to the Cape, to India round the Cape, to Brazil, and round the great globe itself.

Round the Cape!

On this night, when stars shone clear in the sky of Portugal, the king—Manuel by name—lay on a bed of gold, and he slept and had a dream. And in this dream there appeared to him two old men. These old men rose up out of the waters of two rivers in the far, far East. The rivers flowed among the mountains, among the wild forests, where many birds and beasts made strange noises. The old men had dark skins; their beards were long. And one of them said, in a high shrill voice:

“O King, you who wear the crown of a fine land, know that I am the mighty Ganges, and this, my brother Indus. If your heart is bold, you shall, some day, be lord over all the people in our valleys.”

The aged ghosts were no more seen, and Manuel awoke. He called his council, and told them the dream, and they all were of one mind that he should choose a man to fare forth upon the seas of the south and the east, and pass round the Cape, and take hold of India in the name of the King.

“You,” said the King, to the noble seaman, Vasco da Gama, “shall go this voyage for me and for Portugal.”

“King,” said the seaman, “I will do as you bid, though I know that hard times are in store for me, and I may have tasks to do as big as those of Hercules, who slew the lion, the nine-headed Hydra, and bound with a rope the fierce boar, and went down into the black realms of the shades to seize the barking three-headed hound.”

Four ships flew their gay flags on the breast of the

Tagus. Folk in thousands stood along the roads of the city of Lisbon to watch the comrades of da Gama march by to the Church of Bethlehem by the shore. The chant of the priests was heard in solemn chorus. Then the company marched out and down the white sands to the sea. Bright were their coats, but they sighed quiet sighs, as they wondered how many of the band of 160 would ever return to Portugal. Yet none drew back.

It was the 8th of July, 1497.

"My son, my son!" wailed the old dame in the crowd.

"My husband!" wept a wife, with loose streaming hair.

When all were on board the ships, and were gazing at the multitude of old folk and young that stood on the sands, a very aged man stood to the front, and thus he spoke:—

"Evil is this pride of men that drives them over the earth to do great deeds, so that they may win a name, and all men shall speak well of them. Why do you go afar off to gain glory in acts of blood and war? Are there no foes nearer to Portugal? Why travel to India? Alas! that ever Prometheus, the Son of the King of Heaven, brought fire down from that high world and gave it to man. For this fire hath lit a burning desire in man's heart, and it drives him to dare all dangers of sword, water, and heat. Oh, woe to them that will venture into unknown worlds!"

Now, on the wide sea, the four ships went, and the sailors saw the trees of the island of Madeira and the fair Canary Isles.

"There," cried one, as he pointed to rocks in the African ocean, "once dwelt the dreadful Sisters Three, the Gorgon women, who had but one eye between the three, and on whose heads curled deadly snakes instead of hair."

And almost did the rest believe it; for they were sailing in waters where few had gone before, and knew not what horrors might lie in wait. At nights they could no longer view the stars of the Great Bear, and the Little Bear, for the ships were come far to the South; but they beheld the four stars of the Southern Cross.

"Lo! St. Elmo's lights!" cried voices; and upon the tops of the masts were seen electric stars as if the lightnings made plumes of fire.

One day all the sky darkened. From out of the sea rose up a thin column of steamy water. It whirled round and round. It leaped higher and higher to the clouds, still whirling, and at the top spreading out like an umbrella. Then the column seemed to break and melt away. The dark and widespread cloudy top fell in showers of rain.

It was a water-spout.

"Land ahead!" shouted a sailor.

Mountains were seen on the shore of Africa. Gama and his men landed.

By measuring the place of the sun in the sky with an astrolabe, they found they had come further south than the line of Capricorn. Soon would the air feel cooler, as they sailed nearer the Antarctic ice.

A noise caused Gama to raise his eyes from the astrolabe. A party of his men were leading a negro,

whose rolling eyes showed his terror of the white strangers. He had been caught as he was taking honey from the wild bees on the hillside.

The men stood round, while Gama held out to the negro shining gold and silver. For neither of these did he care. But his eyes sparkled as he saw the beads, and heard the tinkling of toy bells, and huge was his joy at the gift of a red cap. With these presents he was allowed to go.

Next day, a whole troop of blacks, grinning and chattering, visited Gama's ships, and also received gifts. A sailor named Velloso went with them to their village, but after a time was seen tearing down the pathway to the beach, pursued by the negroes. He sprang into a boat. Arrows and stones flew about the heads of the Portuguese, and their reply was given in puffs of musket and smoke, and the whizz of bullets.

Velloso's story was that, no sooner was he out of sight of the vessels than the negroes halted, and forbade him to move another step. It was plain that they meant to keep him there until a search party from the ship came up the hill, when the natives would suddenly fall upon them and put them all to death, or carry them into slavery.

Five days passed while the little fleet cut through the waters that stretch in vast loneliness to the south of the isle of St. Helena. They were approaching the Cape of Storms, the outermost point of Africa that looks towards the icebergs of the South Pole. What would happen when these four small vessels doubled the dreaded Cape, and ventured on the wide, wide sea to the East?

One night Gama watched from the prow of his ship. There started up a terrible figure, that rose, tall as a giant cliff, with the breakers dashing at its foot.

Gama and his comrades fixed their gaze upon this horrid spirit of the ocean and the rock, and their hearts almost ceased to beat.

Ugly its face, hollow its eyes, pale and deathly its colour, tangled and bristly its hair, yellow the teeth that shone between the enormous black lips. It seemed to bend towards the fleet, as if to threaten wounds and death.

It was the spirit of the Cape of Storms.

"O daring sons of men," it cried, in a voice as of a brazen drum, "since you have come to my kingdom and seek to pass the gate of the eastern sea, which here I guard, I warn you of the perils that wait your foolhardiness. Drowned in these African waves shall be the man who first sets eyes on me—he whom you call Bartholomew Diaz. Others of your nation shall be slain by the cruel Kaffirs, or die of starvation on a desert coast."

"Who," said Gama, the bold, "who are you, foreigner, that speak these words of defiance to the sons of Portugal?"

"I am Adamastor, the spirit of the Cape," came the answer, in an awful bellow. "In olden times, Gama, I was a giant and a prince of the ocean. I loved the Lady Thetis, the white goddess of coral caves and of the ripples that dance on the sands. And to her I sent a message by the maid Doris, asking her to be my bride. Loud and glad beat my heart when she sent word back and answered 'Yes,' and I ran to meet

her, and I spread out my arms, and lo! I laid hold of a cold, cold mountain. In truth, I was myself changed to a mountain, and here I stand at the point of Africa, the everlasting sentinel between the East and the West—a lonely rock—a lonely rock.”

A long howl sounded over the African waters. Gama and his men sank upon their knees, praying for the aid of heaven.

Then the sky became light with grey and rose-red and the dawn brought a new day, and the four brave ships sailed in triumph round the great silent Cape, which would henceforth be known as the Cape of Good Hope.

Brown women sat on the backs of oxen. Brown men swarmed in and out among the herds. Brown children played merrily. Brown musicians played tunes upon pipes, while brown singers sang in chorus.

This was the scene beheld by Gama when he touched at a point on the coast some miles east of the Cape of Good Hope. The people were kind to the voyagers, and gave them many sheep and poultry.

Winds now blew this way and that way. The vessels tacked from side to side. Keen was the struggle with wave and blast. The fleet was sailing northwards for the first time since it left the white sands by the Tagus, where the church of Bethlehem stands.

One morning they touched the land again. A beautiful bay of blue water was bordered by a shore where trees grew in thick clusters. In the rivers of that land glided the crocodile, and the hippopotamus swam like a heavy barge.

"This morning," said Gama to his Portuguese companion, "is the birthday—the Natal day—of Christ the Lord."

The sailors crossed themselves with the sign of the cross.

"'Tis nearly fifteen hundred years since the Christ-child was born at Bethlehem—"

As Gama said that word they thought of the church at Lisbon, and the dame who cried, "My son," and the wife who sobbed "My husband," and the old man who told them of dangers to come.

"Three Kings from the East followed the gleaming star till it stood over the place where the young child was. They found it lying in its cradle. Saint Mary was there, Saint Joseph was there, and the Kings gave royal gifts of gold, and sweet-smelling frankincense, and the precious gum of myrrh."

"Christmas day, Christmas day," murmured the sailors.

"This shall be the birthday river," cried Gama, pointing to the spot where a great shining stream rolled slowly into the bay. "Natal shall be its name."

"Natal! Birthday! Natal, Natal!" shouted the crews of the four vessels.

And Natal is the name of that river and land to this very day.

The people of Natal gave the voyagers fresh water and food, but could speak no words that had a meaning to the travellers.

"India? India?" said Gama, raising his hand and pointing to the east and north in a questioning way.

The Africans stared and shook their heads. Nothing

could they tell about India, the goal to which Gama was so anxiously sailing.

Far to the east Gama voyaged next. Then catching the landward wind, he again beheld a pleasant shore. Sofala was its name. The folk wore a kind of turban on their heads, and they had waist-cloths of blue. One sailor caught a joyful sound. He heard the people now and then say a few words of the Arabic tongue, and he understood them.

"Men like you—white men—come in ships from the north; they come in big ships like yours."

Good! Then if they kept on this way, they would reach some land where the white race either lived or travelled.

Running the vessel to the beach, the sailors caused them to heel over to one side. For days the sound of scraping was heard. The crews were scraping from the hulls of the ships the big clusters of limpets, barnacles, and other such shell-fish which cling to the sides of vessels that sail long in the ocean.

Alas! many of Gama's comrades lay ill. Spots marked their faces. Their gums swelled. Dreadful was the smell of the sick and dying, and no surgeon was there to help. The disease was scurvy—an evil that taints the blood of folk who are long kept from fresh and wholesome plant food.

Not till nearly 200 years later did a noble Englishman—Captain Cook—find the way to conquer scurvy. For three years he sailed the seas with more than 100 men, and lost none by scurvy.

Onward!

Again the fleet put out to sea. It was advancing

through the wide passage that parts Africa from the vast island of Madagascar, the land of the Aye-aye monkey, and the changing chameleon.

And here, as Vasco da Gama is well on his watery road to India, the poet who tells the glorious tale of the voyage looks up, and on the top of the heavenly mount Olympus, he sees (with the eye of fancy) the council of the gods.

The poet shall point them out to us, as if we were really standing in the splendid court !

Jove, the lord of all the skies ! The stars are about his chair. A crown glitters on his brow. A sceptre adorned with flashing gems is in his right hand. To right and left are the thrones of the lesser gods—thrones of gold and pearl. These are the gods of the sea, the wind, the sun, the vine, the blood-spilling battle.

“Comrades and gods,” said the grand voice of the Thunderer, “behold in the seas below the valiant sons of Portugal—the men of the noble land of Lusitania—who now make their slow way to the rich shores of India. It is my will that they shall safely reach the land of their hopes.”

One of the gods sprang from his throne of gold and pearl.

“Lord of the thunder,” cried he, “this must not be ! Gama must not set foot on Indian soil !”

It was Father Bacchus, lord of the grape vine, who rose up and prayed that the sons of Portugal might never enter India.

“Why is this ?” asked the Thunderer.

“Because India is the land of my fame. I marched

there with my troop of men and women, who carried poles with grapes and pineapples at the tops, and banged the loud cymbals of bronze, and played the harps and shouted Yoi, yoi ; and I rode in a chariot drawn by a lion and a tiger. Old Pan with the goat's feet came with me, and fat old Silenus danced at my side. And so we rollicked into the East, and all India came to see the brave show, and still to this day remember me. But if these stout sailors ever reach India, they will gain all the glory and I shall be forgotten !”

The fair lady Venus—she who was born of the foam of the sea—then spoke :

“Lord of the Thunderbolt, hear me. I love these brave seamen of the west. They are like to my grand Romans in their courage and their perseverance amid a thousand dangers, and the very words they utter are like to the Latin of old Rome ; and for that also I love them, and wish them a safe journey to India's strand.

Some of the gods took sides with Bacchus, and cried :

“Proud Gama must go no further !”

Crash !

The terrific noise was made by the end of a spear that was brought down with force upon the bright floor of the palace of heaven. The spear was held by the hand of Mars, the god of war. His shield was huge, and his helmet was of polished diamond. Awful was the glare of his face from under the raised visor of his helmet.

“Father of gods,” he said, “listen not to this prince of the grape-vine. His heart is jealous of the noble

Gama, and jealousy is a mean feeling in the breast of men or gods. Grant favour to Gama, and let him sail in peace."

Great Jove bent his head in token that he heard the prayer of Mars, and would befriend the gallant little fleet of Gama.

The next moment the vision of the gods had melted away, and we can watch once more the fortune of the Portuguese.

Many canoes shot out from Mozambique—long, narrow boats, with sails of woven palm-leaves, and rowed by lively negroes. The natives were dressed in white, or white with stripes, and they wore turbans on their heads; and they carried shields and swords, and blew noisy horns.

The four ships anchored, and the blacks swarmed like monkeys up the ropes that hung over the sides. Soon they were eating of the feast that Gama spread on the decks. They could talk in the Arab tongue.

"And whence came you, O white sailors?"

"We are Portuguese from the west, and we seek the land of India."

"We can lend you a pilot to guide you there."

With this promise the natives left the ships, and the crews, with hearts full of gladness, slept a happy sleep that night.

Next day, the prince of Mozambique came on board. Gama gave him rich mantles, and offered him food and wine.

"Show me how you go armed to war," said the prince.

Then a number of the Portuguese walked up and down before him in armour—in steel breastplates, and

helmets, and bearing long pikes and partizans; and Gama told him (but he did not show him) how the cannon would fire shot, and bombs would explode.

"Gama," said the prince, "my faith is the Moslem faith; my prophet is Mohammed, and what is yours?"

"My faith," replied Gama, "is the Christian faith, and my Master is the God-man who came down from heaven to earth."

Thus they talked for some hours. But though the prince smiled and seemed a friend, he was plotting in his heart to seize the ships and all the treasures of the white men.

He was rowed home to his palace, and as he sat brooding, an old Moor raised the curtain of his chamber and entered with a bow.

But (so the poet whispers to us) this was not a Moor. It was the spiteful god, Bacchus, in disguise!

"Sir," said the seeming Moor, "these white strangers are a vile band of robbers. Already they have slain, and burned, and stolen along the coast; and they mean to treat you and your island of Mozambique in the same foul way."

"What shall I do, my friend?"

"To-morrow," said Bacchus, "the captain will come for fresh water. Hide a party of sharp-shooting bowmen who shall slay the wretches as they walk along the beach."

"It shall be done," answered the prince.

The sun had risen, and three boats made for the shore. Gama and his men had come for a supply of precious water. They knew danger lurked. Each sailor had sword or musket at hand. The dark-skinned folk of

Mozambique were also on the watch, holding shield and spear, bow or poisoned dart. Some loitered on the beach, others hid among trees.

Flash! rattle!

Shots were fired from the boats. The Portuguese would not wait to be struck. Corpses of Moors lay dark on the sand. Natives rushed in terror across the isle, and some sprang into canoes to escape by water to the mainland, and some others swam, and many were drowned.

"Peace, peace, I pray you, O white masters."

Such was the word sent from the prince of Mozambique; and with this message he sent a pilot who should guide the Portuguese fleet towards India.

"Yonder," said the pilot one day, "is Mombasa, where Christians dwell side by side as friends with the Arabs."

But he told not the truth, and spake as he was moved by the evil spirit of Bacchus.

Two of the crew—fierce fellows who had been put in chains for insolence on board the ships—were sent on shore to view the city and the folk. If they were slain, Gama thought at least he would not lose two of his best men!

The two messengers walked up and down the streets of Mombasa, the black-eyed Arabs and negroes crowding about them and wondering at the white hands and faces. To the King they gave gifts from their captain. At night they lodged in a black man's house. At dawn they returned to the ships to tell how they had fared, and how glad the King of Mombasa would be to welcome the strangers from the West.

Gama gave orders to enter the harbour. A large number of Arab canoes had come about the fleet, and many a weapon was hidden in readiness for an assault on the bold adventurers who sought to unveil the secret of India.

Glittered the eyes of the African foe. White splashed the waves of Mombasa about the prows of the ships. Loudly shouted the sailors.

Strange! The vessels would not move shorewards.

The poet opens our eyes and shows us the cause.

A bearded man of the sea—a Triton—had come up from his gold mansion in the deep, and, lashing his tail as he swam, he bore on his shoulders the sweet queen of love—Venus herself. Red were her cheeks with hot rage at the evil that was aimed at her dear Portuguese.

“Daughters of Nereus,” she cried. “come!”

At this word the lovely maids who dwell with their ocean sire in the caves under water rose to the daylight, their hair shining with the salt dew. Venus and the maids of the grotto flung themselves upon the ships of Gama, and pressed upon the hulls and forced them back. But only poets can see such marvels, and Gama knew not what to think of the mystery of the ships that would not move, even though the sails bellied out with the eastern wind!

The shouting of the Portuguese startled the Arabs. They feared their plot was known, and the noise was the war-cry of Portugal. Like hundreds of frogs they leapt into the sea, their black heads bobbing up and down as they swam! The pilot also had jumped overboard.

Gama smiled grimly. He guessed the true state of the case.

And while he and his comrades wondered at what had happened, the queen of love had soared to the crystal sky and stood, with locks of golden hair falling over her gown of silk, before the throne of the Thunderer, at whose feet the heavenly eagle sat and watched the world below.

"Mighty father," she said, "my people whom I long to help seem to gain naught by my love and tears, and they are like to die by the hands of the cruel tribes of Africa."

"Fear not, fair daughter," replied royal Jove, "your Lusitanians shall do deeds more great than were done by Greeks or Romans, and Arabs shall bow down to them. The cities of the Malabar coast shall yield to their power, and Hindoos bend to their rule. The far-off Malays will own them as lords, and the keels of their ships shall cut victorious through the chilly waters of the strait that parts America from the land of Fire."

Then straightway the god with the wings on his feet—Mercury, who bears the wand—flew, at the bidding of Jove to the African shore, and alighted on the ship of Gama that lay on the starlit ocean.

The captain slept, and to him in a dream he said:

"Flee from Mombasa and seek a port by the Equator."

Gama rose up, and sprang on deck.

"Hoist sail!" he cried.

Time it was, indeed, to hoist sail! The Arabs were clustered in the darkness of the night about the ships,

trying to cut the cables of the anchors, meaning to destroy the vessels as they drifted on to the beach with the tide.

At daybreak, Gama saw and chased two Arab dhows with broad three-cornered sails. One ran ashore, the other was captured.

"Which way is India?" he asked the prisoners.

They shook their heads.

"Where can I get a pilot to India?"

"There lies Melinda, whose king has a good heart for white strangers, and whose pilots know the way on many a strange sea."

Joyful was the sight of the port of Melinda near the great line that girdles the earth—the Equator. The houses were shaded from the hot sun by gay awnings. Drum-beats and the clatter of tambourines greeted the arrival of the fleet. Boats brought sheep and fowls as presents.

Gama, in return, gave scarlet and purple vests, and pieces of handsome branched coral. At dusk, the Portuguese let off fireworks and threw up bursting bombs, and voices and guitars and trumpets sounded in music through the hours of the night.

In a big barge, hung with silken cloths, and adorned with palm branches in token of peace, the King of Melinda visited Gama's fleet. A golden collar circled his neck, his turban glittered with jewels, his sandals shone with little pearls, a rich purple caftan or vest covered his breast, his dagger sheath sparkled with diamonds. A slave held a sunshade over his royal head. The screech of native horns made a wild noise.

Gama, clad in crimson silk, and breeches gay with gold embroidery, stood amid a staff of splendidly-dressed officers.

And after the king had seen the ships and stores and cannons and all, he and the company sat and rested, and he asked Gama many questions, and the captain of the fleet told him the story of his native land, her battles, her heroes, her sailors, and he told him also the tale of the Lusiads—the Portuguese—who sailed from the Tagus amid the blessings of their nation, and had struggled round the Cape towards the distant glories of India. Long was the tale, and eagerly the ears of the Africans listened until the setting of the sun.

Some days afterwards the fleet departed for the East, carrying a trusty pilot lent by the king of Melinda.

Angry was the breast of Bacchus when he saw the Lusiad ships sailing fair for Asia. Swiftly he plunged into the Indian Ocean, and made his way to the deep-sea palace of his friend, Neptune. Just a moment he paused to look at the carvings over the gates of pearl and gold. In one panel he saw the God of Disorder—old Chaos. In the four next panels he saw fire rising in pointed flame, air clothing the world with unseer vesture, earth clad with green and flowers, water filled with many kinds of fish. In other panels he saw the Gods at war with the giants, and Neptune striking the ground from which leaps up the first horse that ever was, and sweet-eyed Minerva standing beneath her olive tree. Not long did Bacchus stay. striding into the palace, he called to the king:

"Neptune, bid the sea-gods come! There is danger abroad!"

At a sign from Neptune, Triton blew a blast on his conch-shell. Ugly and dark was Triton, a lobster-shell served for helmet; his beard was long weed, to which clung mussels; and over his body clustered shrimps, crabs, barnacles, limpets, oysters, sea-snails.

The shrill signal soon brought the royal folk to the rocky chamber of Neptune, the floor of which was glistening sand. The gods sat on crystal chairs, and the goddesses on platforms gaily decked.

"King," said Bacchus, "master of the thunderous sea, and lord of all waves from the North Pole to the South, and you, O ocean princes, have you not beheld the proud Lusiads who in insolent ships go upon the waters above, and not only dare to pass the Cape of Storms, but even now point their prows to India? Is not India my own chosen realm? Is not this vast Indian ocean your own kingdom? Is man to drive us from all corners of our watery domain? Will you brook the insult of his presence here? If you do not act now it will soon be too late, and the Portuguese will be the gods, and we shall be but men! Rise, mighty gods! Defend yourselves and my Indian glory, and let all the winds of the ocean blow Vasco da Gama to ruin!"

In the very depths of the sea did the gods burn with the fire of wrath, and a terrific cry arose from the briny host.

A howl was heard above all the din, and the wind-god, Æolus, puffed out his cheeks, and opened the dark

cave wherein he kept the blasts of the North, South, East and West.

"Death to Gama!" the winds shrieked, as they flew forth.

And Bacchus laughed for joy.

While the gods below sea were plotting the overthrow of Gama, the fleet was sailing midway on the wide waste between Africa and India. Stars still gleamed. The first watch had gone gladly to bed. The men of the second had just crawled lazily up the hatchways, rubbing their eyes and slapping their limbs to keep awake.

Said one, "Let us tell love stories to ward off sleep from our slothful eyes."

"No," said Velloso; "but rather let me tell a tale of war."

"Agreed!"

"And I will relate the story of the Twelve of England."

"Good! go on, Velloso!"

And this is what they listened to as they glided over the Indian Sea:—

John was King of Portugal. In England—that land of northern snow—a quarrel arose at the Court. The men said the women had no honour such as would make them worthy to be called Dames, and dared the women to fight and prove otherwise! The ladies could not find heroes to take their side, and so they went with tearful eyes to the Duke of Lancaster.

"Fair dames," he said, "ill have you been used, and I am proud that you count me a true knight and come

to me for aid. Now of all the men of war mine eyes have seen, there are none to match the brave Portuguese, and I will here set down for you the names of twelve. You shall then cast lots as to which man each of you shall take to be her own good knight to bear arms for her in the lists, and I will write to the King of the Lusians that he may send the twelve to England to fight for their twelve dames."

Had it not been against the customs of the Court the King of Portugal would himself have come as one of the twelve, so high an honour was it thought to serve an English woman. Not long was it ere all the Twelve Knights had gathered in the city of Oporto by the sea, and a ship was got ready to carry them to England. Fine was the armour; and gems shone like stars on helmets, belts and sashes, and the harness of the horses.

One of the twelve was Magreoso, and he spake his mind to his mates thus:

"Comrades! I beg you to go by sea, and I will go by land through Spain and France, and Flanders, and thence will I come by boat and join you in the land of the sweet Dames for whom we will, if need be, lay down our lives. For I have a great wish to look on strange towns, and new scenes, and the ways of a foreign folk."

To this they gave consent, and so set sail, and Magreoso rode on horseback as he said.

The eleven found their way to London, and the Duke of Lancaster did greet them with grace and cheer, and the Dames were right glad to see them and to hail them as their true knights.

And on a set day the lists were made ready, and the crowd of folk stood around, and amid the gay host that sat in the seats of the noble were eleven dames clad in silk and gold. The twelfth dame was in black, for Magreesso was her knight, and he had not come, and so she was put to shame, and would wear none but the weeds of woe.

The steeds bit their bits of gold, and their feet pawed the ground, and the rays of the sun made many a star of light dance on the steel mail of the knights—the Twelve of England and the Eleven of Portugal—and the hum of the host of folk was deep.

A shout! Loud and long was the shout! The knight that had been lost was found. Magreesso rode in, all hale and bright, and he made a low bow to the Dame in black, and she, in the joy of her heart, sped to her house, and soon came back; and now her vests were of bright hue, and the flash of gold was on her hair and her dress.

Then the Twelve rode at the Twelve with a crash that could be heard far off, and spears broke, and sparks flew from the smitten steel, and a man rolled on the earth, and a horse and knight both fell as one and red blood stained a coat, and a man lay dead, and a horse fled in fright, and the roar of the crowd was fierce, and the fight went on with blow and thrust and stab and groan till it was plain to see that the men of England were sore beat by the men of Portugal. And at that the Dames were full of joy, and they made a feast for the heroes that had crossed the sea for their sakes.

Such was the tale told by Velloso to his friends as they sat on deck under the starry sky.

Just as the last words fell from his lips, a shrill whistle was heard.

"All hands on deck!"

The sky seemed to be coming down as a dreadful black cloak upon their heads, and the sound of a mighty rushing wind shrieked across the waters.

"Strike sail!"

The sails were hastily furled in face of the fury of the tempest.

The heavens howled.

And Bacchus laughed.

It seemed as though the world were coming to an end. Sails were torn, and by the sheen of the lightning one could see the masts broken and lying across the deck.

Sailors pumped out the water in the hold, battling with the leak and with death.

The ship of Gama's brother was half under water.

The four vessels of the pioneer fleet rose one moment to the clouds, and the next sank to the deep troughs between the towering waves.

Vasco da Gama prayed:—

"O divine guard, whom sky and earth obey, who didst lead the sons of Israel in safety through the Red Sea, who didst save Paul from the dangers of the deep, and Noah from the vast flood, why hast thou kept me from death amid rocks and sandbanks and whirlpools up till now, and only to forsake me in this tempest of the Indian Sea?"

The soft star of Love—the star of Venus—peeped with silver ray between the black clouds.

"This danger to my Lusiads," said Venus, "is the work of Baachus."

She called her maids about her.

"Nymphs," she bade, "bind wreaths of roses about your tresses. The spirits of Love must conquer the spirits of the storm."

Amid the tossing waters, through the driving spray, flew the rose-crowned ladies, and they cried the cry of mercy to the stern North wind, and the noisy South, and the raging East, and the violent West. And the winds heard the voice of Love and Mercy, and were still.

Then the dawn of a new day made the East bright, and the man on watch at the head of one of the unbroken masts, shouted :

"Land ahead !"

Every eye was turned to the East.

"It is the shore of Calicut," called the voice of the pilot of Melinda. "It is India !"

India ! The long sought India !

On his knees the captain gave thanks to heaven.

When the fleet came to anchor off the shore, a messenger put off in a small boat. As he sprang upon the beach, a man stepped out from the crowd of Hindoos. He was a Moor from the North African land of Tunis. He had seen that the newly arrived ships were Portuguese.

"What brings you Lusiads here ?" he asked.

"We have crossed the wide sea," replied the messenger, "to find the land of the river Indus, and to let India hear the truth of the Divine Religion of Christ.

The Moor made the messenger welcome to food and drink in his own house, and said he would like to go on board the captain's ship, and tell him news of the town and the ways of the people. So the Moor and the sailor went to Gama's vessel, and glad was the leader of the *Lusiads* to hear the Moor speak in Spanish speech, and explain the customs of the Hindoos.

The King of Calicut sent word that the strangers might land, and now a boat, with many oars, was rowed towards the port. Crowds of dusky-faced natives stood on the strand.

A royal officer bade Gama be seated beside him in a litter borne on men's shoulders. Hindoo soldiers bearing sword and shield marched on each side, and Portuguese guards also followed their chief.

A very lofty temple rose on one side of the road, and in its rooms the Portuguese saw the images of gods with staring eyes, and many heads and many arms.

On all roofs, at all doors and windows, Hindoos appeared, watching the white men pass to the King's palace. Amid grand gardens lay the palace, and on a couch sat the King in cloth of gold and crowned with a sparkling crown.

An old slave knelt at his side, every now and then offering him spice to chew.

A Brahmin—a priest of high rank—beckoned Gama to sit in front of the King of Calicut.

"Sire," said Gama, "I come from my master, the King of Portugal, to this noble land of India, and he bids me say that he desires to make a pact of friendship with you, to act as your comrade in war, and

to trade with you in the riches produced by your land."

The King gave a gracious answer, but said he would first learn more of the style and power of Portugal, and ask the mind of his men of state. That night Gama lodged in the palace. Next day was spent by the King of Calicut on board the Lusian ships. He heard the Portuguese trumpets blow, he saw the guns flash fire, but most of all he admired the pictures in which was told the story of the Portuguese heroes of the past.

Gama points to scenes of battle, on rock, on moor, on plain; everywhere the flag of Portugal flies in triumph. Giraldo the Fearless steals to the camp of the foe and kills two of the sentinels, and a picture shows him holding two heads in his hand. Another painting tells the tale of the seventeen Lusians who held a hill against four hundred men of Spain.

Thus, through a long day, the king saw and asked questions and wondered; and at sunset he returned home in the royal barge.

"O King," said a Brahmin to him that night, "we have read the signs of the gods, and they say that the white strangers shall be lords of India."

And as a Moslem priest lay asleep that night in the city of Calicut, there came to him in a dream the figure of the prophet Mohammed, and the prophet said:

"Beware, beware! The people that have come across many waters to India will bring danger to India and to the disciples of Allah and the True Faith! Beware!"

The priest awoke in terror, and muttered : " 'Twas but a dream," and fell asleep again. But (so says the poet) the figure in the dream was only Bacchus in disguise ! So Bacchus is still the bad genie of the piece.

"Beware !" again moaned the awful voice in the ear of the sleeper. "Dare you still to sleep when the True Faith is in peril ? These men, few though they be in their four ships, threaten much hurt to me and my people. Beware !"

The Moslem priest started up in fright, called for a light, and hastily summoned other Mohammedans to his house. Bending their heads together round the glow of the midnight lamp, these Arab plotters swore to each other that Gama must not leave Calicut alive. They would set the hearts of the Hindoos aflame against him.

Thus it came to pass that many a hateful word was poured into the King's ear, until he was in doubt between two thoughts—whether it were wise to slay the Portuguese, or whether it were wise to pledge himself their friend for ever and a day ?

He sent for Gama and told him his fears.

"And do you think," asked Gama, "that if I were a common pirate, I should venture all this long way round your shores ? Could I not have got rich plunder elsewhere ? Know, King, that my master Manuel waits for my return, and all I ask of you now is a free passage from your port, and friendly farewell. We shall acquaint our King that we have set eyes on India, and he will send you gifts in token of our home-coming."

The Hindoo King cast his dread away, and bade Gama go back to the fleet and send him some token of the riches of Europe.

The Captain hastened to the sea.

A Hindoo officer—a Moslem—barred the way.

"Surely," he said, "it would only be doing as a friend of the King should do, if you brought your fleet close in shore instead of keeping it at anchor outside the harbour."

The manner of the man made Gama feel there was some wrong meaning in the words. He paused, then he whispered to one of his followers :

"Go quickly to the ships. Tell our comrades on no account to come closer in shore."

The man slipped away, got into the boat, and carried the message.

As Gama expected, he was not allowed to leave. He spent the night on land, and part of next day.

"Have you not goods to sell to us?" at length the crafty native said.

"Yes."

"Will you send to fetch them from your vessels? You would then return to your people."

Gama saw there was no other way of escape. He wrote a note to his brother, bidding him send the goods.

A boat load arrived at the wharf, where Gama waited. At last he was let go. Glad was he to stand once more on the deck of his ship.

The Moor of Tunis came to tell Gama of a new danger.

"You must no longer delay," he said. "The Moslems

“will try to keep you here till the Arab ships come home from the Red Sea, where they trade each year in spices. These ships are armed with cannon like your own. They will outnumber you, and all will be lost.”

Bad news came from the shore. The two men placed in charge of the sale goods had been seized and were treated as prisoners.

“Arrest the Hindoo merchants,” shouted Gama.

The merchants had visited the fleet to sell jewels. They were rich tradesmen, well known in Calicut.

All hands were eagerly preparing for a rush to sea—sails were flung out, the anchor-cables were hauled in.

A murmur of sorrow was heard on the land. The families of the arrested merchants were in deep distress. News was brought to the King. At once he bade that the two Lusians be set free, and taken with their goods to the fleet. Gama rejoiced to take back his comrades. He released some of the jewel merchants, but kept a few on board. The Hindoos watched the ships sail to the north.

The Moor of Tunis had been of much service. He had helped Gama to lay in a store of useful articles for trade—pepper, cloves, nutmegs, cinnamon, and he had made up his mind to cast in his lot with the Portuguese, and was now added to the crew.

Joy made all hearts beat fast. The voyage back to Lisbon was begun. In spite of the cruel will of Bacchus, brave Gama had set foot in India. The Lady of Love—the goddess of the Star of Hope—had watched over her Lusitanians all the way.

Nor did this lady forget them now their task was done. She mounted her chariot, which was drawn by

milk-white swans, and sped through the crystal air :
Down in a meadow green she dropped, and a swarm of
little love-boys ran to meet her, and all the wee Cupids
kissed her hand.

"My son," she said to the leader of the chubby band,
"stay the making of the arrows of love for a while, and
help me in my plan. My Lusiads have reached India
after much toil and heartache, and now it is my wil
that they sail to a happy isle 'which you shall make for
them in the ocean. There only soft winds shall blow,
roses shall bloom, and sweet scented wines shall fill the
cups ; and the nymphs of the isle shall bid the rugged
seamen welcome to the feast."

"The isle I can make, the roses I can plant, the wine
I can provide. But whence shall I get the nymphs ? "

"From the bottom of the sea, my son. Let all your
gay urchins shoot shafts from their bows into the hearts
of the daughters of Old Nereus, and they who once
hated my Portuguese shall change hatred to love, and
bless instead of curse."

And so happened it in the poet's dream. Three hills
on the isle caught the eyes of the pioneers. Into a bay
the fleet sailed, and the joyful sailors landed on a beach
of shining sand, where red shells lay in pretty heaps.
Green were the valleys, and charming the sound of the
rippling streams that ran beneath the hanging groves
and made pools of water like smooth glasses to look in.
Oranges blazed in yellow rind, and citrons hung heavy
from the branches ; lemons shone golden, and myrtles
and laurels and poplars and cypresses mingled their
beautiful leaves in the forests. Ripe were the cherries
and the mulberries, the pomegranate, the pear, and the

grape. Wild flowers made the earth a maze of colours, and clear was the water of the broad lakes. Sweet were the painted petals of the violet, the iris, the rose, the lily. In the river floated swans that sang, and on the green-sward sported the hare and the gazelle.

In this fair isle stood a palace, and in the palace was a feasting-hall, and in the banqueting-hall were tables, and on the tables were vessels of gold and silver, and in the vessels of gold and silver were rare meats and wines, and at the table sat Gama and all his men (but alas! many had fallen by the way), and the queen of the land and her bright band of ladies, the daughters of Nereus.

And as they ate and drank, the voice of a singing-girl rang in music of delight, and told in a long, long song how in years to come the heroes of Portugal would sail in the track of Gama to the east, and do great deeds of war: spying out new shores, setting up the flag of the Lusiad in the port of Golden Goa, and carrying the name and glory of their fatherland all over the regions of the Asian Sea.

As the strain died away, the queen rose from her throne and said:

"Gama, come to the peak of the mount with me, and I will show you things of wonder."

Rough was the path amid the tangled trees. At the end of the climb, the Queen of the Happy Isle and Vasco da Gama came out upon a shining plain that formed the summit of the mountain. All around stretched the restless surface of the Arabian Sea.

Lo! over this plain, hanging in mid-air, was a huge globe as of glass—a ball of crystal.

The queen said :

"In this globe, O Gama, you see a model of the All World—the Universe. The outside of the globe means the outside circle of the All beyond the stars, and it never moves. Within this is the crystal sphere that for ever rolls round and round. Within this is the heaven of the stars, where you see the glorious groups of the Bear, the Dragon, the Orion, and the rest. Within this is the circle in which the giant planet Saturn runs its course. Within this is the circle of Jupiter, then Mars, then the Sun, the flaming eye of Heaven, then Venus, then Mercury, then the silver Moon, and, in the centre of all, what do you see?"

"I see the Earth, its seas, its plains, its mountains, its ice and snow."

* * * * *

Such was the idea of the poet, and of Gama. They thought the earth was the centre of the universe. But now we know it is not so. The right order is this: the Sun is the centre, and round it whirl the planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth (with its moon), Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, all these making up the Solar System, or Sun Group, and beyond this and all around are the countless stars. This is now our plan of the heavens, but in Gama's time folk thought of the universe in the way shown in the crystal globe of the Happy Isle. Now we will return to what the queen was saying.

* * * * *

"Look, Vasco, at the various parts of your wondrous world. Europe is the place of the strong statesmen. Africa swarms with blacks as the sky sometimes swarms

with starlings. You see the Nile with its crocodiles; Melinda, where you were made so welcome; the Cape, the Red Sea, the dry Rock of Aden. You see Arabia where the brown Arabs wander; the Persian gulf where lie the tinted pearls; the broad realm of India where the mighty rivers, Indus and Ganges, flow this way and that way. Yonder is the Indian city where the holy Thomas preached the gospel of Christ, and where he healed the sick and raised the dead to life. One day the tide brought up a large tree trunk, which a Hindoo king wished to use for building, but though men and elephants pulled at it they could not move it from the water, till Saint Thomas undid the rope girdle from his waist, tied it round the tree, and drew it with ease to the place where it was needed! And when an evil-minded Brahmin even slew his own son in order to lay the blame on Thomas, the Saint raised the youth to life again, and bade him point to the slayer, and lo! he pointed to his own father. Alas! the good Thomas met his death as he spake to the people, and sinful men attacked him and stoned him, and one at length thrust a lance through his bosom."

She paused after telling the sorrowful scene of the Martyr's death.

"Let us pass on. You see the wave-washed lands of Pegu and Malay, the ships of Singapore, and the far isles of the East Indies, where the birds have many colours, and the sandal wood smells sweet; and long leagues beyond, behold America, where the Portuguese and their neighbours of Spain shall find gold and make themselves a great name by their travels. Go forth. O Lusians, upon the ocean once again. Your people

will earn many a chaplet of fame to adorn their brows."

Gama descended to the palace, called together his companions, and the fleet sailed on its voyage home. They anchored in the Tagus at Lisbon, amid the cheers of the Portuguese nation, in the early autumn of 1499, two years and two months after their setting out. Gama's brother, Paul, had died on the way; and only 55 men out of 160 came back to greet their native land.

Many a Lusian ship was to double the Cape. Many a valiant Portuguese traversed the coasts and islands of Asia, even unto China and Japan. When in 1500 the brave admiral, Cabral, was sent with 14 ships and 1500 men to India, and a storm drove its fleet to the west across the Atlantic, he found a land as yet unknown to the white race, and planted the Lusian flag there, and this was the beginning of the kingdom of Brazil. But India was not forgotten. In 1502, Gama saw its temples and cities again. In 1524 he went for the last time as viceroy. On all sides the Portuguese had spread their power and their trade. Some of them, indeed, had acted with selfishness and cruelty, caring more for their own profit than the good name of Portugal. These men Gama justly punished, and then, falling sick, he died in the country which is always linked with his memory.

Our English poet, James Thomson, has written :—

With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the Stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led.

The story of "Round the Cape" has been taken from the epic, or poem of heroes, called "*Os Lusíads*," or "*The Lusíads*," by Luiz de Camoens.

Camoens was the chief poet of Portugal. Hence he extols the Portuguese as the bravest race in the world. Hence also he speaks with a sort of contempt of the Moslems, Arabs, Hindoos and other coloured people, in a way that wise folk have agreed to put an end to. But, of course, he only did as Englishmen or Frenchmen of his age did.

He was born at Lisbon in 1524, the very year when the noble Vasco da Gama died in India. As a soldier in the army of Portugal, he crossed the sea and fought with the Moors of Africa; and, in a naval battle, his right eye was struck by a splinter, and was ever afterwards blind. He was as clever as he was brave, and as fond of writing verses as of handling the sword. He felt deeply hurt because the people of Portugal did not think highly of his wit and skill, and he made up his mind to leave the land of his birth for good. He sailed for India in 1553, and as he was leaving, he is said to have uttered the same words as the old Roman Scipio uttered to Rome—"Unthankful Fatherland! thou shalt not have my bones!" meaning he would not live and die in Portugal. Of the fleet of ships he had sailed with, his vessel was the only one that reached Goa.

In India he did more fighting, and took part in a war against the Hindoo King of Cochin. Later on, he travelled to the scorching desert sands of Arabia. Then he came back, like a restless gypsy, to India; but not getting on happily with his countrymen there, he set

out for China, and resided for a while in the city of Macao. A grotto or cave by the sea is still shown at Macao, where, so it is said, Camoens used to sit with pen and ink, and with forehead resting thoughtfully on his hand, as he composed his beautiful epic.

Having fitted out a ship with a cargo, he departed for Goa, but the vessel was wrecked on the way, near the mouth of the river Mekong, in Cochin-China. Camoens swam to shore, and escaped with his life, losing all his property.

No! not all. He saved one thing which was the next dearest thing to life itself.

As he struggled in the water of the China Sea, one hand held a bundle of papers. It was the paper on which was written his precious poem.

From India he passed to the east coast of Africa. There he heard of the death of Donna Catherina, the lady he had loved many years ago before he went into exile from Portugal.

In 1569 he returned to Lisbon. He had wandered far from home for sixteen years. Would he find a happier lot at last?

He found sickness raging in the city. People were dying of the plague in large numbers. Not at such a time would they take any interest in the verses of a poet.

The sickness vanished. In 1572, printers were busy setting up in type the poem that had so nearly perished in the muddy stream of Mekong. People read it with delight. They were pleased to see the picture of Vasco da Gama, the heroic sailor who dared the Spirit of the Cape, and let no danger stay his course to Calicut.

They felt as if they, too, were standing on the hill-top in the Happy Isle, and looking into the crystal globe, and tracing out on a map of the world all the seas and lands that would come under the power of the sons of Lusitania.

But while they praised the poem they forgot the poet. The King had given some small reward to Camoens, but it was not enough to keep him in health and comfort. The poet was only fifty-nine years of age when he fell ill, and died in a hospital at Lisbon, in June, 1580.

As he lay dying a Portuguese grandee called to see him, and asked him for some verses! The poet pointed with a feeble hand to his old Indian servant, Antonio, who said the weather was cold, and he needed a few coppers to buy coals. The nobleman left without helping!

On the tomb of Camoens were written the words:—

“Here lies Luiz de Camoens. He excelled all the poets of his time. He lived poor and miserable, and he died so.”

But these words seemed to put the nation to shame, and they were afterwards removed, and another writing placed in their stead. Portugal to-day is proud of her poet, and, though Camoens in his life-time did not receive great honour, he felt joy in the work he did; and many a Portuguese heart is lifted to noble effort by the poetry of the man who died in the hospital with the faithful Indian at his side.

THE END.

Appendix A.

THE MORAL EDUCATION LEAGUE,

6 YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.

Object :—To urge the introduction of systematic Moral and Civic Instruction into all schools, and to make the formation of character the chief aim in education.

The Moral Education League was founded in 1897. It has issued many leaflets, pamphlets, etc. It has published a ¹ *Graduated Syllabus of Moral Instruction and Training in Citizenship* for Elementary Schools, Infants and Standards 1-7. The Committee of the League is also issuing books to illustrate all the lessons outlined in its Syllabus. ² *A Teachers' Handbook of Moral Lessons, The Garden of Childhood and The Magic Garden*, based on Standards 5 and 3 and the section for Infants of the Syllabus respectively, have already been published through Messrs. Nelson at 1s. 6d. net each. Other moral-lesson text-books based on Standards 1, 2, 4, 6, and 7 are nearly ready. ³ The League recommends also text-books by Messrs. Everett, Gould, Hackwood, Sheldon, Quilter, and the Leicester Education Authority. Some sixty Education Authorities have now provision, or have decided to make provision, for more or less systematic Moral Instruction in their schools. In nearly every instance the Moral Lessons are given in addition to the Scripture Lessons and as part of the secular curriculum. The Cheshire, West Riding, Surrey, and other Education Authorities have adopted, with very slight modifications, the Graduated Syllabus of the League. About one hundred Education Authorities have taken

¹ *Vide* Appendix B.

² See Appendix C.

- some definite action in the direction of the proposals of the League.

Recently, too, the need and importance of an efficient Moral Training in the schools of the State have been especially urged by the Board of Education in the Introduction to the Education Code (1904-5), the Regulations for the Training of Teachers (1905), and most explicitly in the "Suggestions for the Consideration of Teachers" (1905). In this last document the Board of Education states with definiteness that "the good Moral Training which a school should give cannot be left to chance; on this side, no less than on the intellectual side, the purpose of the teacher must be clearly conceived and intelligently carried out."

Finally, the Education Code for 1906 makes provision for Moral Instruction in the ordinary curriculum of all Public Elementary Schools, leaving to the various local Education Authorities to decide whether such instruction shall be given incidentally, or systematically and as a course of graduated instruction. In the *Prefatory Memorandum* to the Code the Board of Education, however, states emphatically:—"It is therefore desirable that where systematic teaching of this subject is practicable such teaching should be direct, systematic, and graduated."

The action taken in the direction of providing for Moral Instruction in schools by the Board of Education and the local Education Authorities is almost entirely due to the propaganda carried on by the Moral Education League.

Information concerning the League, and a copy of its *Graduated Syllabus of Moral Instruction and Training in Citizenship*, will be forwarded, on the receipt of a post card, by the Secretary, Mr. Harrold Johnson. The Moral Education League, 6 York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.

Appendix B

A GRADUATED SYLLABUS OF MORAL INSTRUCTION AND TRAINING IN CITIZENSHIP FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

ADOPTED, WITH SLIGHT MODIFICATIONS, BY THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, CHESHIRE, SURREY, AND OTHER EDUCATION AUTHORITIES.

“The purpose of the Public Elementary School is to form and strengthen the character, and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it.”—*Board of Education*. Introduction to the *Education Code* for 1904 and 1905.

INFANTS (under 7 years.)

1. Cleanliness.

- (a) Clean hands, faces, and clothes.
- (b) Clean habits—*e.g.* the proper use of the lavatory.

2. Tidiness.

- (a) In the home, school, and street.
- (b) Personal tidiness.
- (c) Care of furniture, books, toys, and other property.

3. Manners.

- (a) Greetings at home and at school.
- (b) Behaviour at meals.
- (c) Punctuality and promptness.

4. Kindness.

- (a) Love to parents.
- (b) Kindness to each other in the home, school, and street.
- (c) Kindness to animals—*e.g.* dogs and cats.

5. Fairness.

- (a) Mine and thine.
- (b) Fairness towards others.

6. Truthfulness.

- (a) Telling the truth.
- (b) Confidence in parents and teachers to be encouraged.
- (c) "Dramatic" untruths to be discouraged.

7. Courage.

- (a) When alone.
- (b) Darkness, shadows, and strange noises.

STANDARD I. (7-8 years).**1. Cleanliness.**

- (a) Use and care of parts of the body—*e.g.* hair, eyes, ears, nose, lips, teeth, hands and feet.
- (b) Care of clothing.

2. Manners.

- (a) In eating and drinking : moderation.
- (b) In question and answer : politeness.
- (c) In bearing : quietness, unobtrusiveness, patience in waiting.
- (d) Punctuality in the home and the school.

3. Kindness.

- (a) To companions at play.
- (b) To pet animals—*e.g.* rabbits.

- (c) To flies, worms, and other harmless creatures,
- (d) To birds : their nests.

4. Gratitude.

To parents and teachers.

5. Fairness.

Ungrudging disposition, especially when favours are distributed, or when the success of others is under notice.

6. Truthfulness.

- (a) In speech : the importance of exactness ; the avoidance of exaggeration.
- (b) In manner : the importance of simplicity ; the avoidance of affectation.

7. Courage.

- (a) Cheerful endurance of little pains and discomforts ; manliness and womanliness.
- (b) Tale-bearing : when justifiable—*e.g.* to protect the weak or innocent.
- (c) In relation to creatures inspiring instinctive fear in children—*e.g.* mice, frogs, spiders, and beetles.

STANDARD II. (8-9 years).

1. Cleanliness.

- (a) In the home.
- (b) In the school, playground, and street—*e.g.* to desist from scattering paper and orange peel.
- (c) Neatness in person and in work.

2. Manners.

- (a) In speech : courtesy and clearness.
- (b) In bearing : orderliness in the streets.

- (c) How to perform a simple service—*e.g.* how to carry a message.

3. Honesty.

- (a) Respect for the property of others.
- (b) Restoration of lost property.
- (c) Preserving and protecting property at home, at school, in parks and other public places.
- (d) In work.

4. Justice.

- (a) To companions, in the school, playground, and home.
- (b) To the less fortunate—*e.g.* the weak, imbeciles, stammerers, deformed.

5. Truthfulness.

Promises and confidences.

6. Courage.

- (a) To follow good example and to resist bad example.
- (b) To confess faults or accidents.
- (c) Under difficulties : self-reliance.
- (d). In bad weather—*e.g.* not to fear thunder and lightning.

7. Self-control.

- (a) In food ; preference for plain and wholesome fare.
- (b) In bearing : the avoidance of wilfulness, peevishness, obstinacy, sulkiness, violent temper, and quarrelling.
- (c) In speech : the avoidance of rudeness and hastiness.
- (d) In thought : checking of evil thoughts.

8. Work.

- (a) Helping in the home.
- (b) The value of industry in the school.

STANDARD III. (9-10 years).**1. Manners.**

- (a) Refinement of language.
- (b) Behaviour in public places: decency.
- (c) Unselfishness.
- (d) Respectfulness towards the aged.

2. Humanity.

- (a) Personal help to those in need.
- (b) Making other people happy.
- (c) Kindness to animals.

3. Obedience.

- (a) Immediate and hearty obedience to parents and teachers.
- (b) Respect for rules and regulations.

4. Justice.

- (a) In thought, word, and act.
- (b) Forbearance.
- (c) Forgiveness, remembering our own faults.

5. Truthfulness.

- (a) All the truth and nothing but the truth.
- (b) Avoidance of prevarication and withholding part of the truth.
- (c) Avoidance of deception through manner or gesture.
- (d) The importance of frankness.

6. Order.

- (a) The value of system—e.g. a place for everything and everything in its place.

(b) The value of punctuality.

(c) The value of promptness.

7. Perseverance.

(a) In work : hard or distasteful tasks.

(b) In play, fighting out a lost game.

(c) In self-improvement.

STANDARD IV. (10-11 years).

1. Manners.

(a) Cheerfulness : evil of grumbling and fault-finding.

(b) Self-consciousness : evil of conceit and shyness.

(c) Modesty.

(d) Self-respect.

2. Humanity.

As shown by public institutions—*e.g.* the fire brigade, lifeboat, lighthouses, hospitals, asylums, Red-Cross Society.

3. Honour.

(a) In the eyes of others : trustworthiness.

(b) In the eyes of self : self-respect.

(c) Avoidance of false pride.

4. Justice.

(a) To others—*e.g.* not to spread infection.

(b) Avoidance of cruelty to animals in pursuit of fashion, amusement, cruel sports—*e.g.* egret's feathers, the bearing-rein, pigeon-shooting, the docking of horses' tails.

(c) The justification for restraint and punishment in the home and the school.

5. Truthfulness.

- (a) In reporting : correctness ; avoidance of slander and gossip.
- (b) In action : candour ; not to act a lie.
- (c) In thinking : eagerness for the truth.
- (d) Not to shirk a difficulty by a pretence of understanding.

6. Prudence.

- (a) Need of forethought and care in speech and action.
- (b) Temperance in eating and drinking, in work, and in pleasure.

7. Courage.

- (a) The importance of courage ; avoidance of bravado.
- (b) Presence of mind, avoidance of panic.

8. Work.

- (a) Pride in thorough work.
- (b) Use of leisure time : value of hobbies.

STANDARD V. (11-12 years).**1. Habits.**

- (a) How acquired.
- (b) How cultivated and avoided.
- (c) Harmfulness of juvenile smoking.

2. Manners.

- (a) Courtesy and respect towards all.
- (b) Self-restraint.

3. Patriotism.

- (a) Pride in one's school and loyalty to it.

(b) Duty of local patriotism : how to serve one's town or village.

(c) The value of local institutions.

4. Justice.

(a) To all human beings, irrespective of sex, age, creed, social position, nationality or race; and to animals, tame and wild.

(b) Charitableness in thought.

(c) The value of Courts of justice.

5. Truthfulness.

(a) Respect for differences of opinion.

(b) Living for truth : readiness to receive new truths.

(c) What men have sacrificed for truth.

6. Zeal.

(a) The value of zeal and energy in overcoming difficulties.

(b) The dangers of misdirected zeal—*e.g.* bigotry, fanaticism.

7. Work.

(a) The necessity for and dignity of labour.

(b) The earning of a living : different pursuits—their responsibilities and social value.

8. Thrift.

(a) Money : its uses and abuses.

(b) Economy in little things.

(c) Wise spending : avoidance of extravagance and wastefulness.

STANDARD VI. (12-13 years).

1. Manners.

(a) As shown by dress.

(b) By choice of friends, literature, and amusements.

(c) By kindness to younger children.

(d) In boys : by special courtesy to all women and girls.

2. Courage.

(a) Heroic deeds done in the service of man : self-sacrifice.

(b) Every-day heroism.

(c) Chivalry : devotion of the strong to the weak.

(d) Moral courage.

3. Patriotism.

(a) What our forefathers have earned for us—*e.g.* liberty, social and political institutions.

(b) How each may serve his country and posterity.

4. Peace and War.

(a) The value of peace and her victories.

(b) The duty of citizens in time of war.

(c) The evils of war.

5. Justice.

(a) Love of justice.

(b) Just and unjust relations between employers and employed.

(c) The rights of animals.

6. Ownership.

Talents and opportunities : responsibility for their use.

7. Thrift.

(a) How and why to save : savings banks.

(b) The cost of drink to the nation.

8. Truthfulness.

- (a) Conquest of science over ignorance and superstition.
- (b) Progress of truth.
- (c) Love of truth.

9. Self-knowledge.

- (a) The need to know ourselves and to test our moral progress.
- (b) The claims of conscience, individual and social.
- (c) The enlightenment of conscience.

STANDARD VII. (13-14 years).**1. Patriotism.**

- (a) The vote : its nature and responsibilities.
- (b) Local government.
- (c) The nation and its government.
- (d) Society as an organism : its development through the family, tribe, and nation.
- (e) Universal brotherhood.

2. Peace and War.

- (a) International relations : how nations can help each other.
- (b) Value of arbitration.

3. Justice.

- (a) The development of the idea of justice from the earliest times.
- (b) The development of the humane spirit in laws.
- (c) The development of the idea of equality.

4. Ownership.

- (a) Individual and collective ownership.
- (b) Responsibilities of ownership.
- (c) Care of borrowed books, tools, etc.

5. Thrift.

- (a) Simplicity of living.
- (b) The evils of debt.
- (c) The evils of betting and gambling : meanness of the desire to get without rendering service.

6. Co-operation.

- (a) Between citizens.
- (b) Between nations : in commerce, art, and thought.

7. The Will.

- (a) The training of the will.
- (b) The right to be done intelligently, unhesitatingly, thoroughly, cheerfully, and zealously.
- (c) Danger of mental and moral sloth.

8. Self-respect.

Self-respect and self-restraint in thought, word, and act.

9. Ideals.

The value and beauty of an ideal for life.

Appendix C.

MORAL INSTRUCTION BOOKS.

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN.

The Garden of Childhood. Stories for School and Home. By Alice M. Chesterton. With Illustrations by Gertrude M. Bradley. Issued for the Moral Education League. Nelson. 1s. 6d. net.

The Magic Garden. By Alice M. Chesterton. With Illustrations. Nelson. 1s. 6d. net.

FOR CHILDREN AGED 10 TO 14 YEARS.

The Children's Book of Moral Lessons. (First Series: "Self-Control" and "Truthfulness"; Second Series: "Kindness" and "Work and Duty"; Third Series: "The Family" and "People of Other Lands"; Fourth Series: "Justice", "The Common Weal", "Our Country", "Social Responsibilities", etc.). By F. J. Gould. Watts & Co., Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London. Cheap Edition of the First Series, 6d., in cloth 1s., Second, Third and Fourth Series, 2s. each.

Stories for Moral Instruction. By F. J. Gould. Watts & Co. 2s.

Life and Manners. Stories for Moral Instruction. By F. J. Gould. Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. net.

The Children's Plutarch (stories from the "Lives" told in simple language); with an Ethical Index for the use of teachers. By F. J. Gould. Six Illustrations by Walter Crane. Watts & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

A Teachers' Handbook of Moral Lessons. Compiled by A. J. Waldegrave. Issued for the Moral Education League. Nelson. 1s. 6d. net.

Onward and Upward. A Book for Children. By H. H. Quilter, B.A. Illustrated. Swan Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

Notes of Lessons on Moral Subjects. (Forty Lessons for the use of Teachers only.) By F. W. Hackwood. Nelson, Paternoster Row. 2s.

FOR OLDER SCHOLARS.

Ethics for Young People. By C. C. Everett. Ginn & Co., 9, St. Martin's Street, W.C. 2s. 6d.

GRADED COURSES.

A Manual of Moral Instruction. covering all the sections of the Syllabus of the Moral Education League, according to the concentric plan. By James Reid, M.A. Nelson 2s 6d. net

A Syllabus of Moral Instruction (with Illustrations and Instructions for Teachers), Standards 1-7. Published by the Leicester Education Authority. To be had of the Midland Educational Co., 7, Market Street, Leicester. By post 4s. for all the Standards 7d. per Standard

Lessons in the Study of Habits ; Duties in the Home ; Citizenship, and the Duties of a Citizen. By Walter L. Sheldon. Gay & Bird 22, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C. 6s. each.

